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THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

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I

[The values of so much of our national past as lies before Lee's surrender are fairly well agreed upon. Most educated Americans have, as a part of their intellectual equipment, a reasonably firm grasp of its principal facts and a reasonably clear view of its entire outline. Of the years since the Civil War, this is hardly true. Even historians have not yet arrived at a consensus about them. But the vanguard of the scientific students of history has invaded them; and before long we may hope to have our notions of "the Reconstruction Period" fixed as firmly as are our notions of American life in Jackson's time, or Lincoln's. It is the object of this series of papers to contribute somewhat to that result. They will seek proportion rather than completeness, and try to set in a clearer light the really important events and tendencies and characters of those years in which the Republic, saved from disintegration, entered afresh upon its career of development, growth, and expansion. — THE EDITORS.]

THERE is neither permanence nor utter change in human affairs. There are no periods in history. There are only pauses, never complete; now and then, a lowering of the voices, never hushed; a slower pace; a calmer mood. There was no sharp, clear end of the multitudinous activities, no sudden diversion of the energies, that made up the great Civil War. No court could say when it ceased. Congress held one opinion on the point, the President another. There was, however, a moment of pausing, almost of silence. It was the day of Lincoln's death.

That was also a moment when the people of the United States might be apprehended almost as a single mass and body. They were drawn together in a common experience, though they were still of many minds. All had their silent parts, or helped, at least, to make the background and *ensemble* of a single tableau, wonderfully vivid, which will still arrest the thought and move the sympathy of any but the most bowed down and unregardful of mankind. It was a pause after turmoil. It was not — like that in France

which Burke has caught for us, and Carlyle also, when Mirabeau and the unhappy queen met on the round knoll in the Garden of St. Cloud, under the stars, and there consulted in low tones — the dreadful silence before the tempest. The moment was not charged with the nervous agony of suspense, but the shock and horror of the assassin's deed, the stillness that followed, could awake once more, out of the weariness and satiety which four years of battles had brought them to, the people's dull, spent sense of that great whole of which they all were parts.

Our history is hard and masculine; colored with few purple lights; too little related to our tenderer sentiments and deeper passions. When older peoples have paused as we did then, they have looked upon far different scenes. Fairer companies have stood about more stately figures of triumph or of tragedy than that America and the world now gazed upon. The common chamber, the gaunt, pale President, the strong, bearded counselors at his bedside, — this was unlike the scenes which European peoples have

fixed in their memories. Charles the First and Mary Stuart on their scaffolds, the barons and the king at Runnymede, Maria Theresa appealing to the nobles of Hungary to take up their swords for her child, Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau, and many another pageant of human love and sacrifice, are treasured up by other peoples as we have treasured up this crude, unlackeyed martyrdom. Even the great personality of Lincoln, now potent in so many individual lives, intimate and familiar of so many of our hidden moods, was not yet fully revealed to his fellows. It was the emancipator only that had fallen; the leader and shepherd of men. Outwardly, at least, his experience was limited as theirs was. Dying in the midst of multitudes, master of armies and of navies, he was still of the frontier; as, indeed, all our American life was still, in a sense, only the frontier and western fringe of European life. True, Lincoln also leads our thoughts back to the princes whose peer he was; but we can pass from his deathbed with no irreverence, no sense of shock or change, to look out, in the plain light of day, upon the whole wide field of work and strife and progress which was always in his thought, and glimpse the attitude and state of the republic when his summons passed, like an angelus, across the continent.

The continent still set bounds to the growth and aspiration of the Republic. Nor were the continental limits in any sense filled out and occupied. There were neither dependencies nor colonies, but only the states, the territories, and the District of Columbia. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi, leaving out, for the moment, the region of undetermined status where the armies were still at work, all was permanently divided into states. One of these, the oldest, had been shorn in twain, its eastern lowlands, which held with the South, keeping the old and famous name, while its western, mountainous parts were irregularly erected into the new, amorphous state of West Virginia.

Beyond the Mississippi, a column of five states, Louisiana, the eldest, at the bottom, Minnesota at the top, bordered the river and the plains. Kansas, midway up the column, and Texas, at its base, stretched out farther still into the waste. Thence to the Rocky Mountains were territories only.

Three of these, Utah, Nebraska, and Colorado, were already demanding statehood. Nebraska, whose population of 50,000 was for the most part agricultural, and might, therefore, be considered as fixed upon her soil, had perhaps the best claim of the three; but there also the restless, migratory impulse continued to appear. Colorado, suddenly invaded by a throng of seekers after gold and silver, the true extent of her mines not yet completely known, could make no guarantee of a sufficient permanent population. These two territories, moreover, had had too little forethought of the trend of public opinion concerning the negro to make, in the constitutions they were framing, such a place for the black man among their citizens as a growing sentiment in the older Northern states was even now beginning to demand for him. Utah's population was, in fact, the greatest of all; and it was also the most compact and homogeneous. Her settlers were already accumulating wealth and building a city by the Great Salt Lake. They were proving that the desert could be made to blossom; the ditches they were digging with their hands were the beginning of the work of irrigation which has redeemed from absolute waste a region greater than New York. But they were also building a temple, now one of the most curious and impressive places of worship in the world; and because of the temple and what it stood for, this industrious and thriving community was under a ban. The Mormons had journeyed to Utah in 1846 from their temporary home in Nauvoo, in Illinois; and now controlled the territory politically and industrially. The Latter Day Saints had entered in where it was by war determined that the slave-holder

should never come; but even Douglas, the champion of "squatter sovereignty," had been unwilling to concede to the Mormons the privileges of self-government. He had proposed in 1857 to strike Utah out of the list of territories. But the only national law concerning Mormonism was the act of 1862, which merely forbade polygamy in the territories, fixed the punishment for the offense at a fine of five thousand dollars, and limited to fifty thousand dollars the amount of real estate which any religious or charitable association might hold. That act was never enforced with any thoroughness. Polygamy continued to be practiced, and Utah had no good prospect of statehood.

In the more southern of the territories, population was sparse; the Indians, the Mexicans, and the people of mixed blood, still far outnumbered the settlers from the states. New Mexico and Arizona had together less than 50,000 white inhabitants, no cities, no important industries, and no hope of immediate statehood. To the northward were the territories of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Dakota, roamed over by Indians and a few white men. Their mines, their forests, and the fields which are now so productive of wheat and corn, were scarcely touched.

The number of Indians in the whole country was estimated at a little over 300,000; and the great majority had their homes beyond the Mississippi. The principal eastern tribes were gathered together in the Indian Territory. Several of these, having among them a considerable number of negro slaves, had at the outbreak of the war openly espoused the Southern cause. The Cherokees, the Choctaws, the Creeks, and the Seminoles had been represented by delegates in the Confederate congress at Richmond. But before the end of the struggle they were all brought back into that ill-defined allegiance to the Union which they had formerly acknowledged. Apart from this, the largest grouping of Indians anywhere in the country, the more important agencies were the Central, in Missouri, the two

Chippewa agencies, on the Mississippi and on Lake Superior, and the Mackinac and the Northern, both in the far Northwest. There were 50,000 Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, half as many in Dakota, more than 50,000 in California. Besides the income from a trust fund of three million dollars, the government appropriated annually nearly a million to maintain the agencies. The personnel of the agencies, however, was as bad as could be found in any branch of our civil service, and our troubles over the Indians were sure to grow acute again before any better system should be tried. The policy of massing them in reservations was still the approved method of keeping them in order.

No railroad or other highway crossed the vast region between the valley of the Mississippi and the crest of the Rockies. It was the time of the "pony express." The principal pony express route was very nearly identical with the present route of the Union and Central Pacific railroads—across Nebraska, upper Utah, Nevada, and California, to San Francisco. The Santa Fé route, starting from Independence, Missouri, crossed the Indian Territory into New Mexico, but stopped at Santa Fé. The Oregon route diverged northwestward from the central pony express route near Salt Lake. A mail route close to the Mexican line turned northward when it reached California, and ended at San Francisco.

But beyond this region, our true "West" and frontier, there was a still farther West of better realized opportunity. Two states, California and Oregon, looked out upon the Pacific. Political considerations had also induced Congress, in 1864, to grant the powers of statehood to the miners of Nevada, although, as the event proved, they had not so good a case as their fellows of Colorado. The three Pacific states had perhaps 600,000 people, and 223 miles of railroad. Both in California and in Oregon there were natural resources sufficient for large populations. This was true, also,

of the region north of Oregon, whose limits were not yet quite completely defined, because it was not yet finally determined whether the boundary line agreed upon in the treaty of 1846 should run to the north or to the south of certain small islands off the coast of Washington Territory. That was the only serious boundary dispute between the United States and any of their neighbors.

Here, then, in that larger half of the Republic which stretched out beyond the Mississippi, was the ample field awaiting the next great display of national energy; and already men of wealth and enterprise were taking the first step toward a real occupation. Already, two companies were formed to cross with railroads the deserts which divided the Pacific states from the states of the Mississippi Valley. The two lines were soon stretching out blindly in opposite directions, feeling their way, as it were, to some point where they might meet and join. That, in fact, is not a very inaccurate description of the status of the two enterprises. In 1864, after various tentative and ineffective measures, Congress had held out such generous inducements that capitalists were found willing to take up the scheme of a transcontinental line, and the Union Pacific Company was chartered and organized. The Central Pacific, chartered under the laws of California, was an independent company. Neither road was bound to follow the other's choice of a route, but they were bound to make a junction. As yet, however, the territories, ten in all, including the Indian Territory, were without railroads and telegraph lines. In all their immense area there were less than 300,000 people. Millions of square miles, still inaccessible to agriculture, trade, and manufactures, were waiting until the energy so long absorbed in strife between the North and the South should be set to bridging the vast chasm of desert and mountains between the Pacific and the Mississippi. The earlier westward movement had been twofold. Two streams of population, moving along

parallel lines, one below the lakes, the other above the gulf, had carried toward the Pacific the two kindred but diverging civilizations which were now embattled. Until those two columns, at last united, should march one way, the West must wait.

But even before that release could come, the energy of the older group of Eastern states was not completely absorbed in the struggle with the South. The history of the United States during the four years of civil war is far from being a history of warfare only. Interrupted, diminished for a time, and forced into new channels, the industry of the North had never ceased to be effective. Even in the early, gloomy period of the struggle, it was actually, in some fields, pressing forward.

Foreign commerce was, of course, lessened, for there was no Northern staple to take the place of cotton. The total value of our exports fell from 243 million dollars in the fiscal year 1861 to 194 millions in 1865; our imports of all commodities, which in 1861 were 286 millions, were in 1865 but 234 millions. The decline of our merchant marine had been still more rapid, for within a few months of the outbreak of hostilities there were Confederate privateers waiting to waylay our merchantmen at those "crossroads of the seas" which the genius of Commodore Maury had charted out. The tonnage of American vessels employed in foreign commerce had fallen sixty per cent in five years: that is to say, from more than two and one-half million tons in 1860 to but little more than one million tons in 1865. Our domestic commerce, which far exceeded in volume all our trade with foreign countries, was also lessened, possibly in even greater proportion. Southern cotton no longer made its way to New England. The wharves of Boston, the mills of Lawrence and Lowell and Fall River, would not now have persuaded a Southern planter, as they had once persuaded Yancey, that cotton was the basis of the entire wealth of the East.

Neither, on the other hand, could the Eastern manufacturer, the New York merchant, or the Northwestern farmer with his wheat and his bacon, command, during the years of warfare, that peculiarly safe Southern market where local competition was forbidden by the limitations of slavery as an industrial system.

But the growth of the commerce between the East and the West was fast making amends for the temporary stoppage of the old commerce between the North and the South. The railroads west of the Mississippi, including those of the Pacific states, had, indeed, but little more than three thousand miles of track in operation, but of the total of thirty-five thousand miles in the whole country all but nine thousand belonged to the states north of the Potomac and west of the Mississippi. From 1860 to 1865 the gain had been about five thousand miles. There had been a considerable increase in the number of locomotives. The Baldwin works alone had turned out ninety-five in 1862, ninety-six in 1863, one hundred and thirty in 1864. The old West was by this time joined to the East by several lines of railroad, and also by the Erie Canal. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, designed to carry out Washington's plan of connecting the waters of the Potomac and the Ohio, had got no farther than the base of the Alleghenies, which it reached in 1850; and Calhoun's scheme for a railroad to connect Charleston with the West and Northwest had also come to nothing. But by the middle of the century three important railroads, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, and the New York Central, had passed beyond the Appalachian ridges. Chicago had been reached in 1852. In 1859, the Hannibal and St. Joseph touched the Missouri River.

These early east-and-west railroads were, it is true, not to be compared with the great systems of to-day. The rate of speed was far lower than at present. The tracks, with their iron rails, could not sustain such heavy coaches as are now commonly employed. In 1856, Theo-

dore L. Woodruff had patented a night-car with the essential features of the sleeping-cars now in use, but his idea was not yet so thoroughly developed nor so widely adopted as to render night-travel common. The longest trains were of ten or twelve coaches. The charges for passengers were much higher than at present, the freight charges several times as high. It cost 26.2 cents in 1865 to bring a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York. The average charge for carrying one ton of freight one mile was 3.31 cents, as against the fraction of a cent per ton-mile which is now the usual rate. Nevertheless, inadequate as the means of transportation seem, judged by the standards of a later day, they had already, before the war began, diverted to Eastern markets many products of the West, which in the first half of the century had gone mainly down the rivers to the cotton states and the ports of the Gulf of Mexico. During the war, moreover, the soldiers may be said to have taken the place of the Southern planters as customers of the Western farmer. No doubt, the armies themselves absorbed an energy which would otherwise have gone to the production of wealth in both the sections; but in the North the productive energy left behind the armies was stimulated at once by new demands and by new opportunities. There was, too, a constant reënforcement from other countries. Immigration was more than making good the actual losses in the war. The number of immigrants had, indeed, fallen heavily during the first year, but by the third year the stream had regained its old volume. It continued to gain in 1864, and in 1865 it reached the grand total of 287,397. Of these newcomers, the larger proportion was still drawn from northern and central Europe. The United Kingdom alone contributed nearly 45 per cent, and Germany 34 per cent. The countries of Southern Europe furnished only 1.5 per cent; China and other Asiatic countries, less than 3 per cent. Counting the 7.5 per cent from British North

America, more than nine-tenths of the whole was of the stocks to which the mass of our native population belonged. The productive labor of the North, thus constantly increased from foreign sources, was also reinforced by the entrance of women into various fields of industry, where they have held their places ever since.

The figures show that the industry of the North and West was not misapplied or ineffective. Live stock, for example, had decreased, from the extraordinary consumption of the armies in the field; but sheep had grown no fewer, and the wool crop steadily increased to meet the heavier demand caused by the scarcity of cotton. In 1865, it was actually one third greater than in 1860. This might, of course, be taken as a sign of delay in the westward progress of agriculture, since the shepherd is often merely the forerunner of the farmer; but even in agriculture the coming into general use of the mowing machine, the buggy plow, and other labor-saving devices had largely compensated for the withdrawal of men's hands from the plowshare and the pruninghook to take up the sword. At the London Exhibition of 1862, American mowers surpassed all competition. The war had, it is true, seriously delayed the benefits of the generous homestead law of 1862. From January, 1863, when it went into effect, to the end of 1865, less than three and one-half millions of acres had been occupied under its provisions, and it was not until the years of peace that the wise bounty of the government became fully effective. But the regions already won to agriculture increased their output of wheat from 170 million bushels (round numbers) in 1860 to 190 millions in 1863. The crops of the next two years showed a falling off, but this was attributable partly to bad weather and partly to the disturbed condition of industry in the border states. The corn crops, though they did not reach the extraordinary level of 1860, showed, after the first drop, a marked and steady rise, and in 1865, an excep-

tionally good year for corn, there was a gain of 170 million bushels over 1864.

Even in manufactures, there were gains on many lines to set against such heavy losses as befell the cotton mills and other establishments which were left either without their raw material or without a market. The output of pig iron, for example, which dropped nearly two hundred thousand tons in 1861, had risen by 1863 above the total of 1860, and the next year we were making many thousand tons more than when the war began. In the oil country below Lake Erie a new industry had been created. The output of crude petroleum had grown from half a million barrels in 1860 to nearly two and a half millions in 1865. The gain in woollen manufactures was extraordinary; thousands of garments formerly made of cotton must now, of necessity, be made of wool. There was an increase also in the manufacture of watches and jewelry, of malt liquors, of sewing machines, of hempen products, of paper.

There was a still more remarkable gain in the output of our mines. The story of the great Comstock Lode in Nevada, like the trade between the Union and the Confederate lines, illustrates the persistence of the struggle for wealth, even in the midst of warfare. The Comstock miners, who in 1859 had sent back to civilization only thirty thousand dollars in gold, sent three and a half millions in gold and silver during the first year of the war. In 1864, they contributed sixteen millions to the world's stock of the precious metals. The mines of California were far from exhausted, and Colorado's scarcely touched. The output of gold and silver from the principal mines of the whole country was in round numbers forty-three and one-third millions in 1861, sixty-three millions in 1864, seventy millions in 1865. In all, nearly three hundred millions in gold and silver had been mined while the armies were in the field.

What was true of the great industries of agriculture, manufacturing, and mining, the main sources of the power of the

North and of the whole Republic, was true also, if we may trust what evidence we possess, of other industrial activities. In all occupations money wages were high after 1862, but when allowance is made for the inflated state of the currency and the high prices of most commodities, it does not appear that the wage-earning classes had any good reason to think themselves better off than they would have been in peace. There were, however, certain trades and occupations that flourished by reason of the war. In the great cities, and even with the armies in the field, caterers to the immediate wants and to the pleasures of their fellows found their services in great demand. As always in such times, the venders of trifles, the purveyors of light amusements, were thriving. The theatres and music halls of New York were crowded nightly. Companies of barnstormers, some of them not without their struggling histrionic geniuses, followed in the wake of the grand divisions. There was an excellent market for novels and other forms of light literature. Panders to worse appetites than these were likewise stimulated to an extraordinary thrift; for wars and pestilences invariably lessen the sense of responsibility in the weaker sorts of men. Gaming, drunkenness, and licentiousness increased. The worse quarters of our cities, fed with the less desirable of the immigrants, were by this time well recognized factors in municipal politics. The draft riots in New York served, for one thing, to exhibit the foulness and danger which already underlay the city's wealth. Beleaguered Richmond, even in the days when, hope abandoned, the men in the Petersburg trenches came to the very climax of their long devotion, was, according to Southern authorities, a resort for the vilest of mankind; humanity, whose noblest, sublimest aspect was exhibited in that last ditch which Lee's gray "misérables" were set to die in, was at its foulest in the city they defended. There, fortunes were snatched from the wreck and débris of the falling Confederacy, as in the North

larger fortunes were filched by contractors and adventurers from the abundant stores which the industry and sacrifice of patriots on the farms and in the workshops provided for the patriots in the field.

Surprising as it seems, the statistics indicate that the total and the per capita wealth of the North had actually increased during the war. The real and personal property in the loyal states in 1863 was estimated by one authority at nearly 14 billions, as against less than ten and three-fourths billions in 1860. The fluctuations of the currency and the meagerness of the data impair the value of the estimate; but the general inference is not improbably correct. The war had retarded, but it had not stopped, the material progress of the North. The pace of our advance was slower, but we did not halt; we did not, on the whole, lose ground.

Nor were the less material activities relinquished. The business of the post office, sometimes taken to gauge the intellectual life of a community, had not declined. The receipts, which were eight and one half millions (round numbers) in 1860, were more than eleven millions in 1863, fourteen and one half millions in 1865. The schools did not close their doors. On the contrary, war, though it loosed the reins to all the viler greeds and appetites, seemed to have stimulated the desire for education among the young. What figures we have concerning the public schools indicate that the number of teachers and scholars in the loyal states had increased, and increased steadily, from 1861 to 1865. As to the colleges their gain was remarkable. Harvard, from whose four hundred and twenty students in 1861 a good proportion had departed for the battle-fields, enrolled almost twice as many in 1864. The other Eastern colleges, for the most part, also grew. The young universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, scarcely started on their careers in 1861, had in 1864 passed Harvard and Princeton, respectively, in their enrollments. Coeducation, the higher training of women, and the training of

men for the professions, particularly the law, had won in these years a consideration denied to them in less harassed times.

The newspaper press, then, perhaps, a better sign of intellectual life than now, although, judging by our present standard of reportorial enterprise, it made but little of the opportunities the battles gave, had continued to widen its range. The number of newspapers had multiplied rapidly, but the greater journals had more than held their own. The *New York Tribune* was still easily the most influential of all. In spite of Greeley's unworldliness and his admirable refusal to imitate the methods of Bennett, whose *Herald* was the forerunner of the merely commercial newspaper enterprises of to-day, the *Tribune* had in 1863 a total circulation, daily, semi-weekly, and weekly, of two hundred and fifteen thousand copies; and of this nearly three fourths belonged to the weekly, always the most important means of moulding public opinion. These figures were bettered in 1865. Meanwhile, however, the *Herald's* circulation had probably grown faster than the *Tribune's*. The interchange of news and of opinion was easier and fuller than ever before. In that sort of intellectual life there had been a steady progress.

But so much could not be said of literature and the arts. The New England Renaissance, to use the phrase of a recent historian of American letters, was practically ended. Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and even Bryant, were still alive, still writing; Lowell, indeed, was still to make, in the *Commémoration Ode*, his best attempt in poetry. But the best work of all these men was, as a rule, finished; and no other writers of comparable gifts succeeded. Lowell's and Whitman's verses, with the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, were, in truth, the only poetry inspired by the war at all worthy of the theme. In the conquered South there were no winged minds that could take refuge, as Goethe and Schiller did when France ruled the land and

England the sea, in the kingdom of the air.¹

There had been, however, a great intellectual gain in America from the bitter but successful struggle; a noble use in our adversity. We had gained a better estimate of ourselves, and a juster view of "abroad." The gain was intangible and hard to define, but none the less real and important. It is perhaps best displayed in the proud and swelling music of Lowell's *Ode*, best explained in his essay "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." We seemed to have made good somehow, by actual warfare among ourselves, Emerson's earlier declaration of our intellectual independence. It was not merely that we had proved our case as a nation: that Freeman, the English historian, having begun to write a history of Federal government from the formation of the Achaian League "to the disruption of the United States of America," had now to set a different limit to his enterprise. A better sign of our true achievement was the famous retraction of *Punch* at Lincoln's bier. We could no longer seem, to foreigners or to ourselves, a nation of shop-keepers. By courage and endurance, by a high quarrel, recklessly pursued, we had won a right to partake of whatever nobleness and dignity there was in the world. The test of war, by making us surer of ourselves, had enabled us to take a surer tone with older civilizations. It had given us a better mien and poise, and freed us from provincialism as nothing else could. We had never, it is true, ceased entirely to share in the culture of England. Guided by a few students like Cogswell and Everett and Bancroft, our Eastern colleges had also, several decades before the war, come into touch with German scholarship, — doubtless the most potent here of all the intellectual influences that have spread to us from the continent of Europe. But of all these things we were now made free as we had

¹ To this statement the finely detached genius of Sidney Lanier is perhaps the only exception.

not been before, because we were ourselves no longer the untried experiment, the unknown quantity, we had been. Intellectually, as well as diplomatically, we stood upright at last, and faced the world.

And we faced it "with a light scorn." If one should attempt to put into a single phrase the attitude of the Republic toward the Powers, Russia alone excepted, this of Lowell's might be the best. To England and France, especially, we turned as a man that has been hard beset, but has come out victorious, turns to the sarcastic spectator who has aided and encouraged the adversary in every way he dared. France had gone far to wipe out the happier memories of former times; England had well nigh justified the unfortunate teaching of our school historians and our Fourth-of-July orators.

The Emperor of the French had seen in our perplexity, our struggle for national existence, nothing better than an opportunity for a trial of that fantastic scheme of a Central American Empire which he had matured in the years of his wanderings and written out while a prisoner at Ham. It was no fault of his that Maximilian, seated on his heaving throne in Mexico, was not already master of all that lay to the south of us, well-nigh to the equator. Napoleon had not even yet relinquished altogether his dream of a great Central American Metropolis, guarding the entrance of that canal which for three hundred years had fascinated such minds as his, and dominating the commerce of two oceans. Our Department of State had wisely forborne to treat Maximilian's invasion of Mexico as the contemptuous infringement of our Monroe Doctrine which it was, but General Grant had recognized the actual situation when, immediately after the surrender of Lee, he ordered the forces in the Southwest to move down to the borders of Mexico. Thus the end of our civil strife disclosed in the Southwest the same old confrontment of Latin and Teuton which American history had exhibited so many times before.

It also set us free for the debate with our kinsmen of the little isle which had run through so much of our history as a nation. There was the dispute over the Northwestern boundary; there was the old dispute about the fisheries; there was, above all, the gathered resentment of the American people at the ill-will and the sneers of England's ruling class throughout the war, the aid and refuge she had given to our domestic foes, the privateers, highwaymen of the seas, built in her shipyards to prey upon our commerce. The grudge was deep; it was as just as any grudge we ever had against the mother country; and it was aggravated now by a cause that had often set us against our kin. The discontent of Ireland was in one of its periods of intense bitterness. The Fenians, counting, not without their host, upon the sympathy of Americans, were planning violent measures from this country as a base. It was soon known that discharged soldiers from our armies were acting with them, and it was feared that they might at any time pass across the border into Canada and strike there at the power of England. We were no sooner through with our own long quarrel than we were compelled to take account of this persistent old-world feud.

Turning now to the state of our domestic politics at the end of the war, we find it a time of heavy burdens and extraordinary tasks. Great as our energy had been, well-nigh limitless though our material resources had proved to be, the strain of warfare had unquestionably altered, in many grave respects, the working of our government.

The great and rapid increase of expenses had, of course, made it impossible to pay as we went. Expenditures for military purposes had risen steadily from the beginning. At the end, the treasury was paying out not less than five million dollars a day, or, including the interest on the debt, nearly nineteen hundred millions a year. The total money cost of the war, over and above all ordinary charges on the government, is estimated at three and

one fourth billions. That was more than any ten years of warfare had ever cost the people of Great Britain; it was five times as much as ten years of Napoleon's wars had cost the French. To meet a part of these demands, but mainly to pay the interest on the debt incurred in meeting them, our people had been taxed, after 1862, more heavily than ever before. The internal revenue duties had been raised. A direct tax had been apportioned among the states, and collected from the loyal states. Customs duties also had been raised from time to time, until, in 1865, the average rate was forty-seven and one half per cent, as against nineteen and one half per cent in 1860. It must, however, be admitted that revenue had not been the sole object of these changes in the tariff laws. The Republicans had made it plain, before they came into power, that they were in favor of protection. That had doubtless helped them to carry Pennsylvania, which in the election of 1860 was thought to be a pivotal state. The policy had been adhered to, and the changes in the rates after the war began, though intended to increase the revenues, were also made with an eye to the protection of American industries from foreign competition. It should be remembered, too, that eleven states of the Union, formerly supposed by their public men to contribute more than their share of the revenues, particularly through import duties, were for the most part inaccessible to the tax gatherers during these years.

But taxation alone could not nearly supply the needed revenues. Great sums had been borrowed. The bonded debt in July, 1865, was more than one billion dollars. None of the bonds bore less than five per cent interest. The first to mature would be payable in 1871, the last in 1904. But our entire indebtedness was three times our bonded debt. There were more than half a billion of liabilities not entered in the treasurer's books at all; and the bulk of the remainder was in outstanding notes. More than a billion of these were ordinary treasury notes, bearing interest

at 7.3 per cent, and due in the years 1866-1868. During the last few months of the war, most of the government's expenses had been met with half a billion of these "seven-thirties," as they were called. But another half billion of our notes were of another sort — a sort entirely unknown to us before the war. In 1862, the government had assumed the questioned right to make its paper promises to pay a legal tender in payment of debts. The legal tenders bore no interest, and they were, like the other notes, for the time being irredeemable, for the government, as well as the banks, had long since suspended specie payments. Their value in specie was but little more than fifty per cent of their face value.

Coin was for the most part in hiding, or driven out of the country. To take the place of it, and of the old state-bank currency, but more particularly to insure a demand for the bonds, still another form of currency had been devised. Besides the legal tenders and the other forms of treasury paper, there were the notes of the national banks. By July, 1865, fifteen hundred banks had been established under the law of 1862. They had taken, in all, bonds to the face value of 276 million dollars, and on that basis had issued notes to the face value of 171 millions. The total of paper of all descriptions guaranteed by the government was therefore, in round numbers, one and one-half billions, as against a total circulation of 457 millions in 1860, including specie and the notes of the state banks. It is not correct to count all the interest-bearing notes as currency, but many of them were used as a medium of exchange.

The setting up of the banks and the resort to legal tenders were doubtless the most important effects of the war in public finance. It would not be extravagant to say that the debt itself was, if one keeps in mind the country's great resources and the spirit of the people, more important as leading to these two experiments in paper money than it was in its own proper

character as a burden on the taxpayers. To handle the debt, and eventually to pay it, was, no doubt, a great task of peace awaiting the government. But to regulate wisely the two new forms of currency was an infinitely more difficult task; and it was precisely the sort of task in which the government of a democracy is least likely to excel.

The task of military and naval disestablishment, demanding though it did good management and economy, was almost entirely executive; it could be safely entrusted to the same hands that had organized the two arms for service in the war. That done, however, and the hundreds of thousands of soldiers and sailors returned to industry and the walks of peace, there would remain a task not contemplated in our Constitution, and for which no precedent could be found in our history: the task of bringing the region lately in insurrection back into proper and permanent relations with the loyal states and with the national government. The novelty of the problem was heightened by certain other changes that had come about by reason of the war: changes in the character of the Union, in the relations between the states and the government, in the practice and usage of the government itself.

Of these, the simplest and the most far-reaching were the overthrow of slavery as an institution and the downfall of the theory of the sovereignty of states. The first was of a nature to demand also a change in the written Constitution, and a thirteenth amendment, prohibiting slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, and granting Congress the power to enforce the prohibition by appropriate laws, had passed the two houses and been submitted to the states before the death of Lincoln.

Of the second, however, it would be too much to say positively that it was an actual change in our constitution of government. It was rather the decision by force of arms of a controversy about the Constitution, whose merits remained as

they were. It was still a debatable question whether we had all along been a nation, and had maintained our nationality by force of arms, or whether the war had changed us from a league or confederacy of essentially independent and sovereign states into a true nation. But on either theory the practical outcome was the same. In effect, Marshall's and Webster's and Story's and Lincoln's view of the Constitution had prevailed over the view of Davis and Calhoun and Jefferson. We were now for all time a nation and not a league. There was, however, no need to change a single word of the Constitution in order to record the outcome or to make it plain. It was enough that an attempt to assert the sovereignty of states had been made, and that it had been put down. There seems to be no probability, no real danger, that the extreme state-rights theory will ever again control the course of any great number of Americans, or that any dissatisfied state or section will ever again allege the right of secession. The right of revolution is the only ground on which an effort to break up the Union would now be justified; and that right Americans share with the citizens or subjects of other nations.

As to the states which had not attempted secession, it was not at first held, and probably jurists would not now maintain, that they had lost through the war any of those rights and privileges which, even under the national theory, they had possessed before. In practice, however, they had lost something. They had lost prestige. The national government had got in the habit, so to speak, of disregarding certain doubts about its powers which until these years it had never once ignored. In order to set up the national banks, for instance, and to make room for their notes, it had taxed out of existence the notes of the state banks. It had, avowedly, taxed to destroy. It had also gone farther than ever before when it organized a national volunteer force of its own, and when it asserted a practically complete control over the militia of the states.

The assumption of a right to make its notes a legal tender, though not an invasion of any right of the states, to which, indeed, that particular right was expressly denied, was, nevertheless, the taking on of a national and centralized character clearly antagonistic to former contentions of the states.

These changes of usage, though the specific acts were justified on various specific grounds, had all in a general way been based on the plea of necessity in time of war. They were, therefore, now that peace was come, open to question, as the right of a state to secede, or the right of the national government to resist secession, was not. But the student of American politics since the great war must begin with the understanding, not merely that the states were no longer sovereign in the sense in which the Southerners had used that word, but that they had also, in practice, lost to the general government certain important powers and functions which, before the war, it would not lightly have assumed, and they would not have yielded up without a struggle.

Apart from the relation of the Union to the states, other important changes had also come about: changes in the usage of the national government itself, without reference to the states. The relations of the different departments among themselves had been altered. Of this class of changes, much the most important was the increase in the power of the executive. War, of course, demands a strong and single head; and that demand, inconsistent as it might seem with our whole theory of government, had been compelling and effective. The legislature and the courts had been forced into the background. The executive department had profited by the character of the tasks presented by the times. It had profited also by a clear advantage of personnel; for the President, himself the foremost man of his time, had shown a tact and a willingness, not always found in strong men, to bring and keep strong men about him.

Lincoln was, unquestionably, of an opportunist mind; that disposition consorted with his swift and shrewd apprehensions, and with his profound sense of occasions. Seeing, at the outset, the necessity of quick and vigorous measures, he had not waited for authority from Congress or the sanction of the courts. He had begun by calling out the militia on his own sole initiative. Before Congress could formally declare a war, he had proclaimed a blockade of the Southern ports, — a measure whose practical wisdom has been questioned; Congress, if it had been called together and consulted, might very well have preferred a different course. It was the President also who had called out and organized the volunteer army. It was the President who had first suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, and proclaimed martial law. Congress, when it met, indemnified him fully; but the power he had thus assumed was open to question. At any other time, the legislature would, most likely, have disputed it. In practice, it exalted the executive at the expense of the judiciary also; the functions of the military were thus extended to embrace duties which in ordinary times are undertaken only by the courts of law. Even in regions where the civil courts were in full operation, there were arbitrary arrests, followed by military trials. The prisons were crowded, and to the machinery of military government Lincoln added a commission to look into the cases of prisoners awaiting trial, with authority to release whomsoever they thought fit. In the border states, and even in certain quarters of the North, lives and property were thus dependent on the hated processes of military justice. It was the President, too, acting in his sole capacity of military commander, who had done what he himself had held could not be done by any other department of the government, nor by all the departments together, including the executive: he had confiscated the immense property in slaves of those who were in insurrection against the gov-

ernment. Destroying, with a stroke of his pen, values to the extent of two and one half billions of dollars, and overthrowing the industrial system of eleven states, he had thereby given to the war a new character and a new object.

True, Lincoln had in all these things been mindful of public opinion, which he, better than any other of our public men, knew how both to lead and to obey. True, also, Congress had almost uniformly countenanced his assumptions of power, either by silent acquiescence or by positive enactments. The Supreme Court as he found it when he went into office was not so pliant. The aged Taney had taken issue with him when a writ of *habeas corpus* came up to him from a region where the privilege had been suspended. But it was an aged court, as well as an aged chief justice; when Campbell, the Alabamian, the youngest of the justices, resigned in 1861, the average age of the remaining justices was over seventy. In all, there were five vacancies while Lincoln was in office. He had thus an opportunity to carry out that very plan of getting the Dred Scott decision reversed which he had announced so soon as it was handed down. He filled every place with a man of his own way of thinking. The last change he made was to put Secretary Chase, next to himself the ablest assailant of the court's old positions, author of the Legal Tender Act, and founder of the national banks, in Taney's seat. Thus transformed, the court was perhaps more strongly inclined than ever before in its history to a thoroughly national interpretation of the Constitution. It was more disposed than ever before to give, both to the President and to Congress, the benefit of any doubts concerning their rights and powers.

Such, in fact, was the disposition in all three departments of the government; for in all three Republicans controlled. Since the election of 1860, the party had only once felt itself in any real danger of defeat. That was in the early summer of 1864. But the opposition had prompt-

ly thrown away whatever chance it had. The Democratic national convention had declared the war to be a failure, and Sherman at Atlanta, Farragut at Mobile, Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, had answered the charge with victories. The Democrats, going before the people as a party of mere protest, were met and crushed with the plain fact of military success. The Republicans, notwithstanding a moderate reaction in certain quarters, had swept the country. With more than two thirds of both houses of Congress, they had not merely the control of all ordinary legislation; they could also pass and submit to the people amendments to the Constitution. They held, too, all appointive offices of any consequence, for the spoils system prevailed everywhere. In the first few weeks of his first administration, Lincoln had removed from office more men than Andrew Jackson had removed in the entire eight years of his reign. "I am," Lincoln had said, "like a man so busy in letting rooms in one end of his house that he cannot stop to put out the fire that is burning the other." In nearly all the Northern states, also, the Republican party was in power. Only New Jersey had a Democratic governor; only New Jersey and Delaware, Democratic legislatures.

And the Republican party had been in power long enough to acquire a habit of dominance. Its record, almost from the beginning, was a record of practical achievement, not of exile and devotion. Its original opportunist bent was now confirmed by a long practice of expedients, its strong-government creed was strengthened by the logic of events. A time of war is no time for doctrinaires. Hamilton himself, who professed no faith in the people, had never been more masterful in his actual course than Lincoln, the patient student of public opinion. To give more power to the central government was the policy of the Republicans when, under the name of anti-Nebraska men, they first appeared as a party. This they had done; and their work had re-

acted upon them to the strengthening of their first impulse. They were farther advanced toward paternalism than either the Federalists or the Whigs had ever been.

On the other hand, the plight of the Democrats was pitiable. The immigration from Europe of classes naturally in sympathy with their tenets had, it is true, enabled them to keep control of certain cities of the North, but in most other quarters they were not even an effective opposition. In leaders also they were sadly lacking. Since the death of Douglas, no man had arisen among them with any gift of leadership to be compared to his. Vallandigham, of Ohio, who was at least courageous and conspicuous, could never be commended to a majority in the North. Showing plainly his sympathy with the Southerners, he had been sent into exile within the lines of the Confederacy. The two Bayards in Delaware, Pendleton in Ohio, McDonald in Indiana, and Seymour in New York, were all men of character, ability, and training. All were fit for leadership, but none of them seemed to have the instinct and the will to lead. The party was everywhere in an attitude painfully defensive. Not merely defeated, but proved to have been wrong in its contention about the war, the party was left without a policy or an issue. Thousands of Democrats were serving bravely in the armies and on the men-of-war, but the party itself rested under a damning suspicion of lukewarmness, if not of something worse. In many parts of the North, to be a Democrat was to be a Copperhead, and to be a Copperhead was little better than it was to be a Unionist in the South. Unless the Southern states should be reorganized, nothing short of a political revolution in the North could give the party the presidency or a majority in either house of Congress. Not even that, without the aid of time and death, could give it the control of the Supreme Court; and this was sure to be of great importance, for there were many new and difficult Constitutional questions awaiting decision.

But for eight months from the death of Lincoln Congress was not to meet, and no case involving clearly any of the new questions was yet before the court. From the long obsequies of the murdered President, the people, anxious and expectant, turned to his successor. It was he and those about him who had the initiative with the fresh problems of peace. There were many things which the executive must do, and there were many more a strong executive might do.

Assuming now, in a way the least auspicious, the duties of the hardest office in the world, Johnson had the wisdom to keep about him the councilors of Lincoln. The cabinet was not changed. Seward, indeed, was for some weeks absent from its meetings. He was himself helpless from accidental hurts and the wounds which he had taken from his would-be assassin; and a series of domestic tragedies which followed turned the "Red House" into a house of mourning. Nevertheless, Seward is by many supposed to have wielded over Johnson an extraordinary influence; to have found in this administration the opportunity to lead which he had dreamed was his when Lincoln first called him into office. The best politician of all the surviving anti-slavery men, because he was the most of a man of the world, and had the least of the rigidity of the reformer, Seward was, no doubt, of greater service to his chief than any of his fellows; but it does not appear that he was in fact responsible for any policy of Johnson's, apart from foreign affairs. The testimony of the persons closest to Johnson, and a careful study of his own record and utterances, fail to bear out the notion that he began with one Southern policy and that Seward persuaded him into another. What inconsistencies there were in his course were by no means inconsistent with his own character, and they were not unnatural responses to events.

Hugh McCulloch, of Indiana, but recently promoted from his post of controller of the currency, where he had or-

ganized the system of national banks, to Chase's place in the Cabinet, which for some months had been held by Fessenden, of Maine, has probably a better claim than Seward to be considered the originator of a domestic policy. The best type of the business man in politics, sagacious, honest, and blessed with a peculiarly amiable temper, he addressed himself to the work of his department with an admirable singleness of purpose. His reports were not political documents, but candid, sound discussions of actual problems in finance. In that character they are not unworthy of comparison with the famous contemporary budget speeches of Gladstone. On one occasion, in fact, the English Chancellor, speaking in the House of Commons, praised the American secretary as an "able and enlightened minister of finance." With unusual simplicity and force McCulloch presented to his countrymen those considerations of duty and expediency which make against the arguments for shifting on, from one generation to another, the burden of a debt. And the people showed at first a good readiness to accept a fair part of the burden. To the secretary's announcement of the purpose to pay the debt in coin or its equivalent there arose at first no strong opposition. Within two years, he could report that the principal was reduced by 250 millions.

On the necessity of an early return to specie payments and a prompt contraction of the currency, the secretary was no less clear. The legal tenders he strongly disliked. Both to them and to those treasury notes which had not the quality of a legal tender he preferred the issue of the national banks. His policy, therefore, was to retire the legal tenders as rapidly as it could be done without disturbing business, to fund the other treasury notes, and to bring about an increase of the bank-notes; for he held, with most economists, that a forced loan is pretty sure to prove in the long run the costliest of all. But the appetite of the masses for cheap money was already aroused. The secre-

tary soon discovered, perhaps to his surprise, that the legal tenders or "greenbacks" were better liked than any other form of currency. Congress at first heartily endorsed his policy. But when it came to the point of actual legislation a dangerous and unsound public opinion began to take hold of the lawmakers. At the end of 1865, the House of Representatives voted almost unanimously in favor of retiring the legal tenders; but the act of April, 1866, instead of giving the secretary full power to carry out this plan, merely authorized him to retire ten millions of the greenbacks within six months, and not more than four millions a month thereafter. In February, 1867, he was directed to discontinue his operations. A decade was to pass, and the money question to go through various phases, before the country could be brought back to the sound policy of Mr. McCulloch.

Besides Seward, there was left in the Cabinet but one other of the more distinguished figures of the Lincoln group. Harlan, of the Interior Department, Denison, the Postmaster-General, and Speed, the Attorney-General, were comparative newcomers. Welles, of the navy department, had served throughout the war, and he was a competent official. His own diary and reminiscences will certainly tend to strengthen his already good reputation. But in the popular estimation he did not rank with Chase and Seward and Stanton. Seward and Chase apart, only Sumner in the Senate and Stevens in the House had rivaled Stanton in the parts they played at Washington while the armies were in the field. It was left for him to hold a place still more conspicuous in the public eye than that he held under Lincoln. But even the light that beat upon him then, fierce as it was, has not made it easy to pronounce a judgment on the man. Judged by his work in war time alone, it is easy to say of him that he was a great war minister,—ardent, energetic, strong. He did well the vast amount of work he had to do. If, however, one seeks to ascertain what sort of a man he was in-

side, Stanton is a baffling character. Subject to the most violent prejudices, swayed by elemental passions, often brutal with anger, sometimes guilty of surprising weakness, now and then exhibiting a religious, even a fanatical fervor, he was, nevertheless, peculiarly secretive. None of his contemporaries has hit upon a phrase to make us understand him. There were particular acts, such as the arrest of Colonel Stone, which puzzled them as they puzzle now a later generation. It seems probable that in his later years he was suffering from the strain and stress of his war-time labors and experiences to such an extent that he was sometimes not altogether himself.

His immediate task of disestablishment was, however, admirably discharged. The last of the Confederate armies, Kirby Smith's, in Texas, was not surrendered until May 28; and even then the general-in-chief seems to have had more fighting in mind, for he had ordered Sheridan with a strong force to the Mexican border. Apparently, Grant thought that war with Maximilian's government was inevitable, and he strongly urged upon his chief the plan of forcing the hands of Maximilian and his imperial backer by a show of force. Quite probably he remembered how we made a beginning of that other war in the Southwest, in which his own spurs had been won. But Seward was firm that diplomacy would be sufficient, and the soldiers turned their faces homeward. Even before the surrender of Kirby Smith, the great armies of the East and the West, Grant's and Sherman's, were united at Washington, and for the first and last time paraded in honor of the Union and in celebration of their victories.

The parade was Stanton's idea. The unfriendly greeting between him and Sherman is perhaps the best-remembered incident of the occasion he had prepared; for when Sherman appeared on the reviewing stand the two men did not shake hands, and the quarrel soon attained a wide celebrity. But a single untoward in-

cident could not mar so great and joyous an occasion. For the spectacle was one of the noblest in all our history, — which is, it must be admitted, somewhat chary of spectacles. On May 23, the army of the Potomac, represented by one hundred and fifty-one regiments of infantry, thirty-six of cavalry, and twenty-two batteries, marched down the spacious avenue leading from the Capitol to the White House, passing there before the President. The next day, the armies of Tennessee and Georgia, Sherman's two wings, followed the same route. An intelligent spectator noted that the men of the East and of the West were quite unlike in certain points of bearing and appearance. But what most impressed him was the youthfulness of the entire mass of soldiery. Grant himself was but forty-three. Many general officers were under thirty. Comparatively few of the men in the ranks were out of their twenties. They were more like college students than the sort of figures one has in mind when one speaks of veterans. It was the youth of the Republic who had saved it.

In a little more than two months three fourths of all the volunteer soldiers of the Union were mustered out. By the middle of November, less than 300,000 were in the service. When the new year began, the number was below 100,000. By the autumn of 1867, all were discharged. Meanwhile, the regular army had been reduced to a peace footing of less than 40,000, and the disbursements for military purchases had fallen from more than half a billion dollars to 42 millions. There were grave fears of the effect upon society of so sudden a disbandment of the armies. Men called to mind the restlessness of the youth of France when Napoleon ceased to provide them wars. There was, it is true, a very slight increase of crime; but none of the direr prophecies came true. The million found their places without disturbance to industry or to social order. Thousands of them turned westward, as did other thousands in the South. A year after the fighting ceased only 127,000 of

the veterans were drawing pensions from the government. The total expenditure for pensions for the fiscal year ending in July, 1866, was less than 12 million dollars. The first post of the Grand Army of the Republic was organized at Decatur, Illinois, in April of 1866, and the order grew very rapidly until, in 1892, it reached its highest enrollment of 406,000. In later years, fewer and fewer recruits have joined its thinning ranks.

The naval establishment was reduced almost as rapidly. At the end of a year there were left in the service only one hundred and fifteen vessels of war, and expenses had been cut down by almost two thirds. At the end of five years the number of vessels was but forty-five, and the annual expenditures for this arm were but a sixth part of the total for 1865. The navy of the Civil War, quickly created, passed as quickly out of existence; and it was several decades before another began to be created.

These were, perhaps, the principal facts of American life at the end of the war, and these the first salient happenings of peace. They pertain, however, wholly to the stronger and now victorious half of the Union. Across the long-contested border, all was sadly different. But thither,—to the beaten, ruined South,—the minds of men turned first from that dread climax of the years of carnage which Booth, the half-crazed murderer, had made. There, as the tidings passed from army to army, subduing into sadness the triumphant soldiers of the Union, they fell too on the listless ears of three hundred thousand men in gray. The army of Northern Virginia was indeed no more. The thinned and weary regiments were forever disbanded. Obedient to the last and wisest order of their great commander, putting aside, as he had put aside, the instant impulse to become guerrillas, Lee's matchless soldiers were wandering back over a dozen states to homes they must build up again from ruins or from ashes. Lee himself, who in that final vic-

tory over his own spirit had done his conquerors a service hardly less than that he rendered to his followers, had ridden away on Traveller, and disappeared into the stately silence which he never broke. The honor and love of every heart in the South followed him to the end. The passing years, and a calmer mood, have won him the respect of his adversaries and even, for his last wise word, their gratitude.

In central North Carolina, Joseph E. Johnston, with thirty thousand men, still faced Sherman, with three times as many. Jefferson Davis, with the remnants of the Confederate civil establishment, was hurrying farther southward, and still, unlike Lee, doggedly minded to keep up a hopeless resistance. In Alabama, the Union cavalry general, Wilson, having occupied Montgomery, was now pursuing Forrest eastward, and in a direction that must soon bring the fleeing Davis within his lines. The garrison of Mobile was at length surrendered to Canby. Smaller forces of Confederates were scattered over the several military departments from Georgia to Arkansas. Far away in Texas, Kirby Smith, with eighteen thousand, cut off entirely from the eastern armies, was ready either to keep on fighting or to fall back into Mexico. But Lee had spoken not merely for his own army, but for all Confederate soldiers everywhere.

Along the coasts of the dying Confederacy, watching the mouth of all its harbors, making their way up and down its rivers, or searching the seas for the last of its privateers, seven hundred vessels, manned by sixty thousand officers and seamen, floated the colors of the Union. The North Atlantic squadron was in the River James; these, perhaps, were the first of the warships to half-mast their flags. The South Atlantic squadron was off the coast of South Carolina. The Gulf squadron was at Mobile. The Confederate flag was almost entirely vanished from the seas. It still floated, however, from the mast of the Stonewall, somewhere in the West Indies; and on the other side of the continent the Shenan-

doah had borne it into the North Pacific and beyond the Arctic circle. In those far waters the tidings from Appomattox and from Washington could not reach her until the winter should drive her southward to find a harbor, and the little cruiser, faithful to her errand and her lost cause, plied her task of destruction among the whalers while the final scenes of the long drama were enacted; while the armies of the Union marched in bright parade at Washington, and the armies of the South broke ranks and disappeared. The sweet spring, which brought to all the soldiers and sailors of the Union the pride of victory and happy thoughts of rest and homecoming, was, doubtless, to the soldiers in gray, more bitter than the winter of their long sacrifice. With minds too dull and hearts too sore to trust the words of patience and well-wishing that Lincoln was forever speaking while he lived, they

could not know the meaning, to them and theirs, of his mad taking off. Only the wisest of them understood. Some there were who welcomed the news with curses. Many, no doubt, would have been glad to share with the crew of the little Shenandoah their ignorance that the end was come.

A little while the armies paused and rested on their arms. A little while the squadrons rode idly at anchor. A little while the workers in the cities and the fields, the cowboys on the Western plains, the miners of California and Nevada, ceased from their labors. For one brief moment the whole Republic paused in mid career: as a great vessel, shaken with some sudden jar from her deep inward parts, stills her vast machinery and pauses, trembling, in mid ocean; then once again, steadfast, undiverted, holds on in her long course.

NEW VARIETIES OF SIN

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

THE sinful heart is ever the same, but sin changes its quality as society develops. Modern sin takes its character from the mutualism of our time. Under our present manner of living, how many of my vital interests I must entrust to others! Nowadays the water main is my well, the trolley car my carriage, the banker's safe my old stocking, the policeman's billy my fist. My own eyes and nose and judgment defer to the inspector of food, or drugs, or gas, or factories, or tenements, or insurance companies. I rely upon others to look after my drains, invest my savings, nurse my sick, and teach my children. I let the meat trust butcher my pig, the oil trust mould my candles, the sugar trust boil my sorghum, the coal trust chop my wood, the barbed wire company split my rails.

But this spread-out manner of life lays snares for the weak and opens doors to the wicked. Interdependence puts us, as it were, at one another's mercy, and so ushers in a multitude of new forms of wrongdoing. The practice of mutualism has always worked this way. Most sin is preying, and every new social relation begets its cannibalism. No one will "make the ephah small" or "falsify the balances" until there is buying and selling, "withhold the pledge" until there is loaning, "keep back the hire of the laborers" until there is a wage system, "justify the wicked for a reward" until men submit their disputes to a judge. The rise of the state makes possible counterfeiting, smuggling, speculation, and treason. Commerce tempts the pirate, the forger, and the embezzler. Every new fiduciary rela-

tion is a fresh opportunity for breach of trust. To-day the factory system enables children to be worked to death on the double-quick, speculative building gives the jerry-builder his chance, long-range investment spawns the get-rich-quick concern, and the trust movement opens the door to the bubble promoter.

The springs of the older sin seem to be drying up. Our forced-draught pace relieves us of the superabundance of energy that demands an explosive outlet. Spasms of violent feeling go with a sluggish habit of life, and are as out of place to-day as are the hard-drinking habits of our Saxon ancestors. We are too busy to give rein to spite. The stresses and lures of civilized life leave slender margin for the gratification of animosities. In quiet, side-tracked communities there is still much old-fashioned hatred, leading to personal clash, but elsewhere the cherishing of malice is felt to be an expensive luxury. Moreover, brutality, lust, and cruelty are on the wane. In this country, it is true, statistics show a widening torrent of bloody crime, but the cause is the weakening of law rather than an excess of bile. Other civilized peoples seem to be turning away from the sins of passion.

The darling sins that are blackening the face of our time are incidental to the ruthless pursuit of private ends, and hence quite "without prejudice." The victims are used or sacrificed not at all from personal ill-will, but because they can serve as pawns in somebody's little game. Like the wayfarers run down by the automobilist, they are offered up to the God of Speed. The essence of the wrongs that infest our articulated society is betrayal rather than aggression. Having perforce to build men of willow into a social fabric that calls for oak, we see on all hands monstrous treacheries,—adulterators, speculators, boodlers, grafters, violating the trust others have placed in them. The little finger of Chicane has come to be thicker than the loins of Violence.

The sinister opportunities presented in this webbed social life of ours have been

seized, because such treasons have not yet become infamous. The man who picks pockets with a railway rebate, murders with an adulterant instead of a bludgeon, burglarizes with a "rake-off" instead of a jimmy, cheats with a company prospectus instead of a deck of cards, or scuttles his town instead of his ship, does not feel on his brow the brand of a malefactor. The shedder of blood, the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless, long ago became odious; but latter-day treacheries fly no skull-and-crossbones flag at the masthead. The qualities which differentiate them from primitive sin and procure them such indulgence may be clearly defined.

Modern sin is not superficially repulsive.

To-day the sacrifice of life incidental to quick personal success rarely calls for the spilling of blood. How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterator, and the purveyor of polluted water, compared with the red slayings of the vulgar bandit or assassin! Even if there is blood-letting, the long-range, tentacular nature of modern homicide eliminates all personal collision. What an abyss between the knife-play of brawlers and the law-defying neglect to fence dangerous machinery in a mill, or to furnish cars with safety couplers! The providing of unsuspecting passengers with "cork" life-preservers secretly loaded with bars of iron to make up for their deficiency in weight of cork, is only spiritually akin to the treachery of Joab, who, taking Amasa by the beard "to kiss him," smote Amasa "in the fifth rib." The current methods of annexing the property of others are characterized by an indirectness and refinement very grateful to the natural feelings. The furtive, apprehensive manner of the till-tapper or the porch-climber would jar disagreeably upon the tax-dodger "swearing off" his property, or the city official concealing a "rake-off" in his specifications for a public building. The work of the card-sharp and the thimble-rigger shocks a type of man that will not

stick at the massive "artistic swindling" of the contemporary promoter. A taint of unworthiness, indeed, always attaches to transactions that force the person into humiliating postures. Your petty parasite or your minor delinquent inspires the contempt that used to be felt for the retailer. The confidence man is to the promoter what the small shopkeeper was to the merchant prince.

Modern sin lacks the familiar tokens of guilt.

The stealings and slayings that lurk in the complexities of our social relations are not deeds of the dive, the dark alley, the lonely road, and the midnight hour. They require no nocturnal prowling with muffled step and bated breath, no weapon or offer of violence. Unlike the old-time villain, the latter-day malefactor does not wear a slouch hat and a comforter, breathe forth curses and an odor of gin, go about his nefarious work with clenched teeth and an evil scowl. In the supreme moment his lineaments are not distorted with rage, or lust, or malevolence. One misses the traditional setting, the time-honored insignia of turpitude. Fagin and Bill Sykes and Simon Legree are vanishing types. Gamester, murderer, body-snatcher, and kidnapper may appeal to a Hogarth, but what challenge finds his pencil in the countenance of the boodler, the savings-bank wrecker, or the ballot-box stuffer? Among our criminals of greed, one begins to meet the "grand style" of the great criminals of ambition, Macbeth or Richard III. The modern high-power dealer of woe wears immaculate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, sins with a calm countenance and a serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes. Upon his gentlemanly presence the eventual blood and tears do not obtrude themselves.

This is why good, kindly men let the wheels of commerce and of industry red- den, rather than pare or lose their dividend. This is why our railroads yearly injure one employee in twenty-six, and we

look in vain for that promised "day of the Lord" that "will make a man more precious than fine gold."

Modern sins are impersonal.

The covenant breaker, the suborned witness, the corrupt judge, the oppressor of the fatherless,— the old-fashioned sinner, in short,— knows his victim, must hearken, perhaps, to bitter upbraidings. But the tropical belt of sin we are sweeping into is largely impersonal. Our iniquity is wireless, and we know not whose withers are wrung by it. The hurt passes into that vague mass, the "public," and is there lost to view. Hence it does not take a Borgia to knead "chalk and alum and plaster" into the loaf, seeing one cannot know just who will eat that loaf, or what gripe it will give him. The purveyor of spurious life-preservers need not be a Cain. The owner of rotten tenement houses, whose "pull" enables him to ignore the orders of the health department, foredooms babies, it is true, but for all that he is no Herod.

Often there are no victims. If the crazy hulk sent out for "just one more trip" meets with fair weather, all is well. If no fire breaks out in the theatre, the sham "emergency exits" are blameless. The corrupt inspector who O. K.'s low-grade kerosene is chancing it, that is all. Many sins, in fact, simply augment risk. Evil does not dog their footsteps with relentless and heart-shaking certainty. When the catastrophe does come, the sinner salves his conscience by blasphemously calling it an "accident" or an "act of God."

Still more impersonal is sin when the immediate harm touches beneficent institutions rather than individuals, when, following his vein of private profit, the sinner drives a gallery under some pillar upholding our civilization. The black-guarding editor is really undermining the freedom of the press. The policy kings and saloon keepers, who get out to the polls the last vote of the vicious and criminal classes, are sapping manhood suf-

frage. Striking engineers who spitefully desert passenger trains in mid-career are jeopardizing the right of a man to work only when he pleases. The real victim of a lynching mob is not the malefactor, but the law-abiding spirit. School-board grafters who blackmail applicants for a teacher's position are stabbing the free public school. The corrupt bosses and "combines" are murdering representative government. The perpetrators of election frauds unwittingly assail the institution of the ballot. Rarely, however, are such transgressions abominated as are offenses against persons.

Because of the special qualities of the Newer Unrighteousness, because these devastating latter-day wrongs, being comely of look, do not advertise their vileness, and are without the ulcerous hag-visage of the primitive sins, it is possible for iniquity to flourish greatly, even while men are getting better. Briber and boodler and grafter are often "good men," judged by the old tests, and would have passed for virtuous in the American community of seventy years ago. Among the chiefest sinners are now enrolled men who are pure and kind-hearted, loving in their families, faithful to their friends, and generous to the needy.

One might suppose that an exasperated public would sternly castigate these modern sins. But the fact is, the same qualities that lull the conscience of the sinner blind the eyes of the onlookers. People are sentimental, and bastinado wrongdoing not according to its harmfulness, but according to the infamy that has come to attach to it. Undiscerning, they chastise with scorpions the old authentic sins, but spare the new. They do not see that boodling is treason, that blackmail is piracy, that embezzlement is theft, that speculation is gambling, that tax-dodging is larceny, that railroad discrimination is treachery, that the factory labor of children is slavery, that deleterious adulteration is murder. It has not come home to them that the fraudulent promoter "devours widows' houses," that the monopo-

list "grinds the faces of the poor," that mercenary editors and spellbinders "put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." The cloven hoof hides in patent leather; and to-day, as in Hosea's time, the people "are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The mob lynches the red-handed slayer, when it ought to keep a gallows Haman-high for the venal mine inspector, the seller of infected milk, the maintainer of a fire-trap theatre. The child-beater is forever blasted in reputation, but the exploiter of infant toil, or the concocter of a soothing syrup for the drugging of babies, stands a pillar of society. The petty shop-lifter is more abhorred than the stealer of a franchise, and the wife-whipper is out-casted long before the man who sends his over-insured ship to foundry with its crew.

There is a special cause for the condoning of sins committed in the way of business and without personal malice. Business men, as a rule, insist upon a free hand in their dealings, and, since they are conspicuous and influential in the community, they carry with them a considerable part of the non-business world. The leisured, the non-industrial employees, the bulk of professional men, and many public servants, hold to the unmitigated maxim of *caveat emptor*, and accept the chicane of trade as reasonable and legitimate. In England till 1487 any one who knew how to read might commit murder with impunity by claiming "benefit of clergy." There is something like this in the way we have granted quack and fakir and mine operator and railroad company indulgence to commit manslaughter in the name of business.

On the other hand, the active producers, such as farmers and workingmen, think in terms of livelihood rather than of profit, and tend therefore to consider the social bearings of conduct. Intent on well-being rather than pecuniary success, they are shocked at the lenient judgment of the commercial world. Although they have hitherto deferred to the traders, the producers are losing faith in business men's standards, and may yet pluck up

the courage to validate their own ethics against the individualistic, anti-social ethics of commerce.

Still, even if the mass turns vehement, it is not certain the lash of its censure can reach the cuticle of the sinner. A differentiated society abounds in closed doors and curtained recesses. The murmurs of the alley do not penetrate to the boulevard. The shrieks from the blazing excursion steamer do not invade the distant yacht of her owners. If the curses of tricked depositors never rise to the circles of "high finance" that keep the conscience of the savings-bank wrecker, why should the popular hiss stay the commercial buccaneer? All turns on the power of the greater public to astringe the flaccid conscience of business men until they be-

come stern judges of one another. If we have really entered upon the era of jangling classes, it is, of course, idle to hope for a truly public sentiment upon such matters. Nevertheless, in the past, anti-septic currents of opinion have mounted from the healthy base to the yellowing top of the social tree, and they may do so again.

While idealists are dipping their brushes into the sunset for colors bright enough to paint the Utopias that might be if society were quite made over, one may be pardoned for dreaming of what would be possible, even on the plane of existing institutions, if only in this highly articulated society of ours every one were required to act in good faith, and to do what he had deliberately led others to expect of him.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

VIII

On a broad shelf of rock in a great fissure of the cliff sat Frances Wilmot, her hands clasped about her knees, swaying rhythmically to and fro with the rhythm of the waves beneath. Spray dashed on her brown cheek and bare head, and a little wind had blown one damp lock across her face. A line of deep tan showed on either arm outstretched from the white shirt-waist; there were no floating ruffles about her now, only a sturdy white piqué that showed traces of recent climbing over the rocks. She bore small resemblance to the dainty maiden who had alighted at the Emerson Inn three weeks ago, and might have been a sea-born thing that had crawled for a little space out of the limpid water and the tangled weeds of green and brown that grew below. She was crooning softly to herself as she swayed this way and that, for out of

her passionate love she was making a song of the tide, and the rich voice sank to low murmurs, then rose to clear triumph as the little ripple over the rocks got into it, and the joy of the oncoming wave. She listened, as she tried now this note and now that, for the melody of retreating water, and its hidden sound as it sought crevice or tiny cavern that none else knew, while the memory of its least echo on the pebbles of the long beach came back to her, and of its thunder in the sudden storm of two days ago.

"Oh, I can't do you!" she said, shaking back her spray-moistened hair; "you are so free a thing, and yet the great rhythm is there in the veriest ripple that I can hardly hear."

Living the life of the water, she had grown to talk to the sea as to a comrade, and on far headland or at the edge of sheer gray cliff a mighty presence had seemed to meet her, answering word and

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cry. Now she was silent; in the silence, too, the answer came, and the girl listened, with eyelids closed, her dark head leaning against the rock. Paul Warren, coming abruptly upon her retreat, stopped, afraid to move this way or that, lest her eyes should open; and, as he paused, irresolute, he gazed with deepening wonder. That expression, worn by her face and by the whole figure nestling close to the stone, of being one with sun and sea and rock, smote home to the heart of the man who had known close kinship with naught save books. More quick than ever in his heart to-day were those old influences, of morbid theory and of melancholy life, which had worked on the mind of the child with an intensity cruelly disproportionate to their real weight; and wind and sea, bringing a keener sense of aloofness, brought, too, unknown desire. Curiously impersonal at last in his way of taking things, he had grown to stand apart even from himself, not in an attitude of self-absorption, but of self-indifference; one's own personality was an object of such small interest! Now his whole being was full of a sudden yearning to find and claim his world, for the touch of life had come like the flick of a whip on the sensitive flanks of a restive horse. The wide horizon line and the look on Frances Wilmot's face brought home to him a deepened feeling of his isolation, and no sooner was he aware of it than she opened her eyes, causing an expression of genuine annoyance in his. Was it because he was disturbing her or because she was disturbing him, she wondered, as she gave him greeting.

"You really ought not to appear unannounced," she said saucily, unawed by the half frown on his face. "Polite ghosts rap. Don't you realize that the sudden materialization of spirits is trying for mortal nerves?"

He smiled back, quickly touched by her mood.

"May the ghost sit down for a minute, long enough to beg your pardon, — that is, if it is permitted to him to speak?"

"They never wait for permission. It is their own caprice, and not that of the living, that governs them."

"In that case," said Paul Warren, settling himself comfortably, "I feel justified in staying, even at the risk of disturbing the mermaid in her cave."

"I'm not a mermaid," said the girl, her lip curling imperceptibly.

"And I'm not a ghost. But if you set the fashion of calling names, you must expect people to follow."

"There's a difference between calling names and giving names," she retorted, looking at him through merry, half-shut eyes. "And you really are a ghost, you know, only you don't half understand your properties. You ought to appear in diaphanous white, made in the fashion of a trailing robe or toga, and you ought to wear a dim electric light shining somewhere in your hair. I will admit, however, that you have chosen a day quite in keeping with the spirit world."

It was one of the times of veiled beauty, when pine and juniper and sweet-fern on the cliff above wore a deeper and more blended green because of the absent sunlight, and the gray-brown rocks with their crumbling lichens took on a lovelier tone. The low, soft clouds that floated overhead shaded from purple to pale silvery gray which matched the under side of the wings of the gulls, and the water gave back the color hue for hue, out and farther out, where even the horizon line vanished in the mystery of infinite distance. It was late afternoon; cliff swallows, with deep purple wings and breasts that hinted the dim red of the rocks, were circling near; and the air was soft and sweet as the caresses of dear, dead hands.

"Ghost," said Frances Wilmot, turning suddenly to check the mist that came unbidden to her eyes, "I see a book in your pocket. There is a spiritualist lady at the Inn who would be delighted to find out what you read in the place you come from. Perhaps she could make little paragraphs for the papers: 'Books most

in demand during the last week in the Spirit World!"

Paul Warren drew the volume from its hiding-place. "I was merely investigating; it does not represent my taste."

"Nietsche!" cried the girl. "Now I know why you have avoided me so carefully: you were afraid I would talk to you about Nietsche. I assure you I won't; I have n't read him."

"You must be a rather unusual woman if that would prevent you from discussing him! Besides, I have n't avoided you."

"Mr. Paul Hollis Warren," said the girl quickly, "is n't your great-great-grandfather Warren about to enter into you and tell a fib?"

It was impossible not to give back her laughter, note for note.

"Perhaps," he admitted, "but I had not met you."

"That's something of a bull, is n't it: you could not meet me because you had not met me? But to come back to Learned Women: what do you suppose my comrades at the Inn asked me last night?"

"Being a mere man, I have not the wit to suggest."

"What arguments for the immortality of the soul I thought most convincing!"

"And you told them" —

"I told them," she said with a dimple, "to remember that the schools in the South are very poor; it is something they often say to excuse my shortcomings. Then the Lady from Wilmington said that it was a most important question, to which I should give deep thought."

"How did you escape?"

"I said," she answered slowly, "that, whatever it is, it is n't a question, and that any immortality of the soul worth having is beyond the reach of argument; for to say that you believe is to express a doubt. Surely it is present, insistent, throbbing in every nerve! The Lady from Wilmington was deeply shocked."

"Did anything happen?"

The girl answered by a peal of laughter.

"In the words of old romance: 'She shaped herself horse and man by en-

chantment into a great marble stone.' Then she was attacked by the Lady from Cincinnati, who is scientific, and a positivist. She remarked, between two bits of a roll, that our knowledge is strictly limited to the world that we see; that metaphysical assertions are therefore impossible; and then said loudly that there is no immortality of the soul. I am telling you all this because I don't know whether it is the Summer Girl or the Learned Woman that you are afraid of in me, and I am trying to find a golden mean between the two, being neither."

"I suppose it would be useless to assure you that I am not afraid of you in any aspect; I trust that I have the courage of an ordinary man. I am very much interested in what you are saying; please go on."

"There was n't any more," said Frances, "for I insisted that her last remark was a metaphysical assertion, and that she ought not to make it; therefore she said that my logic would improve as I grew older."

Paul Warren looked at the girl curiously: it was hard to tell whether she was merry or sad; in jest or in earnest. The serious glance of his eyes brought mirth quickly to the surface in hers.

"Ghost," she said suddenly, "do you know that the water is all purple-gray, changing every minute with a beauty that takes the heart out of you?"

He looked at it critically.

"No," he admitted; "I did not."

"And the heart of it all is the change, change, change; can't you hear the moments go by with swiftly tripping feet? It is the feeling it come and go that makes the beauty; you will never find through all eternity just the same shade of color, whatever more exquisite tint may come."

"You are a poet," he said deliberately. "Why are n't you writing poetry?"

She spread her brown hands out to the spray.

"Why spoil it by writing it? I want to feel it in my finger tips, and hear it in my ears, with no printed pages between. Do

you know that the waves make an entirely different music on the rocks and in all the clefts and crannies on a shaded day like this, from that which they make when the sun is shining?"

"I am afraid not," he answered, smiling skeptically.

She looked at him with laughing eyes.

"You are just a mind, very thinly embodied, are n't you? You would n't care if the sky were colorless and the sea dumb. You ought n't to be troubled with carrying about the weight of a body, for you don't need even wings."

"I thought you were only a girl," he remarked irrelevantly.

"I'm not!" said Frances. "'I'm a woman growed,' if you please, sir! But do you mind telling me what it is like in the realm of pure thought?"

"Not if you will tell me what it is like under the sea," he retorted.

"Oh," cried the girl, "I could n't tell you all, for part of it is a mystery. But it is cool and clear and green, and the bed of it is dim with gold and red with coral, and rich colors running all through the scale are there, browns that shade into purples, and blues that fade into greens, and some of the growths are live creatures, and some don't know whether they are living things or not," — here she glanced wickedly at him and tilted her chin a wee bit in the air, — "and" —

"And?" for she had paused.

"You sit in the midst of it, and you bathe in the color that is like living light. You sit way, way down at the centre of the deep, and you know the heart of the great tides, and the way they come and the way they go, and the reason of it all, but you never tell."

"Don't stop," he begged.

"You shall have no more of it," she answered, "until you can see the color and hear the waves. Now tell me how they made you a ghost: I want to know the training in the Spirit Land."

"It goes way, way back," he replied, lightly. "First you have some ancestors who think much about theology" —

"And one who is bad," suggested Frances.

"One who is very bad, and many who are reckless, and in the course of time the race gets rather confused in its mind, the sinners beginning to brood too much over their sins" —

"And about saving their own souls," interrupted the girl.

"Precisely. They read a great deal and they meditate a great deal, and then, possibly because they have found life too much for them, they hand it on, till at last it comes to a youngster made out of all the odds and ends, of broken faiths and shattered ideals. He has a fairly active mind, and, brought up in the shadow of the past, he sets to work to try to think things out. You see, as he grows up, he feels that the powers that be have tossed him a pretty hard nut to crack when they tossed him this world" —

"And a boy who would never have dreamed of trying to crack a nut by thinking about it, but would have gone at it with nerve and muscle, is foolish enough to believe that he can *think* out this world!" cried the girl willfully. "And yet it was n't his fault. They had taught him theories and theologies, and so he turned out to be" —

"A ghost?" said Paul Warren, laughing. It was the first foolish conversation he had ever had in his life, and he was enjoying it.

"A philosopher," said the girl severely.

"You don't object to a man's using what mind he has?" he queried meekly.

"It should be kept in its place, being a good servant, but a bad master."

"Who taught you all this? Siren or mermaid you must be, for no mortal maiden of your years could have this depth of knowledge. It is a combination of the wisdom of four years and of four-score."

"A father and a mother," said the girl, with a sudden shining in her eyes, "who had lived and who knew. The wisdom and the beauty of things I felt when I was a little child at their knees, and it was im-

possible, as I grew older, not to understand."

The purple-winged swallows flew nearer, unafraid, for the voices had ceased, and the two people in the cleft in the rock were suddenly aware that their jesting conversation had led them into the depths; and, with the feeling once more that they were strangers, there was on the part of both a desire to escape. Water and gentle air and cloud floated softly about them, encompassing them with rest. Paul Warren took his leave, stiffly enough. He was half angry with himself for the way in which he had been talking with a woman, having never before ventured so far from under the protecting shell of his reserve; and he was filled with wonder at this girl's poignant sense of things of which in his nine and twenty years he had been but dimly aware. Her eager grasp on all that touched her life stung him with sudden conviction of the futility of his careless way of letting go.

IX

"Paul," asked Uncle Peter sharply, strolling down the piazza steps with a cigar between his teeth, "what is the lawn being clipped for?"

Lifting his eyes from his book, the young man looked with a certain satisfaction down the broad slope, which was being converted into something halfway between a stubble field and velvet turf.

"I thought it would be a good thing to get it into the shape it had when grandfather was alive. We have been a bit careless lately."

Uncle Peter clapped his hands together in delight. He was in high spirits this morning, and evidently in possession, according to his own theories, of the jolliest soul among his forefathers.

"I told you so! I told you so! Ancestral traits coming out as plain as daylight! You laugh at my ideas, yet here you are a living proof of them. So your grandfather Warren is uppermost in you to-day! I am having a touch myself of Peter Finch;

he was a great joker, you know. Wonderful, wonderful that you can't escape from your grandfather, however hard you try."

Here Uncle Peter turned and saw old Andrew Lane standing near with a rake in his hand, and listening with an amused grin on his wrinkled old face. He nodded, but did not touch his battered straw hat, and a flush crept over Uncle Peter's cheeks; this man was always rude to him.

"Take off your hat to your betters, Andrew," he said, not without condescension. The grin spread farther, and, with open mouth, the old man laughed silently.

"So I do," he answered, advancing toward Paul and touching his hat brim. "The's a man here from Porchmouth says you wanted him."

"Bring him here," said the young proprietor. "It is a gardener who, I thought, might be able to give us some suggestions about touching up the old place."

Uncle Peter stood near and listened to the dialogue that followed, a cloud gathering on his brow.

"I do not want things much changed," explained Paul to the Portsmouth man, "I wish to keep it in all essentials as it was in my father's day, but it could be made a little trimmer."

"Yes, sir, yes," assented the man, handling his pruning shears.

"It ought to look more as if it were inhabited by the living as well as by the dead," thought Paul.

When the gardener had gone, Uncle Peter took up again the thread of conversation which he had reluctantly dropped.

"Oh, you want to go on reading, do you? It's always books," he muttered. "Whoever you get that taste from, it is n't from me; it must be somebody on your mother's side; though, to be sure, your father had it. I, for my part, don't believe that great readers think as much as people who use their wits in observation. To a man who is capable of carrying on a sustained train of thought, everything in the natural world contributes something to

his idea. Now to me the very birds on the trees, and Belinda when she scrubs, and the butterflies and the grasshoppers, teach something of heredity."

Here he trotted away, but presently was back again, his early mood of cheerfulness changed to deep gloom, and he inquired suspiciously how much was to be paid a day to this new gardener, and how much to the mason whom he had found mending the wall.

"It's absurd, Paul," he burst out suddenly, "that the management of my property should have gone to you. Why, I can remember when you wore dresses and had a curl on the top of your head."

"It was father's wish," answered Paul, briefly.

"He was foolish, as foolish as his father and mine before him," answered Uncle Peter, irritably tapping the piazza step with his cane. "Why was the bulk of the property left to John, anyway, when I was the oldest son, and only an allowance to me? Why was your father to manage even that?" and the old man glared at his nephew.

"Don't you remember that grandfather had English ideas, and wanted the estate to be inherited by one son? I presume he thought you did not want to be bothered with it all," answered Paul gently. He was sorry for the old man, and the frequent efforts that had to be made to explain to him that which never could be explained were hard for both of them.

"Bothered!" shrieked Uncle Peter; "bothered with a little money of my own!" And he sank down into a chair, rocking furiously to and fro.

It was with a cunning expression that he inquired carelessly after a minute's silence:—

"Where do you get the money for all these improvements, my boy?"

"It does n't take much," was the answer; "there is really very little being done. There happens to be quite a surplus in the bank just now."

"Ah!" cried Uncle Peter, in a tone that spoke volumes.

"You need n't be alarmed," said Paul good-naturedly. "I am not using yours. You get your allowance regularly, don't you?"

"I do, as yet," answered the old man ironically. "I wonder if you know that there is a trace of swindling in the blood? Now your great-great-grandfather Warren"—

"Oh, confusion seize my great-great-grandfather Warren!" cried Paul, too amused to be irritated, and too irritated to be entirely amused. "If there has ever been anything but over-scrupulous honesty in the family, nobody but you knows anything about it. Go to your banker and make inquiries, if you think that I am wronging you."

"I meant nothing, nothing at all," said Uncle Peter, disappearing in the direction of the dining-room and the sideboard. "I only think it is well to be constantly on the alert against temptation. Yes, yes, my allowance came as usual this morning."

He soon came back to his nephew, evidently in better humor.

"I tell you what it is," he said gravely, "when I went in there just now it was as if a hand, my great-great-grandfather Warren's hand, were pushing me toward the sideboard."

"Perhaps I'd better keep it locked," suggested Paul. "What do you say, uncle?"

"No, no, no," answered the old man quickly. "I might come some time and find it shut, and who can tell what spirit would enter in to rend and tear? You cannot trifle, Paul, you cannot trifle with the dead;" and with this solemn warning the conversation was over.

It touched Paul to see his mother's pleasure in the beauty that was coming back to the old home. That slope of the lawn with its great elms looked like Washington, she said one day, now that it was so smooth; only, the far street beyond was but a country road and lacked the gay life of the city. Paul said little, but listened with a certain remorse: why had

they not done this before, his father and he, who had jogged on so comfortably with their own thoughts, forgetful of a woman's needs? With a gratified sense that he was busy with his father's task, the young man went about his work, judging, and rightly, that John Warren would have been glad to see these changes that he had neglected to make. Paul sent to Washington to inquire what was the best time of the year to transplant magnolia trees, ordering some to be sent when the proper season came. Did his mother know, he asked, the place by Morning-kill Brook where dogwood blossomed in the spring? He coaxed her to walk with him there, that she might find the spot and be ready when the flowers came again with their suggestion of the South. A faint little ripple of belated happiness came into Mrs. Warren's heart in those days, as her son began slowly to understand.

For Mrs. Warren's new mood the Virginia girl was partly responsible; she was much with the elder lady, coming often for a luncheon or a drive. Her scrupulous adherence to the compact she had made with Paul Warren amused him as much as it mystified his mother. Unless directly addressed, she did not speak to him, and, when listening, wore the air of one hearkening to a voice that came from far away.

"Did some one speak?" she asked with wickedly twinkling eyes, on one occasion when Paul had made what seemed to his mother a particularly impressive remark. How could it be that they disliked each other so much, even to the verge of rudeness, Mrs. Warren asked herself, when Paul was Paul and this girl was so charming?

"Tell me something about Miss Bevanne," said Frances Wilmot one day at luncheon, when a sudden feeling that her silence was not fair to the people who did not understand the cause made her speak to her host.

"I know nothing of her," he answered, "except that she used to be a little girl"—

"Strange," murmured the guest.

"With two long braids of pale hair, and no color in her face except in her eyes."

"Not color," corrected Frances Wilmot. "Her eyes have no color; it is only light. She looks as if she had some inner source of illumination."

Then she leaned back in her chair, gazing at Paul as if she did not see him, but as if she were looking through a mist at the paneled door behind. This expression of interested amusement that he was wearing always irritated her.

An eager flush came into Mrs. Warren's face as she spoke.

"I hope you may meet Miss Bevanne some time here. The other day at church I invited her to come with her brother. They never were here as children, because of some old trouble, which I should like to have forgotten."

As chance would have it, they came that afternoon, when Mrs. Warren, worn out by a headache, was asleep, and Frances Wilmot, now thoroughly at home in the old house, was reading in a hammock on the piazza. Paul had gone to meet an engagement in the city, and it was left to Uncle Peter to do the honors for the family. He performed his task with a stateliness and garrulity most amusing to the guests, whom he entertained by displaying the old pre-revolutionary Warren house, still standing behind a clump of spruces not far away. Finding interested listeners, he began to harp upon his pet theories, and to Miss Wilmot in particular, whom he had never had so much at his disposal as to-day, he poured out his interpretations of the family history, while Mr. Bevanne and his sister were lingering in the old kitchen. That was an intelligent and charming girl, Uncle Peter thought to himself, as she sat listening to him on the old settle by the huge brick fireplace in the parlor, vainly wishing that fate had let her talk with Alice Bevanne. He told her of his great-grandmother Anne, with her love of beautiful things, and of great-great-grandfather Warren, whose sins lived on

in the family like suppressed volcanic fire.

"It all goes on quietly in the main, Miss Wilmot," he said earnestly. "It's a good family, and all that, but there is something hot down under, and you can never tell when it is going to flame out. Grass green over the lava, you know, and then one day, hiss, comes the eruption! Now these tendencies burst out when you least expect them: certain of them I confess to having myself, and certain others I clearly discern in Paul."

The girl smiled: it would be a delight, she thought, to see any kind of volcanic eruption that could break up the imperturbable self-possession and the reserve of Mr. Paul Hollis Warren. To Uncle Peter the smile meant encouragement, and he left his rocking-chair, coming over to sit at the girl's side that he might talk more freely; but the nearer he came the louder he spoke. His philosophy was in a specially gloomy state to-day, partly because his suspicion that Paul was about to wrong him in money matters was becoming a fixed idea in his mind, partly because he was conscious of being less fastidiously dressed than usual, on an occasion when he naturally wished to appear at his best. Frances Wilmot watched him with eyes in which the look of amusement was giving way to one of distress. How could she let this funny little old man go on saying things that nobody ought to say? How could she stop him?

"Paul's a good boy enough, but I am beginning to have my doubts about — Well, there is no use in talking; ladies are n't usually interested in business matters. He used to have the Warren temper: I remember seeing him as a child of fourteen months try to beat his brains out on the floor because he could not get what he wanted. There have been few indications of that lately, but he has the seeds of melancholia, as anybody can see. However, it is a gifted family; now you did not know, did you, that we have a poetess among our ancestors?

Ellen Wilton, Mary Ellen Wilton. She wrote poems, hymns; at the house I can show you her portrait, and her book, which is bound in red velvet with gilt clasps. Such things never die out in a family, you know, and I sometimes think I have a touch of her in me. I am certainly very susceptible to — to influences;" and Uncle Peter shook his withered little head mysteriously, as if willing to say more if asked.

To Frances Wilmot's great relief the others soon joined them, and the family psychology was for a time forgotten in discussion of interesting objects. The old spinning wheel, the old set of musical glasses, the room where the slaves used to cook their supper, and where the great crane still hung behind the grim fire-dogs, were displayed by Uncle Peter with no less pride than that which he felt in displaying the family faults.

Paul Warren missed it all. Coming home late in the afternoon, very tired, and driving slowly over the grass-grown road past the old house, he caught the sound of Uncle Peter's voice as it came rippling out through the low, old-fashioned windows.

"So I say that Nature sinned against me, for she gave me no personality of my own. She made me merely an empty shell to be tenanted by any bygone creature who chooses to inhabit me. And do you know, I am convinced that it is the same with the others. There's my nephew, Paul, for instance, — you must pardon me if I bring him in often as an illustration, but he is the only one I have left to study now, — I continually observe the same phenomena taking place in him."

Paul had stopped his horse, and he heard the sound of suppressed laughter that followed his uncle's words. Then came the notes of Frances Wilmot's beautiful voice: "But you know, Mr. Warren, that is all nonsense." The young man grasped the whole ironic situation, and touching his horse sharply with the whip, drove on, unobserved by any eyes except those of Alice Bevanne. He caught their look, half halted, then went his way.

being in no mood to play just then the part of host.

"She will not tell them that I am here," he said to himself; and she did not.

"Oh!" exclaimed Frances Wilmot with a little groan of relief, as Uncle Peter, hearing the sound of wheels, hurried away to find his nephew, and left his guests alone.

"It's as interesting as a play," said Mr. Bevanne, with a little burst of smothered laughter. "You do find the most amazing absurdities in human nature up this way."

"It was shameful," said the Southern girl vehemently. "I feel as if the family skeleton had been showing me the closet where he lives."

As Mrs. Warren entered the room the three guests realized that the odd situation in which they had been placed had acted like a sudden flash light in which they could read the expressions of one another's faces with an embarrassing distinctness.

X

"What did you say, Paul?" asked Mrs. Warren, gently swinging to and fro in a great veranda rocker. "You agree with me that it would be better to make up this quarrel with the Bevannes? Oh, I am so glad, so glad!" and she came over, seated herself on the broad arm of her son's chair, and lightly kissed his forehead. "Do, and forget those dreadful words your father said; it is more Christian so. You are a good boy, and always were."

Paul looked at her with thoughtful, non-committal eyes; truth to tell he was a bit ashamed that reconciliation with the family enemy cost him so little. Could he identify himself with nothing, not even a family feud?

"It can't be done!" chirped Uncle Peter from the railing. "What gets into the blood stays there, and you will find that the Warren-Bevanne quarrel is n't over yet."

"We can at least make the experiment," said Paul quietly.

"I was afraid you might not like their coming here the other day; I invited them almost without thinking," said Mrs. Warren.

"It was a matter of perfect indifference to me," responded the young man with a touch of regret. "Would n't it be well to invite them to luncheon? Your friend, Miss Wilmot, would probably find it more pleasant with some young people about. Of course we cannot make it gay for her this summer, nor would she want that."

Mrs. Warren lightly touched her son's hair with her hand.

"Your friend!" she said reproachfully. "Why not yours? Why don't you like her?"

"I don't dislike her," said Paul magnanimously. "But do not try to make a young man out of me, mother; I think I must have had gray hair when I was born."

"Why, you did n't have a single hair, Paul," she exclaimed.

"I mean I had gray hair inside."

"Sometimes," remarked Uncle Peter, taking a cigar from his pocket, "sometimes, Paul, I think you are out of your mind. You say the strangest things, with the least sense in them! As for this girl, you must be blind,—but of course you always were that,—or you would see that she is one of the loveliest creatures that ever walked the earth. I declare, I wish I were thirty!"

"I'm afraid that you have made her dislike you, Paul dear," said his mother, her hand upon his shoulder. "I notice that she never speaks to you if she can help it."

"Then it is my duty to provide her with companions whom she does like," said Paul, "and that brings me back to the Bevannes. From some remark she made I imagine she is very much interested in Alice Bevanne."

"That is odd," said Mrs. Warren; "but the brother is a very nice young man. What frank eyes he has, and such

an open manner! It would be sinful, I think, to keep our old grudges there!"

Regarding the luncheon she hesitated, glancing at her gown of black, her fresh sense of recent sorrow causing her to shrink from even so simple a festivity as this; yet it was in behalf of peacemaking, and that gentle thought won the day. Alice Bevanne and her brother were invited to meet Miss Wilmot, and a Southern fever came upon Aunt Belinda as she made preparations.

"Honey," she said to Mrs. Warren, "kin I make beaten biscuit?"

"Of course!" said that lady, wondering at the broad smile upon the black face as the old darkey fingered her lilac apron.

"An' fried chicken, an' a Smithfield ham done wid champagne? I jes' like ter show these No'then folks what a rale supper is, an' I know Miss Frances jes' dyin' fo' some beaten biscuit: I kin tell dat by de looks of her. All de years I bin up yer I ain't seen no young lady like dat. Her hair jes' nach'ally straight, ain't it?"

If any one was bored when the feast of reconciliation came, that person was not Uncle Peter. From grave to gay, he ran the whole gamut of his intellectual charms, laughing merrily at his own jests, and wiping his eyes over his own pathetic tales.

"You don't feel these things as I do, perhaps," he said to Frances Wilmot, to whom he devoted himself. "I am peculiarly sensitive, perhaps foolishly so."

Paul Warren overheard without the quiver of a muscle; after all, one could not bully fate! His mother mournfully remarked that he exchanged not more than a dozen words with Miss Wilmot; but Aunt Belinda, who, in her woman's desire for further knowledge, and her cook's desire to watch the appreciation of the feast she had created, had forced the table maid to feign headache and was waiting with a grace that belied her bulk, chuckled delightedly to herself as she passed to and fro.

"Mas'r Paul, he know every which way dat young lady lookin', for all he ain't sayin' nuffin'; an' her face change ebbery time he open his mouf talkin' ter somebody else. I reckon dey act de way a hen an' a snake acts, jes' like dey don't know what to make ob one 'nudder."

Aunt Belinda had spoken truth, for now and then, across the sound of many voices, the Southern girl's eyes glanced toward Paul, and he became aware that there was a shade of meaning, humorous or sad, which none save he and she understood. It was as if she were drawn against her will, by some doom of nature, to share her appreciations with him, and he found himself waiting for those rare interpretations which escaped the others.

If the quiet manner of Alice Bevanne wearied Uncle Peter, when he found himself obliged to talk with her for five minutes after luncheon, her brother charmed his hostess by a slightly exaggerated attention to her wishes, which recalled to her the young men she had known in the days of her youth.

"Mr. Bevanne has acquired the Southern manner," she said to her son when the guests were gone. "But the sister -- Well, she is a lady, but that is all I can say; she is singularly destitute of charm."

Paul said nothing; perhaps his mother was right, yet the glance of the girl's luminous eyes, and the depth of expression in her face, made him wonder if there were not something better than charm in the feminine world. At any rate, he found in her a refuge from her brother, whom he treated with an excess of courtesy that boded dislike on further acquaintance. Searching for a cause for this desire to keep a measured distance between himself and Alec Bevanne, he failed to find it. To the best of his belief it was not the old enmity, which in all earnestness he was trying to end; he could detect no reason save an instinctive difference in taste.

"Five hundred years ago," Paul said to himself as he strolled up and down the walk late in the afternoon, "I suppose I should have killed the man simply and

perhaps devoutly for the sake of the feud, and a hundred years ago I should have fought a duel with him, but now I have no impulse except to be decently polite to him, and to keep out of his way. No family quarrel ought to be intrusted to a man with a sense of humor!"

Truth to tell, Paul Warren was sore over a lack of grievance. Alec Bevanne had not, as he had expected, overwhelmed Miss Wilmot with his attentions, but had had the good taste to spend his engaging efforts on his hostess.

"I declare!" said Paul to himself, stopping abruptly in his walk, "I believe I am sorry that the man is not a cad!"

In the summer days that followed these four people were much together. From the gay life of the few guests at Wahonet, Frances Wilmot was cut off by her sorrow, as the Bevanes were by their poverty, and Paul by his own desire. The latter, from his apathy in regard to human beings, whose presence usually roused in him a feeling of loneliness unknown in solitude, wakened to a certain interest in his new friends.

One morning there was a prolonged knock upon Mrs. Warren's door, and when permission was given, Aunt Belinda entered, gorgeous in yellow calico, but wearing an expression of alarm that seemed to blanch still further the whites of her eyes and her gleaming teeth against their dusky background.

"Mis' Emily, whar's Mas'r Paul gone wid all dem picks and spades?" she demanded.

"Picks and spades!" repeated Mrs. Warren, looking up from her writing desk with mild surprise upon her face.

"Yes, honey, picks *and* spades," repeated Aunt Belinda tragically. The voice, soft and deep, ran the words together in a long, mournful, cadenced wail which sounded like the expression of an animal's grief.

"I never see no sech goin's on sence I came up yer. Mas'r Paul's paw never touched none of them things; now he bin an' gone an' pruned de laylock bushes,

workin' jes' like any field han'. Look out o' dat winder an' see him now!"

Mrs. Warren rose and looked anxiously out. There, striding across the July fields with a quicker tread than that of his old solitary tramps, was Paul, carrying over one shoulder a bundle of golf clubs. A happy smile crossed the mother's face.

"Why, Belinda!" she exclaimed, "that's not work! It is golf, a game."

"A play game?" asked the colored woman skeptically.

"A play game, yes," answered Mrs. Warren, laughing joyously, "and you must be as glad as I that at last he is getting interested in the things that belong to his years."

A broad smile illuminated Aunt Belinda's dark face.

"Co'se I'se glad," she said heartily, "ef it's a play game, sho 'nuff, but it looks mighty like it was common work to me."

But, as the days went on, the old colored woman watched him with delight.

"Mas'r Paul jes' wakin' up to know he's alive!" she muttered one day. "Jes' readin', thinkin', what's dat for a *man*!"

It was true that Paul Warren found an unwonted charm in things hitherto obnoxious, sharing an occasional drive, on which, through all the talking and the laughter, he heard cadences of one voice sweeter than the rest; or a long tramp over some winding road shaded from the sun by drooping branches, where, between dark tree trunks, they watched the sunlit green on the fields beyond. Whole occasional days were devoted to enjoyment; dust gathered on the library table, and Robin, stealing in unobserved on his old quest, chewed up the second and third heads of an essay on Herbert Spencer. When at last he invited his friends to share with him the one amusement of his old days of solitude, sailing across the waves in his cherished Sea Gull, it seemed to his mother, as well as to himself, that the last wall of his reserve was breaking down. He awakened often in the morning to a wonderful lightness

of heart, which sometimes lingered with him through the long summer hours; and old troubles grew to be at times like half-forgotten stories of childhood, which it was hard to recall. For the first time in his life, Paul Warren made a truce with his soul.

Between him and his mother's friend, the Southern girl, was an armed peace. Upon all about him she had laid her spell. Uncle Peter frankly rendered her the homage of his withered heart; Mrs. Warren was living again in her a girl's life, and one happier than her own had ever been; Aunt Belinda still cherished with devotion the look which had greeted her beaten biscuit; and Alec Bevanne wore his admiration as an open secret in his blue eyes. Only Robin Hood and Paul withstood the enchantress, the former with the expression of accusing grief wherewith he repelled all human-kind, the latter with a rather strict observance of the compact of silence; for certain moments in her presence had brought him a sharp sense of danger, and a more formal courtesy was wont to mark his efforts to keep out a foe who might disturb the little inner quiet he had achieved. Yet their surface intercourse in the presence of others was full of charm for him, and in minor matters he submitted to her management with a meekness which no one had ever before discovered in him. It was she who undertook his education in golf.

"You think too hard about it," she said laughingly one day. "Just go by instinct and strike. You play too intellectual a game, Hamlet!"

In spite of his obedience in the matter of golf playing, of which he knew nothing, and in the matter of riding, which he understood better than she, he left Miss Wilmot usually with a puzzled sense that he was master of the situation.

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Through all the silences, a sense of his splendid gift and his strength was strong upon her, perhaps because of the enigmatic eyes which watched and studied; for the man's mind was hard at work upon this baffling personality which he did not comprehend. It might be because he knew nothing of women that she puzzled him so, yet he half divined the fact that no other woman would puzzle him as this one did. A minute's conversation with her on some rounded height of the green golf course, or under flickering sunlight and shadow at the turning of a woodland way, sometimes came as a flash of light, revealing her sane, sweet, and strong, one who would face loneliness and gayety and pleasure and hurt with the same fearless eyes, winning joy from the heart of pain; the next minute she was her old, elusive self again, escaping.

"I am a problem to which there is n't any answer, Mr. Warren," she said one day, quietly watching him as he watched her. "Don't try to think me out! If you get the answer and put down your analysis correctly under heads one, two, and three, it will not be right!"

So gentle, yet so spirited, so keen in judgment, yet so quickly touched to sensitive feeling, young in many ways, yet at some points older in wisdom than Mother Eve and the serpent together, he said whimsically to himself, — would no one read him the riddle of this woman?

Those rare moments of silent understanding came oftenest when, dancing over the waves in the Sea Gull, with the spray in their faces, the joy of swift motion in the girl's eyes, the rhythm of her body, the sweep of her wind-blown hair, thrilled him with a new sense of the meaning of the words she had spoken half in jest about her living at the heart of the great tides.

(To be continued.)

GEMMA TO DANTE

BY HELEN GRACE SMITH

THOU hast been long in coming through the wide
And distant plain. What vision hast thou seen
Where the late iris stretcheth through the green
Long lines of gold, and where the silent tide
Creeps through the dim salt marsh? Here at my side
The deepening shadows lengthened; I have been
Weary with watching for long hours between
The day and darkness while my task I plied.
What met thy gaze? I hear the people say
Thou art possessed of evil; they have turned
To mock and scorn; again I hear them cry,
"He hath gone down to hell this very day,
And on his countenance the things he learned
Are stamped forever and eternally."

My gaze is sad because my saddened soul
Accustomed is to loneliness and care,
While thou in Heaven dwellest with the fair
New forms of thy creation, and the whole
Wide universe sustains thee. I a dole
Of joy have for my portion, while I bear
Thy poverty with thee, and breathe the air
Of pain for thee, who dost my fate control.
Thou walkest with the shadows of thy dream,
I seek with anxious toil thy children's bread,
And bear the look of scorn thou heedest never;
The waters of thy life in constant stream
Sweep towards a goal the which I fear and dread,
I, bound to thee, yet parted from thee ever.

Thou'st heard the weak complaining of my will,
Thou know'st the joyless pulsing of my heart;
In thy sublimer destiny no part
Have I, yet to thy bidding, who art still
My one desire, I bow me, while I thrill
To thy strange power, thou strong of soul who art
My glory and my pain, whose thought doth dart
From utmost ends of space God's world to fill.
The nightingale may die where Arno floweth,
The flower that Giotto wrought, still poised in air,
May crumble and decay, my name shall fade
In nothingness, but through all time there goeth
Thy word, thy voice, thy love, and thy despair,
The honor of the world before thee laid.

THE SCHILLER ANNIVERSARY

SCHILLER'S MESSAGE TO MODERN LIFE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

HOWEVER widely opinions may differ as to the greatness of Schiller the writer, the thinker, the historian, or even the poet, there can be no difference of opinion as to the greatness of Schiller the apostle of the perfect life. His own life was filled by one central idea. Every line written by him, every deed done by him, proclaim the fact that he felt himself to be the bearer of a sacred message to humanity, and that the consciousness of this high office inspired, ennobled, hallowed his whole existence. It seems proper at the hundredth anniversary of the passing away of this great prophet briefly to define the message to the spreading of which he devoted his earthly career, and to ask ourselves what this message means to us of to-day.

The central idea of Schiller's literary activity is bound up with his conception of the beautiful. Beauty was to him something vastly more significant than the empirical conception of it as a quality exciting pleasurable emotions implies. It was to him a divine essence, intimately allied, if not synonymous, with absolute goodness and absolute truth. It was to him a principle of conduct, an ideal of action, the goal of highest aspiration, the mark of noblest citizenship, the foremost remedy for the evils besetting an age which seemed to him depraved and out of joint. Art was to him a great educational force, a power making for progress, enlightenment, perfection; and the mission of the artist he saw in the uplifting of society, in the endeavor to elevate public standards, in work for the strengthening, deepening, and — if need be — remodeling, of national character.

What was Schiller's attitude toward the great national problems of his own age?

Schiller lived at a time when the very foundations of German political greatness appeared to be crumbling away. Of the ancient glory of the Holy Roman Empire — the pride of former generations — hardly a vestige was left. The civic independence and political power of the German city-republics of the Renaissance had come to be nothing but a shadowy tradition. Public life was hemmed in by a thousand and one varieties of princely despotism and bureaucratic misgovernment, by class monopoly, by territorial jealousies, by local obstructions to trade and industry, by serfdom, by complete political apathy of the ruled as well as the rulers. No wonder that a nation which lacked the most fundamental prerequisites of national consciousness was powerless to withstand foreign aggression, and found itself dismembered, limb by limb, in the furious onslaught of Napoleonic imperialism.

Out of this bondage to external conditions the German spirit freed itself by retreating — so to speak — into the souls of a few great men; men faithful to the legacy of the German past; faithful to the ideal of personality held up by Walther von der Vogelweide, by the Mystics, by Luther, by Leibnitz; faithful to the ineradicable German striving for the deepening and intensifying of the inner life. The greatest of these men — builders from within, as one might call them, or renewers of the national body through reawakening of the national soul — were Kant, Goethe, and Schiller. Kant's appeal is an appeal to the conscience. In this fleeting world of appearances, where everything is subject to doubt and misrepresentation, there stands out one firm

and incontrovertible fact, the fact that we feel ourselves moral beings. The moral law, residing within ourselves, is felt by us instinctively as our innermost essence, and at the same time as the only direct and unmistakable revelation of the divine. In submission to this law, therefore, not in the gratification of our desires, does man's true freedom lie; obedience to the dictates of duty is the only road to the perfect life. If Kant addresses himself to the moral sense, both Goethe and Schiller address themselves to our artistic nature; but while Goethe accentuates the receptive side of our artistic being, Schiller accentuates its creative side. To Goethe, life appeared as an unending opportunity for gathering in impressions, for widening our sympathies, for enriching our imagination, for heightening our sense of the grandeur of all existence; universality of culture was to him the goal of endeavor. To Schiller, life appeared as an unending opportunity for penetrating into the essence of things, for finding the unity lying back of the contrasts of the universe, of matter and spirit, of instinct and reason, and for expressing this unity in the language of art; striving for inner harmony, for oneness with self and the world, was to him the supreme task of man.

It is not surprising that in the actual world about him, in the society of his time, Schiller found little that seemed to him to make for this ideal of inner harmony. Indeed, he felt that this ideal could be attained only in direct opposition to the spirit of his age. The despotic state of the eighteenth century, with its shallow opportunism, its bureaucratic narrowness, its lack of popular energy, seemed to him the sworn enemy of all higher strivings, and fatal to the development of a harmonious, well-rounded inner life. "When the State," he says, in his *Letters on the Aesthetic Education of Man*, "when the State makes the office the measure of the man; when it honors in one of its subjects memory alone, in another clerical sagacity, in a third mechanical cleverness; when in one case, indifferent toward

character, it insists only on knowledge, in another condones the most flagrant intellectual obtuseness if accompanied by outward discipline and loyalty, — is it a wonder that in order to cultivate the one talent which brings honor and reward all other gifts of the mind are neglected? To be sure, a genius will rise above the barriers of his profession; but the mass of mediocre talents must of necessity consume their whole strength in their official existence. And thus individual, concrete life is gradually being annihilated in order that the abstract shadow of the whole may drag out its barren existence." In such an age, then, this is Schiller's reasoning, the man who wants to be himself, who strives for inner harmony, must live as a stranger to his surroundings, a stranger to his time, he must remove himself from the distracting and belittling influence of the ambitions of the multitude, he must scorn all participation in the sordid quest for outward success, he must fill himself with the spirit of what the best and the finest of all ages have dreamed and accomplished, he must dwell in the idea of the beautiful.

The striving for the beautiful was to Schiller a call as sacred and solemn as the submission to duty was to Kant; nay, it seemed to him to imply a higher conception of humanity than the moral law. Is it really so, as Kant would have us believe, that reason must be absolute sovereign of the will? that instinct must unconditionally surrender? that it belongs to the essence of the good that it is enforced and brought about against the desires of the instinct? No, says Schiller, this cannot be. For it is impossible to assume that only by suppression of a part of our nature we could achieve its perfection; that only by stifling our inclinations we could live up to our duty. The good consists not in the repression of our instincts, but in ennobling them; not in the mutilation of our nature, but in developing it; not in stagnation, but in the free play of our powers; not in ascetic world-denial, but in manly world-enjoyment, —

in a word, in the creation of the beautiful. Beauty is the perfect union of matter and spirit, of the senses and reason; it is the harmony of the real and the ideal, of the inner world and the outer. As spirit, we are active, determining, masculine; as beings of the senses, we are receptive, determinable, feminine. Our task is to unite these two parts of our being; to reconcile matter and form, instinct and reason; to merge the finite and the infinite. In doing this, nay, even in endeavoring to do this, we create the beautiful, we become ourselves beautiful, we fulfill the worthiest mission of humanity, we reveal the divine in man.

It is clear that from this point of view art comes to be the highest of all human activities. All other activities set only a part of our being in motion; they do not develop our fullest humanity. The pleasures of the senses we enjoy merely as individuals, without the species immanent in us being affected thereby. Nobody but I myself has the slightest part in the fact that I enjoy — let us say oysters on the shell. The pleasures of the senses, therefore, we cannot lift into the sphere of the universal. The functions of reason we fulfill chiefly as species, without our individual self being deeply stirred thereby. If I come to understand some mathematical law, for instance, the thirty-ninth theorem, this is not so much an individual experience as a demonstration of my belonging to the species of *homo sapiens*. Our intellectual pleasures, therefore, cannot fully enter into the sphere of personality. The beautiful alone we enjoy both as individuals and as species, that is, as representatives of the species; and the artist who creates, the public who sympathetically receive the beautiful, thereby lift themselves to the highest plane accessible to man.

I shall not here dwell on the question whether this apotheosis of art does not do injustice to other forms of human activity. What led Schiller to these, we should be inclined to say, over-statements, was probably the absence in the Germany of

his time of a healthy public life which could have taught him the value of any kind of strenuous productive work. It is, however, clear that this very exaggeration of the mission of art carries with it an inspiring force akin to the mountain-removing assurance of religious faith. And there can be no doubt that it was this conception of art as a great public agency, as the great atoner and harmonizer, as the intermediary between the spirit and the senses, as the fulfiller of the ideal of humanity, which has given to German literature of Schiller's time its unique, transcending, and enduring radiance.

No better characterization of this literature could be given than that implied in the following words from Schiller's essay, *On the Use of the Chorus in Tragedy*: "True art has for her object not merely to afford a transient pleasure, to excite to a momentary dream of liberty. Her aim is to make us intrinsically and absolutely free; and this she accomplishes by awakening, exercising, and perfecting in us a power to remove to an objective distance the world of the senses, which otherwise only burdens us as a dead weight, as a blind force, to transform it into the free working of our spirit, and thus to master matter by means of the idea."

Schiller's own poetic activity since the time when he had outgrown the turbulent storm and stress of his youth, was entirely given over to carrying out this ideal. All his ripest productions — the philosophical poems, the ballads, the five great dramas from *Wallenstein* to *William Tell* — bring out the conflict of man with himself and the world, the struggle between his spiritual longings and his earthly desires, and they all point to a reconciliation of these contrasts, to atonement, purification, peace. They all are symbols of the perfect life. Whether we think of such a poem as *The Ideal and Life*, with its brilliant pictures of man's endless striving for mastery over matter; or of such ballads as *The Diver*, *The Fight with the Dragon*, *The Ring of Polycrates*, *The Cranes of Ibycus*, with their wonderful

suggestions of the destiny of man and the workings of Fate; or whether we review the central themes of his principal dramas: in *Wallenstein* the conflict between selfish ambition and moral greatness; in *Mary Stuart* the conflict in a woman's soul between sensual passion and repentant abnegation; in *The Maid of Orleans* the conflict between the human heart and a superhuman task; in *The Bride of Messina* the conflict between human prowess and inexorable Fate; in *William Tell* the conflict between popular right and despotic usurpation,—everywhere we see human nature issue forth from these struggles ennobled, exalted, glorified, even if outwardly defeated; everywhere are we accorded foreboding glimpses, at least, of that higher realm where instinct and reason have become one, where doubts, misgivings, uncertainty, have fled, where beauty, scorning that which is corruptible, has put on her incorruptible body, and shines in transcending, eternal, spiritual radiance.

I have tried briefly to show how the central idea of Schiller's life, his conception of the beautiful, was connected with his view of the society of his time, how it formed part of the inner regeneration of German national life at the end of the eighteenth century. Let me add a few words about the significance which this conception of art seems to have for our own age.

Never before has there been a greater need or a greater opportunity for art to fulfill the mission assigned it by Schiller than there is to-day. Again, as in Schiller's time, the strongest forces of social life tend to alienate man from his own self, to make him part of a huge machine, to prevent a full rounding out of all his faculties. Politically, to be sure, great strides have been made during the last hundred years; the despotic methods of government, in which Schiller saw the most pernicious bar to the full development of personality, have largely been superseded by popular participation in public affairs. But another, and perhaps

graver danger to the cultivation of the best and the finest in human personality confronts us to-day: the overweening, all-overpowering influence of industrialism. The division of labor in every field of activity, brought about by modern methods of industrial production; the fierce competition in every domain of life, made necessary by the industrial struggle for existence; the rapid ascendancy of huge combinations both of capital and labor, demanding complete and unconditional submission of the individual,—in short, all the most characteristic and most fundamental phenomena of modern society militate, every one of them, against the growth of a broad, generous, comprehensive, and thoroughly sound inner life. Again, as in Schiller's time, although for entirely different reasons, men before whose minds there hovers the image of ideal mankind, find themselves inevitably in direct opposition to the ruling tendencies of the age; again they feel strangers in a world whose din and confusion blur and distract the noblest powers of the mind; again they grope about for something which will heal the wounds of humanity, which will pacify the fierce tumult of social strife, which will satisfy the deepest longings of the soul, which will give us at least a symbolic anticipation of man in his fullness and totality.

Is there not, then, a great mission in the world of to-day for Schiller's conception of art to fulfill? More than this, is not Schiller's conception of the beautiful the only artistic ideal capable of becoming a great uplifting public force, a power of redemption from the distracting, distorting, disfiguring influences of modern commercialism, a tower of strength in the struggle for an enlightened, unselfish, elevated national consciousness?

Let us imagine for a moment what the result would be, if Schiller's insistence on the social office of art had come to be generally accepted: how different, for example, the American stage would be, if the managers of all our theatres worked for the elevation of the public taste, instead

of most of them being driven by the desire for private gain; how different our literature would be, if every writer considered himself responsible to the public conscience, if the editors of all our newspapers and magazines considered themselves public educators; how different our whole intellectual atmosphere would be, if the public would scorn books, plays, pictures, or any works of human craft, which did not make for the union of our spiritual and our sensuous strivings; if, in other words, the cultivation of beauty had come to be acknowledged, as Schiller wanted it to be acknowledged, as a duty which we owe not only to ourselves, but also to the community and the country; if it had come to be a regulative force of our whole social life.

We should then be freed from the vain pomp and senseless luxury which hold their baneful sway over so many of our rich, unfitting them for useful activity, poisoning their relation to other classes of society, ever widening the gulf between them and the mass of the people, making their very existence a menace to the republic. We should be saved from the vulgar sensationalism and the vicious voluptuousness which degrade most of our theatres and make them corrupters of morality instead of givers of delight. We should be spared the hideous excrescences of industrial competition which disfigure not only the manufacturing districts of our cities, but even deface our meadows and woods and waterfalls. We should be rid of the whims and fancies of literary fashion which merely please the idle and the thoughtless. We should be relieved from the morbid, pseudo-artistic reveling in the abnormal and the ugly, which appeals only to a superficial curiosity, without stirring or strengthening our deeper self. We should have an art which, while true to life, and by no means palliating its misery and its horrors, would hold before us the task of rising superior to life's woes, of fulfilling our destiny, of rounding out our whole being, of overcoming the inevitable conflict between in-

stinct and duty, between passion and reason, in short, of striving for the perfect life. Such an art would indeed be a great public force for good; such an art, instead of being the servant of the rich, would come to be the spiritual leader of the people; such an art would mature the finest and most precious fruits of democracy.

It does not seem likely that views like these, fundamentally true and self-evident as they are, will ever be generally accepted. In their very nature they are views which appeal only to those to whom the conception of art as a mere opportunity for amusement or display is something utterly repulsive and contemptible. All the more sacred is the obligation of these few, — and that our own time possesses such men, the names of Tolstoi, of Björnson, of Ibsen, of Maeterlinck, of Hauptmann, are a happy reminder, — all the more sacred is the obligation of such men as these steadfastly to adhere to the harmony between the senses and the spirit as the ultimate goal of artistic endeavor.

Far be it from me to underrate what men like those just mentioned have accomplished or what they stand for. These men are undoubtedly worthy followers of Schiller. They once more have opened the eyes of mankind to the fundamental problems of art. They once more have freed art from the slavery of being a mere toy and pastime of the ruling classes; they once more have made it a mouthpiece of suffering, struggling, and aspiring humanity. But has any one of these writers attained to that thoroughly free and thoroughly lawful view of life, that generous comprehension of the rational as well as the emotional forces of man, that measured harmony of form and spirit, which make the very essence of Schiller's art?

Nothing could be more instructive than to compare Schiller's artistic ideal with that of the two greatest of these moderns, and their most characteristic representatives, Leo Tolstoi and Henrik Ibsen. Both these men have as exalted an opinion of the mission of art as had Schiller. To them, as to Schiller, art is essentially

a means for the regeneration of society; to them, as to Schiller, its office is to show the way toward a perfect state of human existence. Both are unrivaled masters in laying bare the perplexing problems, the besetting falsehoods, the secret sins, the tragic conflicts, the woes and horrors, of modern civilization. Both are inspired with an invincible belief in the society of the future, in the coming brotherhood of man, and in their own vocation to bring it about. But must it not be said that this society to come, as conceived by Tolstoi or Ibsen, is an utterly fantastic *fata morgana*, a purely subjective day-dream? Can it be assumed that modern society, with its highly complex and variegated occupations, with its thousand and one gradations of national activity, will revert to the dead level of the stolid, long-suffering, uninitiative Russian peasant, whom Tolstoi would have us consider as the type of the unselfish, loving, truly Christian life of the future? Or, on the other hand, is it possible to imagine that the brotherhood of man can be brought about by the over-individualized, tempestuous, Viking-like race of fighters and visionaries whom Ibsen makes the representatives of his own ideal of human development? And even if either of these conditions were really to come to pass, is it not clear that neither could be brought about

without a violent disruption of the existing order of things; that both Ibsen and Tolstoi, therefore, are fundamentally subversive, and only with regard to possible distant effects of their thought may be called constructive?

What they lack is Schiller's conception of beauty as mediator between the sensuous and the spiritual; what they lack is Schiller's appeal to the best, the most normal, the most human in man: his natural desire for equipoise, for oneness with himself, for totality of character. Schiller's art does not point backward, as Tolstoi's glorification of primitiveness of existence does. It does not point into a dim, shadowy future, as Ibsen's fantastic *Uebermenschen* do. It guides us with firm hand toward a well defined and attainable ideal, the ideal of free, noble, progressive, self-restrained manhood: —

Der Menschheit Würde ist in eure Hand gegeben;
Bewahret sie!

Sie sinkt mit euch! Mit euch wird sie sich heben.

Der freisten Mutter freiste Söhne,
Schwingt euch mit festem Angesicht
Zum Strahlensitz der höchsten Schöne!
Um andre Kronen buhlet nicht.
Erhebet euch mit kühnem Flügel
Hoch über euren Zeitenlauf!
Fern dämmre schon in eurem Spiegel
Das kommende Jahrhundert auf!

SCHILLER'S IDEAL OF LIBERTY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE vitality of Schiller's reputation is one of the noblest facts in German literature. It depends not so much on the intrinsic value of his poems and dramas, nor on his excursions into philosophy and history, as on the spirit in which he worked, the spirit which filled his life, and which he has the magic of communicating to his readers. Goethe overtops him in almost every field, and Heine surpasses him in lyric perfection, and yet it is Schiller, and neither Goethe nor Heine,

whom the German people have taken into their hearts, and foreigners have agreed to honor as the spokesman of many of the finest traits in the German nature.

Schiller was an idealist. We speak that word too glibly, seldom stopping to consider what it means to be a true idealist. We usually confound our desires — which range all the way from getting a good dinner to making a fortune — with Ideals. They are as unlike as lust and

love: the dinner is spent in the eating, the fortune may vanish as a bubble bursts, but Ideals endure. Desires tend downward, and are almost necessarily selfish; Ideals look up, and include the welfare of others in their scope. They abide, just as the primal forces of nature abide; and whoever comes under their influence is buoyed up and borne along by them, as by the current of a mighty river.

Among the Ideals by which mankind has been raised out of savagery, three are supreme,—Love of Liberty, Passion for Righteousness, and Zeal for Service. Were society perfect, they would act together in beautiful harmony; but history rarely shows us more than one of them inspiring a given epoch. Zeal for Service launched myriads of mediævals on the Crusades; Passion for Righteousness sent the Pilgrim Fathers to Plymouth, and ploughed deep the religious fallows of England; Love of Liberty, manifesting itself as a philosophical principle during the third quarter of the eighteenth century, gained strength rapidly, passed from the philosophical to the dynamic stage, and shattered the Old Régime in Europe.

This Ideal, Love of Liberty, dominated Schiller. He had a cheerless boyhood, but for compensation, being endowed with the idealist's temperament, he saw visions and dreamed dreams. "O Karl," he wrote to a schoolmate, "we have in our hearts a very different world from the real one." And so he grew up, carrying in his heart the Ideals for which life showed him no counterparts, protests against the routine of the military academy which aimed at creating obsequious servants of the Duke of Wurtemberg, without imagination, without volition, without soul, of their own. As he approached manhood and found himself doomed to a profession he abhorred, he saw more clearly that all his ills were due to lack of Liberty. He fed his heart on Rousseau, who persuaded him that Fate had not singled him out to bear an unusual load of wretchedness, but that society was organized so unjust-

ly that only wrong and blight could come from it.

Society must be reformed — but how? At the age of twenty-two Schiller suggested a way in *The Robbers*, a wild play, which holds up brigandage and crime as alternatives to the petrifying routine of the actual social order. Smash first, — then reconstruct, was Schiller's remedy. He himself, gasping for freedom, escaped out of the Duke's bondage, and for several years led a wanderer's life, dependent for the most part on private bounty. He threw off other dramas, seething with protests, yet showing here and there, as through rifts in lurid clouds, gleams of sereener suggestion. He turned to history, he flung himself on philosophy. History hinted to him that mankind advances not by leaps and bounds, but by painful inches; philosophy revealed Liberty to him as the cornerstone of the moral universe.

For it happened that the year 1781, in which *The Robbers* appeared, saw also the publication of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, whose doctrines soon permeated the vanward minds of Germany, and had no more enthusiastic welcomer than Schiller. Rousseau had preached Liberty, involving Equality and the Rights of Man; Kant preached Liberty as a proof of the moral world, and involving the Duties of Man. From these two sources have flowed for over a century the streams of European Liberalism and Revolution — the one seeking its end from without, through politics, the other from within, through social transformation. The philosophers, dreamers, and rebels of the European Continent were strangely indifferent to the concrete examples of Liberty in the American Colonies and of England's constitutional growth. The Germanic and Latin peoples preferred to be guided by Theory rather than by the Experience of the Anglo-Saxons. Now Experience teaches caution and compromise; but Theory, never having been tested by fact, ignores human nature, and too often, in flying at the sun, repeats the tragedy of Icarus.

The intoxication which the new gospel of Liberty produced in Schiller and his contemporaries can hardly be measured. Confident that the true method of life had at last been revealed, they believed that it needed only to be applied in order to cure the evils of society and of every individual. Mankind, by nature good, had been corrupted by adopting through ignorance a wrong system; change the system, and universal health and happiness must ensue.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!

The meeting of the French States-General in 1789 confirmed these noble enthusiasts, who watched month by month, with ever-heightening hopes, the realization of their vision. Then came the awful revulsion: instead of Liberty, Terror reigned. While France raged, Europe drew back horrified, and many advocates of Liberty clutched desperately at the old institutions as a last refuge from chaos.

Schiller felt so poignantly the dashing of his expectations, that he could not bear to read the newspapers with their accounts of the French atrocities. He grieved at the setback to progress, at the betrayal of the holiest hopes, at the certainty that, after such a failure, it must be difficult to renew the struggle for Liberty, in whose name the Furies had set up their shambles in France. Still he did not, like his brother poets in England, — Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, — allow himself to be stampeded into the slough of reaction.

In 1793, only a few months after the execution of Louis XVI, he wrote: "This effort of the French people to establish their sacred rights of humanity and to gain political freedom has only brought to light their unworthiness and impotence; and, not this ill-fated nation alone, but with it a considerable part of Europe, and a whole century, have been hurled back into barbarism and servitude. Of movements, this was the most propitious; but it came to a corrupt generation, unworthy to seize it, unworthy to profit by it. The

use which this generation makes and has made of so great a gift of chance incontestably shows that the human race cannot yet dispense with the guardianship of might; that reason steps in too soon where the bondage of brute force has hardly been shaken off; and that he is not yet ripe for *civil* liberty, to the attainment of whose *human* liberty so much is still lacking. . . . Freedom, political and civil, remains ever and always the holiest of all possessions, the worthiest goal of all striving, the great rallying-point of all culture; but this glorious structure can be raised only upon the firm basis of an ennobled character; and, before a citizen can be given a constitution, one must see that the citizen himself be soundly constituted."

I know of no better diagnosis, made at the time, of the degeneration from Liberty to Tyranny. It proves Schiller's sanity; it shows also that he was a true idealist, not a doctrinaire, for doctrinaires are persons whom experience cannot teach. He saw the highroad to political Liberty blocked; very well, — undiscouraged, he would seek another way. He realized now that Liberty is not merely the key to unlock the prison door, but the principle by which alone men can attain their full stature. Deeper than the political, deeper than the industrial or social levels, lies character; he would shape that. And he kept his purpose, for the varied products of his last twelve years all served this end. His genius was, in the largest sense, didactic, devoted not so much to painting men and women as they are, as to show them what they might be. True German to the core, he was a philosopher as well as a poet, and the poet in him never went out of whispering distance of the philosopher.

His friendship with Goethe confirmed him in his resolve to uplift society by means of culture. Goethe, the many-sided and poised artist, had none of Schiller's zeal for correcting abuses; artist-like, he concerned himself chiefly in understanding and describing the world, and he was fully aware that even abuses have their

value to the artist. Toward political Liberty he held the traditional German position, which is that of Feudalism. "If a man has freedom enough to live healthy," he said long afterwards to Eckermann, "and work at his craft, he has enough; and so much all can easily attain. Then all of us are free only under certain conditions, which we must fulfill. The citizen is as free as the nobleman, when he restrains himself within the limits which God has appointed by placing him in that rank. The nobleman is as free as the prince; for, if he will but observe a few ceremonies at court, he may feel himself his equal. Freedom consists not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us; for, by respecting it, we raise ourselves to it, and by our very acknowledgment make manifest that we bear within ourselves what is higher, and are worthy to be on a level with it."

There speaks Feudalism, which was the great contribution of the German race to the methods of government.

But neither Goethe's influence, nor racial tradition, nor the disenchantment wrought by the Reign of Terror, could quench Schiller's enthusiasm. He held that Beauty, to which he more and more devoted himself, was only Liberty made visible, and in his last dramas he either exalted Liberty directly, by setting up shining examples, or indirectly, by revealing the naked ugliness of Tyranny. In *William Tell*, his final message, Liberty has become to him an ecstasy, a religion. The spirit of free-rushing, unpolluted streams, of untrodden Alpine peaks, of chainless winds, sweeps through that play, — the most popular of his works, — and in it he gives specimens of all grades of Liberty, and of her counterfeits.

Schiller died in 1805. The next year came Jena, with the crushing of Prussia and the humbling of Germany by Napoleon. During the dark period that followed, *Tell* was an inspiration to the Germans, who won their liberation in 1813, and at Waterloo dealt Napoleon his death-

stroke. But liberation did not mean Liberty: it meant return to despotic rule. The Germans have been noted since the days of Cæsar for their love of independence, which is indeed equivalent to a staunch patriotism; but this has never checked that feudalizing instinct which has shaped their political and social institutions.

But the great movement toward Liberty, which thrilled Schiller in his youth, had for its political goal the abolition of Feudalism. Although the Reign of Terror checked it, and the genius of Napoleon turned it aside; although after the Restoration all the conservative forces of Church and State rallied to destroy it, still it persisted, and in the next generation it seemed, as in 1789, about to usher in the perfect day. The Revolutions of 1848 were its work, and they accomplished much; the freeing of Italy and the abolition of American slavery accomplished still more; but with them the second wave of Liberalism spent itself.

Since 1870 a tide of reaction has spread through Europe and America. Liberty, the divine impulse which once enabled its disciples to endure all things gladly, — persecution, imprisonment, exile, death, — has fallen under suspicion. We hear much about the failure of republican forms of government. Many observers are skeptical of regeneration through political means. The excellence of mediæval methods is chanted. Militarism has infected the blood. Was Liberty after all only a siren to lure men and nations to destruction on the reefs of Democracy? Ah no! Democracy — which has never yet had a fair trial — must be the ultimate political system, when Liberty comes to her own.

But the ideal of Liberty stops not at the political: it is at work as a solvent in every province, — business, education, philosophy, morals, religion. It rests on the fundamental truth that, since every human will emanates from the Universal Will, its health requires free access to the Universal Will. The moment a ruler or an institution thrusts between them, and

substitutes his own interests for the Universal, tyranny begins. All the highest human manifestations presuppose freedom. *Compulsory* loyalty, *compulsory* love, *compulsory* worship, *compulsory* heroism, — the very terms are a contradiction. Human evolution is a succession of emancipations: first from natural conditions, then from bodily servitude, then from political, ecclesiastical, social, economic, and industrial tyrannies, from vicious habits, from disease, from ignorance. We stand only on the threshold of the new dispensation of Liberty; the old feudalities still control many of our methods and tinge our ideals; but to her, if the world is to grow better, the future belongs.

Because Schiller saw this and bore witness to it, he is the best loved of German

poets. His voice, with its burden of Liberty, finds an echo in every heart; for no human being is too debased to understand that message, which, like an oriole's song of a May morning, needs no interpreter. That Schiller identified himself with this supreme ideal will long keep his name alive. Posterity reveres its emancipators, be they inventors or statesmen, teachers or artists, prophets or poets.

"We are both idealists," Schiller wrote a few weeks before his death to his dear friend, Wilhelm von Humboldt, "we are both idealists, and should be ashamed to have it said of us that we did not form things, but that things formed us." To that utterance every spirit will respond which consecrates itself to the service of Liberty.

THE WHITE LIGHT

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

I

I DID cruel things to him. Once was after he had been up all night typewriting a paper I had been invited to prepare for a particular issue of a medical journal.

When he brought it to me next morning, I said, "Thank you, Dave," and was going to let it go at that. However, some sense of justice constrained me to add, "I've been glad of your help with this."

He did not reply, though he lingered, looking down at the book-littered desk, his eyes childishly heavy with fatigue.

As he stood so, my hand, searching out a volume, jostled the manuscript, and part of it slid to the floor.

"Shall I put it in a drawer?" he asked.

"Do."

Several were crammed. He pulled last at a large top one.

"That's locked," I said. Then an idea struck me, and I flung him a key from a

vest pocket. "But you can clear it out for me. A few old records are there, — things I once thought of value."

He drew the drawer out and knelt on the floor, emptying the contents in the seat of a chair close by.

"You might wish to save something," he explained.

"I think not; but you can look over them."

As I spoke, he realized the nature of the contents.

"Yes, father," he said.

He took a few seconds, during which I watched him strip his heart of all that could benumb — of pride — of anger — of indifference. When he looked up, he was visibly defenseless, whatever the hurt.

"Go on."

He lifted some little pictures of a little boy. Beautiful, high-spirited, grave-eyed, he smiled at the men who were so serious over his plaything of Life.

In one his young mother held him, dreamed over him. She had been dead, oh, many years. Had she been living, I think he would presently have crept to her arms and cried.

"Give that one to me," I said, pressing his shoulder. He handed me the little picture, and took up others of an older lad, lovable and charming, with firmly closed lips, and perplexed brows, as if he, too, had begun to take his plaything seriously.

"She died that year," he said involuntarily. Our eyes met with the shock of the thought.

"Go on," I said.

Rousing himself, he rapidly turned over the rest, — pictures of the boy grown older, more careless : class pictures, boating pictures, ball team pictures, — I looked over his shoulder at them all. There were other things, — college medals, treasured by him for a time, then cast aside with meaning outgrown; college magazines with his first verses and stories; clippings from local papers, good-natured notices of his small triumphs, — all the touching, trivial things women are supposed to secrete for cherishing, but which will oftener be found in a man's desk or heart. And under all, so that it had lain on top in the drawer, a photograph of a drunken, boyish group, taken in a drunken, boyish freak, out of which his own face laughed fatuously up into mine.

I felt him start.

"Put it all in the fire," I said, letting go his shoulder and turning to my work.

He obeyed me without a word. Then he carefully arranged the manuscript in the drawer, and replaced it in the desk. But he did not go, as I expected. He stood there looking at me.

I shook my head, without raising my eyes.

"You don't realize, father," he said in a voice that shook a very little. "You can't feel that I really try. But I do, until — Oh," he cried, "until a madness comes, and I don't know what I do."

"I don't mean to be a brute to you,

Davie," I said at length, "but I've got to take you to heart less, else I should soon not have the courage to live and work." I looked at him: "You can see that?"

"Yes," said Dave. His voice broke on the word, and he went away.

II

We who speak are the Time and the Place. Sometimes the man's thoughts are confused — the woman will not confess hers. If the story is to go on, we must take it up.

Reed's veranda was gay with lights when Dave came in sight. It was like a scene staged in the perspective of the oak avenue. Blossoming vines draped the immense white pillars with scenical effect. Two girls occupied the centre of the stage. Men crossed and spoke to the girls, or to one another. Suddenly music started up. Dave had chanced on a birthday fête. One of the girls sprang to her feet, as he paused, halfway up the steps.

"Why, it's you!" she cried luminously.

Slowly a child's dark head and rosy face bloomed beautifully in Dave's memory. Their hands clasped happily.

"It is surely my little cousin Narcissa," he said, with his most lovable smile. She was almost as little as ever, and even sweeter in face and manner.

After a question as to her return from her convent school, and an answer, which delightedly sketched an immediate future of dances, drives, and devotion, including him most innocently as a matter of course, Dave nodded to the men about him, and crossed the porch to meet his father's friend. Reed took him to the library as the place where they could best transact their business, though even there a white shadow and a dark one flitted out of an alcove window as they entered.

"My father meant to ride over earlier," said Dave, producing a Morgan pedigree from an inside pocket, "but a call came, and he sent me with this. He will see you himself in the morning."

Here a second couple looked in, and retired with a disappointed air. Reed laughed.

"I promised Helen this room to-night," he said, leading the way into a smaller apartment fitted up with a chair, a gun, and three sporting magazines.

Outside, Narcissa looked from one to the other, troubled, a little pale.

"Why should n't I speak cordially to my own cousin?" she murmured defiantly. "I'll *kiss* him if I choose." The color flew back to her cheeks. "He was just what my own brother ought to have been to me when I was little."

Her own brother laughed irritatingly.

"We've all grown up since then," he said. "Hear the truth. Dave has grown up to be most abominably dissipated. He has n't the head for it. It does him up. He has cut loose from us, in a way. When he is n't on a spree, he is working like a galley slave to live up to his contracts."

"He used to be a hundred times sweeter than any of you,"—she included in her glance most of her childish comrades,— "and twice as clever."

Her girl companion caught her hand.

"And how much better looking?" she laughed softly.

"*What has that to do with it?*" scornfully cried Narcissa. She surveyed the circle of amused masculine faces. "Though it's perfectly true," she admitted sorrowfully.

Her brother shouted. Her other auditors looked downcast.

"Still you'll have to dance with me, Narcissa," said Bob Carter. "You've already promised. In this instance I find it better to be good than"—

"Hush!" looked the girl.

A silence in the nature of a confession enveloped them, as Dave, passing, smiled toward the group.

"Come to see me, Cousin David," cried Narcissa, clearly, sweetly, imperatively.

He paused, including Narcissa and her companions in a glance of quiet comprehension. Then he advanced to the girl, looking only at her.

"You know that I wish to come," he said, and bowed, and went away, tingling with shame; but too sweet-tempered to be angry with any one else, and too sad to be angry with himself.

"Win," said Narcissa, as they drove home in the dawn, "is Dave any worse than the rest of you?"

"Narcissa," said Winthrop candidly, "he is n't. He is only more conspicuous, because he writes such jolly good yarns. And it's just because he can be better than any of us that it's worse for him to be as bad. He is perfectly honorable, he has more brains than any dozen of us, but he is a fool when he drinks, and he drinks too often. It makes him crazy. He ought n't to touch the stuff, you see. Some fellows are made so. He seems capable of anything but self-control. He worships his father. He always did, you remember; but he is breaking his heart."

"Do you think he will come to see us, Win?" asked the girl, at the end of another mile.

"I am certain he will not," answered Winthrop sleepily. Then he roused to say, "If Dave does n't pull up for Uncle Dolph, he will not for any one else,— don't you think it?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, out of a sudden sickness of heart. She had been two weeks from her convent school, and was finding men but poor creatures.

The next time she saw Dave she was riding alone in the wood road along the ridge overlooking the water. Blue, glorious vistas opened to her now and then, framed fairly in leaves of oak and vine. She sat pillion fashion on her dainty black mare, her reins loose on her pommel. A broad ribbon of black velvet tied her plait of dark hair away from her delicate, fresh little face. She was singing happily and absent-mindedly:—

*Lady Anna was buried in the East,
Giles Collins in the West.*

*There came a lily from Giles Collins
And touched Lady Anna's breast, breast, breast,
And touched Lady Anna's breast.*

Beyond the road curve Dave smiled.

He, too, had been sung to sleep with *Lady Anna*. He sat his horse bareheaded, and she started as little as if he had been in her thoughts.

He leaned over and gathered up her bridle reins for her.

"You must n't be so careless."

He said it playfully, as to a child.

"She's a kitten."

"I know, — climb a tree if a scrap of paper blows her way."

Narcissa laughed.

"She does n't. She only jumps across the road."

"Well, you must not," said Dave seriously.

"Well, I won't, to-day. But you have n't changed much, have you?"

"Did I always meddle?"

"No, — but you always gave good advice."

"You did n't always take it."

"No, I have changed, you see."

She turned the mare's head.

"But you are coming with me, are n't you?"

A wave of color swept him, swept her.

"No," he said at length.

Her face had a hurt look, like that of a child thrown back on itself.

"Good-by, then," she said, in a voice like her look. "There's a visiting girl I must go home to."

She did not look back as she cantered off.

III

But sometimes he did cruel things to me. One evening we met at the cross-roads. I had not seen him for two weeks. His horse looked fagged, his face haggard, and his shoulders were drooping, until he saw me. Then he sat straight, and met my eyes with a courage I always wondered at. I ignored his absence. I met him with some careless comment on his horse, and he rode on by me in silence. At length, glancing around, I found him regarding me attentively.

"Yes?" I asked.

"What had you in mind just then?"

"Why, David," I said truthfully, "I was wishing you at least ten years younger."

Again I flicked the whip I carried, just a very little.

He colored violently.

"Well, you can." Then he smiled: "If you can."

I was too exasperated not to carry the thing farther, — too exasperated to see that he was making me carry it farther.

"Shall I show you?" I said. "Unless it is a jest?"

"No," he answered, after a moment's deceptive deliberation, "it is n't."

"Then tie the horses, and come with me."

We dismounted, and he led them aside into the shadow of the wood, and bent boughs to fasten the reins to. Then he turned to me, his hand on his horse's neck.

"I know a place," he said.

I followed him into a sun-spangled hollow sunk in a cedar wood. Here he stopped and pulled off his coat and looked at me.

It was a dare.

"Get down," I said.

He knelt at once, his hands together above him against an old cedar trunk. The late sun struck through on his bare head and his obstinate shoulders. Suddenly I understood that he had brought me to one of those temples created by youth from the beauty of nature and the sadness of life. What piteous yieldings, what hard self-appraisements, had my boy not endured in this quiet place. Touched, softened, I crossed to him quickly and put my hand over his.

"Get up," I said. "You know I can't."

He did not move. I heard his heart beating in the silence as I stooped and put my arm around him.

At that he stirred, his eyes lifted to mine, and I comprehended with a shock, what I had not known before, that Youth could sometimes crave pain, as Hunger craves bread.

I stood thinking. "David," I said, at last, "this — this is not a man's penalty. You have no right to give me the right. And — dear, dear fellow, you have not thought, have you, that it is cowardly to run to brute pain to escape the punishment of your own thoughts?"

A flame of shame wrapped him.

"*Father!*" he cried out to me.

He flung himself away from me to the ground, and I plunged, stumbling, from the sound that pursued me. It was very low, it was cruelly controlled, but I heard it a long time.

It was dark when he came home. I did not expect him before. I had known that he could not bear the sunlight of that day again.

With the sound of his feet running up the stairs that other sound receded and died.

Within the hour he came down, fresh from a bath, his hands filled with proofs to be corrected for the morning's mail, and sat on the steps at my knees under the red porch lantern. When he had worked a while, he turned to me.

"Why, father," he said. The look, wholly loving, wholly beautiful, deepened in his eyes. He caught my hands in a nervous, cramping grip.

"You can't get hurt all by yourself, Davie," I explained.

His look changed to an entreaty.

"But I can't promise," he said desperately. "I might lie to you."

I do not know what he read in my eyes of bitter helplessness, and hopelessness, and tormented pride, and wounded love, but he turned white under the red light, and dropped his head in his arms on my knee.

After a long time I slid a hand in his.

"I ask nothing, Davie," I said.

IV

Other times she met him. Perhaps she planned to meet him. She will never tell. But this is the truth, that he never planned

to meet her. This chronicles that morning she went trespassing in his father's chestnut wood, and found him filling the pockets of his hunting-coat with the first fallen nuts. He emptied them in her little riding-cap. She was blushing, laughing, protesting. A wavy, brown braid of hair swung to her bending waist. She looked about fourteen, perched on her little English saddle.

"The fence was down," she explained.

"The gates are open," he answered, orientally polite.

"Ours are, too, but" — She waved a hand of negation.

He looked at her stubbornly.

"I've been reading your new book," she said, with a smiling retreat from the *impasse*.

"What did you read in it, Narcissa?"

"The only *you* that makes any difference, Davie," she said.

Then, quite suddenly, with strange unexpectedness to them both, the tears sprang to her brown, laughing eyes, her lips trembled, she hid her face in her little brown gauntlets, and the cap tilted so that her nuts ran pattering to the carpet of dead leaves. Then she blushed. All that he could see of her sweet face and throat turned to scarlet, agonizing and intense. She was shrinking.

"Girl," he said, "I worship you."

It was the unimprisoned star to the man set free. It was the rain to the lilies of the drouth. It was the rippling of freed waters after the half circle of Arctic night. Whatever is most beautiful, whatever the soul would die without — it was this. And it was what he had to do. It makes no difference that he yearned to do it. He never would have done it, if she had not blushed. But he, too, had known an engulfing shame, — had known it helplessly, — had not borne it without crying out. How, then, could he bear this for her? All the chivalry in his heart sprang to her rescue, and turned that blush to a glory. But he did not move, and his hands were shut tight behind him.

When hers fell slowly, she met a gaze so

long, so deep, so humble, that her shame and her shyness fled. She straightened up like a young princess who had found it needful for her soul's content to confer a favor.

"Come here, Davie," she said.

When he stood at her stirrup she swung toward him a little, and put her arm around his neck, and for just a second he felt her soft cheek pressed against his head. His hands slowly unclenched, and lifted, and closed over hers.

"I think I am going to behave myself, Narcissa," he said.

She did not answer. He looked up and caught her eyes, already condoning, forgiving, loving, no matter what he did. Already the mother love, curled full flowered in every woman's heart, had shot up to the sun, — that dear, demoralizing divineness of affection never to be wearied.

Most men impose on it; but to a creature of Dave's temperament it was the one thing that shamed him most perfectly. He had been too young when she died ever to have realized it in his mother; but when mothers die, fathers are sometimes given that love, and once he had surprised it in his own father's eyes. "I ask nothing, Davie," he had said with that look. And now she was bending it on him.

He kissed her little hands in the silence that fell. What words were fit to break it?

When he looked up again she had reddened sweetly.

"Now I am going," she said, "but you must stay."

Before he could reply she was vanishing between the trees, and he was standing alone among the scattered nuts. Smiling a little, he stooped and gathered them back to his pockets. He would give them to her next time.

V

I met papa at the gap. This is not astonishing, as I had left the house with him. Only, when he went to drive a stray colt

from the pasture I ran away to Dave's chestnut wood. Of course I know it is really Uncle Dolph's wood.

Papa was angry. He was even as angry as he ever gets with me.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, without a trace of that courtesy which the sisters say is just as much due your own daughter as a perfect stranger.

"I have been with Davie, papa."

"Does he ask you to meet him in this way?" said papa. He turned Ashcake's head into the gap.

"No," I said. "It's entirely accidental — to Davie — As for me, I did n't know he was there. I only hoped so."

"Then," said papa in an outrageously insulting way, — I was glad the sisters could n't hear him, for they admire him greatly, — "I am to infer that you love a man who does not love you?"

"He adores me," I cried, coloring furiously.

The tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Oh, he has proposed, then?"

"I made him do it. He never would have."

Papa began swearing.

"Papa," I said, "don't you know Davie is a gentleman?"

He would n't answer me.

"And don't you suppose the sisters did their duty by me for ten years?"

"I hope so," he said grimly.

"Then listen to me the right way, and I will tell you everything. It's not much."

He cooled down, and began to look more worried than angry.

"Papa," I said, "we loved each other when we were little, and when we met in May we knew at once that the love had been growing up with us, though we had hardly seen each other for so long. And then Davie would not come to see me, and sometimes I met him when I rode in the morning, and once he happened to come to cousin Aline's when I was there. This morning only makes seven times that I have seen my Davie all summer. He never, never tried to see me. He thought he ought not to. This morning was my

fault, but it all came so unexpectedly. He had to tell me. I would have died if he had not. He is the only man in the world who can make me miserable, and he is the only man in the world who can make me happy, and I do not believe he will ever make me miserable."

"Poor little fool!" said papa.

But I did not mind. Old people always call young ones that, I notice, when they get beyond them in any way, and at least he was not angry any longer. I was glad of that, for just then Davie strolled toward the gap. He set his lips a little when he saw us, but came straight forward, and stood just within his side of the fence by Ashcake's neck.

"Were you coming over, Uncle Miles?" he asked.

"No," said papa, just so. He sat and looked at Davie, and Davie looked at him, and I could have screamed, they made me so nervous. I did n't notice papa's face, but Davie's had two looks in it that fascinated me. He looked heart-breakingly humble, and wickedly proud, and he lifted his dear eyes and let papa probe into them as if he had the right. Once he blushed so that it must have hurt him, and once he got white, but he would not look away until papa was through with him,—my boy, my own boy.

"No," said papa at last, holding out his hand, "but I want you to come home with us, Dave."

Now, I wish the sisters could have heard *that*.

VI

"Hello, Miles," I called. But he was coming toward me, so I stopped.

"Well," he said, with a foot on my wheel. "The children have settled it."

"You don't mean — Dave?"

"But I do."

"You can't want it, Miles," I said. "I could n't bear for my boy to make your girl unhappy. And no matter what he does or is, I shan't change to him."

"I don't know that I should, myself,

Dolph," said Miles with a vexed air. "I love the fellow."

"But you can't want it?"

"No, I do not want it — but what can I do? Could n't we trust him?"

"Frankly, I think that what Dave does not do for me he cannot do for any one."

"He is doing it for you now, is n't he?"

"How long will it last?" Then I said bitterly, "He has lied to me about this."

"Then you knew?"

"Yes. He had taken some little photographs of her as a child — some Lucy used to have — to put on his desk. One day when I was upstairs I noticed them, and he told me he cared — but he did not mean to tell her. He did not hesitate to promise me not to, — under existing conditions, at least."

Miles looked away. I could have sworn he was embarrassed.

"What did you say to them?"

"I told him that if he stayed sober the rest of the year he could have her. She shall go stay with Mona till then. She was going anyway, before this thing came up. If he can't do it, why, she may as well be miserable without him as with him, and it won't last so long."

I looked up at the old red house, lonely in its grove of oak. I wanted Dave's life to be completed, and I loved the little Narcissa, and I knew that two men and a housekeeper do not make a home; but already a vague jealousy tormented me. And then, — I am ashamed that such a thought could ever have given me comfort for the hundredth part of a second, — then it came to me that it was not likely Dave could do it, and I felt better.

Miles took himself off with that last speech, and I was free to drive on with my thoughts. When I left the trap at the stable they were still busy with the fact that Dave had broken his word to me. I frowned involuntarily when I saw him making toward me.

"Make haste," he called, "and we can get a look at the white caps before the rain catches us."

Then I noticed that the day had turned dark, and a storm was blowing in from the water. He caught my shoulder and hurried me along to the shelving bank overhanging the beach.

"Is n't it fine?" he shouted in my ear.

I looked and saw a million white feathers of foam scudding across a sheet of steel forty miles wide. The wind was rocking us on our feet. Dave clutched my arm, and I echoed his thrill of excitement. His brown hair tossed wildly, his eyes were sparkling, his lips curled in a smile of pleasure. He was so absolutely unconscious and happy that my grievance came back to me, and glancing around he surprised it in my face.

He looked a question and I nodded.

"I'm sorry," he said in a lull of the wind, "I meant to tell you, myself."

His look coaxed me. "It is so perfectly different," he said at last.

At that the white wall of rain moving over the water fell on us, and we turned and ran.

Ten minutes later he came in to me, half dressed, and pulled me down by him on the side of my bed.

"Father," he said, "don't think that I shan't always love you better than any one in the world."

For the first time in many years I saw his eyes fill with tears.

"No, you must love her best, Davie," I said, ashamed of myself at last.

"I worship my girl," he cried with an irradiating glow. "I must, to have lied to you for her." But he did not look ashamed. "Only, my love for you is quite different. It means all my life to me. It means the love I would have given my mother if she had not died. It means," he said, with his slow flush, "that you have forgiven me a thousand times."

A week later Narcissa took away my last hurt.

She had ridden over to say good-by.

"Davie wanted to bring me with him yesterday," she said, "but I meant to see you alone, Uncle Dolph, — to explain something."

She looked at me timidly. I took her hand, and made her sit down on the porch bench by me.

"Papa told me that you were hurt because Davie broke his word to you — about me. I came to tell you that — I made him. I did n't mean to; but I knew he loved me, and he could n't help seeing that I was miserable because he would n't tell me so. He had to do it," she whispered, blushing piteously.

"And a good thing he did," I said, though I did n't know yet whether it was or not. Then I kissed her, and she grew confiding, and put me to confusion by begging for some photographs of Dave when he was a little boy.

"You have n't any?" she said incredulously. "Why, I've seen them myself" —

"They were burned — accidentally," I explained quickly, with a half truth to offset the half lie.

"Oh, and I've been thinking about them all week! He has mine, on his desk."

Then she rose to go.

"I wish I did n't have to go away," she said wistfully. "Do you think I must?"

"Yes," I said, blushing for my own. "It's best."

"You know how sweet he is," she said, as I lifted her to her saddle, "I could n't help loving him, could I?"

Just then Dave rode around the corner of the lawn, and we started guiltily.

He stopped beside Narcissa, and handed her her neglected reins with the air of performing an established ceremony.

"I was just on my way to you. You said nine."

"But I meant eight," she declared gravely. She looked at me smilingly.

"Oh, if it's a secret," said Dave.

"Yes, it is," said Narcissa. She leaned down, kissed me, and they rode off together.

VII

Coming in, I found Dave lying on the floor under the fireplace window, scrib-

bling on his eternal little square tablet with a stubby fountain pen.

I dropped in a chair. "Perhaps I'll get an evening at home," I said. "I hope so — I've some cases to look up. Well, Dave — any flattering things this week?"

He indicated a medley of letters and reviews on my desk, — I drew the letters over to me. Some I read with a smile of pleasure, others with a busy man's irony. Two were from rather silly women who wrote, one from a much older writer of stories, the others from editors, enclosing checks, or asking contributions.

Presently I pushed them away, and contemplated Dave with a luxurious sense of wonder. That a fellow of twenty-six should get famous, almost rich, in two years, by doing what he would have been miserable not to do, while all around him men worked like dogs, and died poor and unsatisfied, was too much of a fairy tale to fit in with life as I had found it for fifty years.

"Pretty good," I said, tapping a letter from a big editor.

"But I like this best."

"Yes," I assented without enthusiasm.

I had, in truth, somewhat resented the paternal tone adopted by its middle-aged author. I began on my own letters, and Dave went back to his pad.

The autumn fire had been replenished, and the lamps lighted, and no call had come.

"This is the real thing," I said, getting up to pull over my books. "I wish I had more such evenings. Dave, stop ruining your eyes. Go to the light."

He stood up, stretching his cramped arms.

"Can't I read something to you — take notes or something? You said you had cases to look up."

"Can't collaborate — I wish I could. No, go back to your stuff."

"That's a disrespectful way to speak of epoch-making fiction," he observed, with a sparkle in his eye.

I laughed. "Dave," I said, "it can never be anything but absurd to me. It's

perfectly true about the prophets, old fellow, and you're on your own hearthrug."

Dave laughed this time.

"What a fraud you are, dad," he said, falling to work. "What becomes of my reviews? Answer me that."

I smiled, and came back to him.

"I suppose *you* hoard them up," I said barefacedly.

It was midnight when I pushed my chair back and thought of bed. Dave was moving restlessly about the room, taking out a book here and there, or drumming on the doors of the cases. After watching him a minute, I called, "Don't fidget. You worry me."

"I beg your pardon, father," he said with a start. He came over and lay on the rug in the shadow of the desk, with an arm thrown above his head, his hand holding to the rung of my old hickory arm chair.

"Again, Dave?" I asked downheartedly; "but why?"

He hesitated a little. "I sound like a baby," he said at last. "Well, my horse came down with me Saturday in a post-hole some fool had left. I was stunned for the moment, and old Bob Carter got scared, and emptied a brandy flask down my throat."

"Well, he was another fool. Don't you be a third." Then I said presently, in the interests of science, "Why is it so hard for you not to be?"

"Father," said Dave, carefully selecting a figure of speech, "when it gets so you *are* one, it's like being without water in an alkali desert."

I had no other question to ask. After a silent half hour, I rose, and stood looking down on him.

"Well, I'll get some sleep. See that the fire is safe when you come up."

"I'll go now."

At the door of my room he hesitated, after he had said good-night.

"You can come in," I said, smiling in spite of myself.

Two hours later I woke with a start, and reached out my hand. It touched his

poor, clenched fist. I rose to my elbow and lit the lamp on the table. He lay flat on his back, staring up with unseeing eyes.

The sweat of the battle drenched him. His hands were clenched, and his teeth were clenched, and he drew breath dumbly.

"Don't you sleep, Davie?" I asked, sick at heart. He shook his head.

"Since when?"

"This is three nights," he said, speaking softly. "Don't bother, father, I'll go to my own room now."

"No, stay." I left him a moment. When I came back, I took his hand and began rolling up his sleeve. "You must n't get this way, you know," I said, in my most professional tone.

He looked at me, and drew his arm away.

The movement was so absolute in its negation that I dared not dispute it.

"Oh, I know I should n't," I said, putting up the needle, "but it might tide you over. Then I can do nothing?"

"You've done everything," he said, "only it's up to me, now. I must know what I'm about, must n't I?"

"Yes, dear fellow," I said, as I had said it before.

He turned over and covered his face with his arm, and I lowered the light.

As I did so, the office 'phone clanged startlingly through the house.

When I returned from answering it, he was sitting up.

"Yes, I'll have to go," I said. "It's an accident. Dress quickly,—I'll need you."

Not until we were driving rapidly across the country did he ask, "What is it?"

"A washout. Number 3 rolled down a bank into a creek. People are killed."

He began to speak, then stopped, took the reins, and we went faster than before.

There is not much difference in bad night wrecks. Darkness, pain, and death, and a bewilderment of horror among the living, all in one black confusion, lit here and there by a train lantern.

Twenty were dead, half a hundred injured. I was glad to have Dave along, for he had sense enough to do the best thing

without being told. Nothing of the sort had ever come his way before, and I saw that he looked pretty white over it, but he did not fail me, and I soon forgot about him.

After we had worked among the ruins some hours, but before all had been rescued, I felt a touch on my arm.

"Is Davie here?" whispered a little ghost in a gray kimono.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "where did you come from, child?"

"I was coming home for Thanksgiving. I think I have been fainting in the sleeper. I can't remember."

"Did Dave know you were coming?"

"Of course. Where is he?"

"He is helping somewhere," I answered, peering around in the confusing dawn light.

At length I saw him stooping over a man who had been carried up on a nearby bank. As I looked, he placed his hat over the man's face, and turned away.

"Dave," I called.

He came to me quickly, looking like a ghost himself.

"We can spare you now," I said. "I see the nurses and doctors from town are over there. You must get Narcissa home."

He took her in his arms as she stood trembling.

"I thought you were dead," he said.

She clung to him in a dazed silence, and he lifted her into the trap.

"But you?" he asked.

"Come back for me. Don't wait. The child's sick with it all."

He sprang up by her, and put his coat around her shoulders.

At that she looked questioningly at her queer silk robe and half-bare arms.

"I *am* cold," she said, "but it is n't really cold, is it?"

"No, dear," said Dave.

"Then I'll keep your coat, Davie."

She sat quite silent a moment, then she looked at us.

"When I came to you, Uncle Dolph, I passed some women holding a little girl. She was screaming — she was dying. She

was calling her mother. And her mother lay dead in her dead husband's arms ten feet away. I — I don't hear her now," she said.

She hid her face in her hands. "The children, Davie," she sobbed aloud, "*the poor little children!*"

Dave looked at me blindly. Then he put his free arm around her, and the horse started off.

He was back long before I could leave. Night had fallen again as we drove home, having done our best. The past night seemed so remote when my mind reverted to it that it was difficult to think of it as affecting the present, yet I said, —

"You'll sleep to-night, Dave."

"Yes," he answered absently. Then he turned to me in the darkness.

"Father," he said, with a backward

gesture, "when you see *that* for the first time — women like those you love — men like yourself — children even" — he stopped short that he might not cry out, like Narcissa. "When you've been in the glare of death for fourteen hours, if it does n't make you blind, why, you don't grope any longer. Your way of life lies plain without any coward's alternative, — the way you've got to go." He paused. "Even love has n't been illuminating enough," he said slowly. "It took death to make me understand that I must not hurt love — *that I must not*. . . . I could die of shame."

I found his hand in the dark, and it clung to mine.

"I may want to," he said, "I want to now — but I shan't. Don't you ever waste a thought on it again, father."

THE DECORATIVE USE OF WILD FLOWERS

BY CANDACE WHEELER

NOT every one has a flower garden, but every one who spends even a part of the summer in the country has the freedom of the roadsides, pastures, meadow, and woods; the wild gardens which belong to every man and to no man, where every one is free to gather, and there is no one to forbid. Of course it is by courtesy and custom that this freedom extends to the fields and woods, and it may be that the unacknowledged obligation enhances the privilege of leaving the long, narrow roadside flower beds, and looking for rarer and more effective things along fences and hedges, and in shadowed and solitary places.

If one has acquired the habit of wild-flower gathering, and the knowledge of what to gather and how to bring her gleanings safely home; and the still further knowledge of the best decorative effect to be gotten from them, she has

reached a possibility of great satisfaction and everyday happiness.

The first important thing is to know which of them have friendly and social characteristics and are willing to exchange outdoor for indoor air, and a diet of good solid earth for thin water; and will neither pine nor remonstrate at the change. Of course, the wonder is that any of these smiles of nature will bear the exchange, and continue to smile; but we find among them those that will behave like fortunate and well-placed adopted children, believing in the ability, power, and devotion of all "grown-ups," and quite willing to trust themselves in their hands.

Yet in spite of general complaisance, nearly every species has its inherent likes and dislikes to surroundings or happenings, and will behave well or ill according to them. For this reason, successful flower decoration demands a perfect understand-

ing of flower idiosyncracies, none the less interesting because the majority are amiable and insensitive. We all know that some of the friendliest and most domestic of plants — those which will allow us to trample them under our very feet, as long as they grow in earth and breathe in open air — will be satisfied with nothing less; while others of the shyest natures, choosing to live in retired and lonely places, will bear themselves with courage and beauty when brought into the companionship of the house.

Some, indeed, seem absolutely to expand and rejoice in the artificial atmosphere of human habitations, while others would literally rather die than live under the same conditions.

The dandelion, which might, if it would, be the crown and glory of wild-flower decoration, refuses to exist except in soil, and will succumb almost before it has touched water. The long, hollow stem, which looks and is a veritable vegetable hose, will not condescend to carry liquid food to the queen blossom. One could reconcile oneself to the immediate closing up of the disk of the vegetable gold, if a bud would open in its place, but this it seems disinclined to authorize. I have discovered, however, more than a compensation for this reluctance of the flower to accept human companionship, in the fact that the perfect seed-globe may be plucked with impunity. Nothing in plant nature is more beautiful, more ethereal, more delicately suggestive of spiritual existence in the blossom world, than a fully developed seed-globe of the dandelion flower. One thinks of it as a plant aspiration, a floating flower-thought, something that stands beyond the vanishing point of matter. If these tender manifestations are carefully transported to the house and placed in water, they will continue for days, waiting for the delayed air current which should waft them to some sheltered bit of earth where they may lie until time and golden weather combine to start them upon a new stage of existence. Ten or twenty of these winged things gathered

into a tall Venetian glass, surrounded by newly-grown maiden-hair ferns, will give one a new ideal of refinement in flower-arrangement. Of course, the ferns are sure to shrivel and curl before many hours are over, and will require several renewals, but the dandelion ghosts will stand bravely on until their lengthened days are numbered.

Another almost domestic flower which shares a reluctance to human intimacy is the great white elder. An elder bush in full flower is not only one of the most beautiful, but one most eminently suggestive of decorative use, and yet this great flat expanse of bloom will not bear breakage from the parent stem, and has apparently a rooted objection to house air. It quietly collapses just when we have accomplished our most perfect effects; its circle of thousands of little individual blossoms withering almost as soon as the stems are placed in water. There is a way of circumventing even this positive negative of the elder for decorative use. If we will cut brown, woody branches, where the green stems of the flower bunches are short and closely connected with last year's growth of wood, the flower will continue to blossom, and even remain fresh until every tiny flower circle falls, and only the beautiful and minute branching of the hundreds of blossom stems remains. These often take on a purple tint with the green, as a foretaste of the color of the berries they should bear, and are in themselves a beautiful decoration.

Those who are unacquainted with its disappointing habits are always tempted by the entrancing color of the orange-red hawkweed, and will continue to gather it until taught by experience that it utterly refuses to live in water. This is also true of the white and lemon-colored roadside varieties, and approximately so of the tall and eminently effective fireweed or purple rocket.

This should by all appearance and reasoning be an amenable and lasting flower, the stem having a robust, independent look which indicates fortitude. The color

of the flower stems is even more beautiful than that of the flower, and its want of human liking is a yearly disappointment to the wild-flower lover.

In the case of the fireweed and other reluctant wild blooms, I have found that sudden and immediate change will seem to pass unnoticed, shock being apparently less fatal to them than suspense. If one carries a water jar on his flower gathering, and plunges the stems in water as soon as separated from the plant, they will often go on blossoming in the house without knowing that they have been transplanted.

It is flattering to some human quality in us, some pride of species, to accomplish the adoption of reluctant flowers successfully, but it does not change the nature or disposition of the flowers. This sudden treatment holds good in case of the jewelweed, which hangs its yellow and orange amphora-shaped blossoms along the edges of water courses, but can only be cheated into standing in the water.

All this is very interesting to one who knows what to expect, but disappointing to one absorbed in pursuit of color and effect.

If we prefer easy classification to individual study, it is safe to say that, with the exception of the thistle tribe, the flowers which end their days in winged seeds do not take kindly to captivity. Whether or not there is a protest against it in the heart of a thing which feels its own vagrant and aspiring destiny, we do not know, but the fact remains that flowers which send out their seeds on floating silken filaments cower and collapse when separated from the parent stem.

"Except the thistle," I have said, and this is truly a noble exception. When one has succeeded in getting together a hundred or more of these great, honey-scented, pinkish purple disks in a corner of the sitting-room, it becomes a haunt for humming-birds; and the out-of-door thoughts which hover around it are quite as much to be welcomed. Yet even this noble blossom will do better in proportion to the length of stem allowed, although it must

be added that the stems and leaves wither long before the blossom. Beautiful as it is, it is a very Ishmael of flowers, with its "hand against every man, and every man's hand against" it, — yet I hardly know a sweeter blossom, or one which better repays gathering.

For house decoration it is convenient to class wild flowers under two heads, those which fade and those which last. The list of quickly fading wild flowers is not long, if they are properly gathered, but it is as well to know, at first, those which have a rooted objection to domestic parade. Having named a few which will *not* bear capture, it is pleasant to talk of certain families which seem capable of almost enthusiastic friendship for houses and people.

The wild forget-me-not, which we find in Adirondack streams, if gathered in the budded stage and laid in a shallow dish of water, will make haste to expand itself into a heaven of celestial blue, spotted with the starry gold of its small centres. Little children in German watering-places bring them to market tied in wreaths or crowns, which they call *Kränzchen*, and which will grow in water as long as their season lasts.

The blue gentian will perfect its seeds in water, going through all its successive duties, beginning its functions of reproduction, under your very eyes, with apparently as quiet a mind as in its home in the meadow. And this pleasant fact is also true of the wild azalea.

The *staying* qualities of the mountain laurel are not to be questioned. It will carry its wonderfully shaped and textured blossoms and jewels of buds for a full fortnight in undiminished beauty, tempting one to use it in such abundance as to make a laurel season of it in the house; and the same thing is true of its great sister rhododendron.

In the arrangement of these lavish blossoms, *form* need hardly be attempted, balance being all that is imperative, but a strong blue should be the color of the jar which holds rhododendrons. Something in the blue-pink of its tint is in perfect ac-

cord with the deepest, most solid blue of pottery. In a less degree I have found the same thing true of lilacs. This can easily be tested by placing two arrangements of lilac flowers side by side, one in a jar of dark blue, and one in any other color. The blue and lilac will be a distinct harmony, a glass jar with stems and leaves showing through will be a monochrome; any other positive color, — unless it should be purple, — any broken color, or jar of flowered porcelain showing white, will be a positive discord.

Laurel demands *pale* blue, and the wild pink azalea is never more effective than in a pale blue Japanese or Indian jar, while pink-tipped apple blossoms show their full tenderness of color in contrast with gray or green pottery.

Among wild-growing shrubs, nothing is more decorative than the blackberry blossom at its best. How wonderfully beautiful the seven-foot lengths of bramble, literally crowded with white blossom sprays, can be — overarching a chimney-piece in June! These arches of what is known as the “tall blackberry” are among the most purely decorative effects possible to colorless flowers, and, indeed, counting in stems and leafage, they can hardly be reckoned among colorless blooms. They need neither contrast nor accentuation in holders, glass jars, hidden behind sprays, being competent and unobjectionable.

All fruit-blossoms are lasting, and so, indeed, are most shrub blossoms and early flowers, but after June their lavishness will dwindle, and we must look for substitutes in longer seasoned and perhaps less beautiful and effective ones.

There is too little decorative use made of the various flowers of the clover family: the tall and fully odored sweet and king clovers of the roadside; the big-headed cattle clover; the honey-sweet rose-colored clover, and the small white bee clover. One might say that none of these are decorative flowers for house use, but that depends upon massing and arrangement. I have an old purplish-pink lustre pitcher which becomes a distinguished piece of

decoration when surrounded by a cloud of the great pink heads of cattle clover. In truth, the beauty of most of our common flowers depends upon the manner of their use. Few flower arrangements are more satisfactory than a jar filled with branches of tall, roadside “sweet clover,” stretching its spikes of small green-white blossoms half way up the wall of the room, and sending forth from every bit of a blossom a breath of flower-incense. This particular variety does not feel at home in gardens or in the immediate neighborhood of houses, but elects to swarm over abandoned brickyards, and along bare processions of railroad ties. It is more beautiful in growth than in flower, yet there is in it enough of beauty to add greatly to the decoration of the home.

The appointed flower decorator of the family will know that many things that grow are comparatively ineffective in single specimens; and yet, if a single specimen has force enough to catch the eye where it stands among grasses, it will be multiplied an hundred fold by bringing a hundred stalks together into a *mass*, instead of a dot or mere line of color.

Does any casual flower-gatherer know the blue vervain? One branching stalk of it, showing from purple to blue, among swamp grasses is hardly noticeable, but I have a tall, deep-violet colored glass, which I keep through June for fleur-de-lis, and through July and early August for blue vervain. Truly the long elegance of its growth, the poise of its steeples of purple buds, broken here and there by a ruffle of tiny blue blossom, make of it a fine and aristocratic rival of the kingly fleur-de-lis.

Who has ever experienced a multitudinous jumble of round-headed spikes of loose-strife in a curving bowl of yellow pottery, without an added joy in life? or brought together the flat disks of the pink and white mallow in the generous bulk of a glass punch-bowl, without devout thankfulness for roadside sacrifice?

But with all these things, much depends upon their holders; upon the judgment

with which the shape and bulk of bloom is made to conform to the shape of the vase; and above all upon this,—that the color shall not only harmonize, but carry a deeper tint than that of the flowers. If massing and harmony of color are taken into consideration, or rather if they are so well understood as to have come under the regularly organized decoration of the house, many previously unthought-of effects are achieved, and become a constant source of delight.

The wild mustard is a growth which will well repay gathering. Indeed, when branching in a yellow cloud from a large, globe-shaped, yellow jar, it is capable of making a spot of sunshine in the darkest room. The spikes of seeded dock blossom, changing through many variations from green to crimson, banked upon its long red-veined leaves, are more than simply beautiful, placed in a large-mouthed, bottle-shaped Japanese jar.

There are many wild things which we have never regarded from the point of view of their decorative qualities, or considered their aptitude for decorative use, simply because they grow under our very feet. Yet some of them are capable of very artistic effect. Few conservatory plants are so effective as the great-leaved burdock. Even when growing by the roadside, covered with the brown dust scattered by wagon wheels, it has a sculptural quality which is quite remarkable. A row of terracotta vases on the broad guard of the piazza, filled with alternate plants of burdock and long-leaved yellow dock, can be quite as architectural in effect as if they were century plants or palmettos.

One of the most beautiful features of a palace studio in Florence is a great plaster

group of a burdock plant, taken just before the branching or flower stage, and while the broad leaves were springing one over the other, enlarged to their utmost limit of growth. These had been cast singly and built up in the shape in which they had grown, showing veining and curve, the beauty of which might easily be overlooked in the growing plant, but was strikingly apparent in the plaster.

I have seen groups of mullein growing on carefully tended English lawns, among plants gathered from the ends of the earth, which were really conspicuous for beauty of form, texture, and color.

A magnificent midsummer effect on a seaside lawn could be produced by a border of marsh-mallow growing in front of the hedge which so often takes the place of a fence. As a rule, all these decorative plants are at their best in the second year of their growth, and would need to be transplanted as yearlings, with a shortening of the long principal root. All of them are semi-architectural, indeed, they might be almost called classical in effect, and therefore are appropriate to houses of some pretensions.

Nearly every one knows that for rustic cottages an excellent effect for outdoor planting can be had by using clumps of the gigantic fern or brake which grows in wild and swampy places, but it is not as well known that the great tufts of swamp grasses which one finds along the same places are as decorative as the flowering pampas grass. It is a great gain to learn the beauty of common things, and it is surprising how soon it is recognized by every one when they are lifted from the roadside or pasture into a place of honor beside the dwelling-house.

THE WARFARE OF HUMANITY WITH UNREASON¹

CHRISTIAN THOMASIUS

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

As we have seen, Thomasius had been driven, under a capital charge, from a leading chair in a renowned university to seek whatever chance might offer in a little town comparatively unknown.

To his contemporaries, clearly viewing the whole field, the future of his reforms, as well as his own personal prospects, must have seemed poor indeed. And yet, to us, looking along that lengthened chain of cause and effect which spans the abyss separating the American civilization of the twentieth century from the German civilization of the seventeenth, it is now clear that this catastrophe was but the necessary prelude to that great series of victories for justice, right reason, and mercy, which brought vast blessings to his country and to humanity.

There was at Halle what was known as a "Ritter-schule:" an intermediate academy for young nobles. It seemed but a dull centre of thought as compared with that which Thomasius had left, but he took a situation in it, and began a new career even more strenuous than the old. Discouraging prophecies were many, but all were soon brought to naught; the best of his old Leipsic students followed him; others flocked in from other parts of Germany, and soon he was more influential than ever: speaking to larger audiences and taking stronger hold.

The sovereign under whom he had thus taken refuge was the Elector Frederick III, of Brandenburg, who afterward made himself the first king of Prussia:

thus beginning that line of monarchs which has since won the sovereignty of the present German Empire.

The Elector saw his opportunity. True to those sane instincts which have made the Hohenzollerns the ruling family in Europe, true to the policy which led King Frederick William III, after his defeat by the first Napoleon, to establish the University of Berlin, and the Emperor William I, after his victory over the third Napoleon, to reestablish the University of Strasburg, Frederick III, in 1694, made the Academy of Halle a university, gave it a strong faculty, named Thomasius a full professor in it, and a few years later placed him at its head.

The new institution was at once attacked from all sides, and especially by its elder sisters. Intrigues were set on foot to induce the Emperor at Vienna to thwart the purpose of the Elector. Every attempt was made to arouse sectarian hate. A favorite reference to it among its enemies was a play upon words: naming it the University of Hell (Hölle), and alluding to it as "ein höllisches Institut."²

But these attacks helped Thomasius's work rather than hurt it. To understand the causes and results of such attacks an American in these days has only to recall the articles in very many sectarian newspapers and the sermons in numberless sectarian pulpits during the middle years of the nineteenth century against Cornell University and the State Universities of our Western commonwealths; very good examples may also be seen to-day in simi-

¹ Previous papers in this series have been devoted to Fra Paolo Sarpi, Hugo Grotius, and, in the preceding number, to Thomasius.

² See Dernburg, pp. 23 *et seq.*; also Guerike and others cited by Klemperer.

lar diatribes upholding the sectarian colleges of various Southern states against their state universities. But in that, as in more recent cases, the Darwinian theory seemed to apply: for while these diatribes kept many sons of timid parents away from Halle, there seemed a survival of the fittest: the more independent and thoughtful youth flocking to Thomasius's lecture-room in ever increasing numbers. Ere-long, his university rivaled Leipsic and Wittenberg, and became a leading centre of German thought. It became almost what Wittenberg had been in the days of Luther. Well has Thomasius been called by an eminent authority "the corner-stone of the new university," for during forty years his spirit was its main inspiration.

The basis of all his teaching was his development of the ideas of Grotius and Pufendorf: making law an evolution of right reason as against that survival of mediæval ideas which mainly promoted conformity with the sacred books and especially with the laws of Moses. But this was by no means all. More and more he strove to bring order out of chaos. The main material of law as then presented in Germany was an incoherent mass drawn not only from the Bible, but from the Roman Law, the Canon Law, and from decisions, glosses, notions, whimsies, — of authorities here, there, and everywhere, — often irreconcilable; — the breeding-ground of pedantry and the happy hunting-ground of venal ingenuity.

The spirit which permeated the teaching of Thomasius gave him a special power. The foremost purpose of his predecessors and rivals was the maintenance of dogma, their principal means hairsplitting definitions, distinctions, subtleties, and pedantries. Through all these the young professor broke boldly. His evident ambition was to distinguish himself, not by buttressing outworn beliefs, but by infusing into the younger generation a love for truth; — a straightforward use of right reason in seeking it and a manly courage in defending it. His clear purpose was to give his country deeper founda-

tions of justice, and to begin on these a better superstructure of law. He was by no means contemptuous of ancient sources. If right reason was embodied in an Old or New Testament declaration, or in a Roman code, or in the decision of a mediæval court, or in the better thought of a contemporary pedant, he was glad to make use of it; but he was, of all things and in the highest sense, practical: anxious to set men, not at spinning new theories to cover old abuses, but at thinking out better theories and working out better practice.¹

The main result of all this was soon seen in the new sort of professional men who went forth from Halle. That University became, under his direction, the training school for the state officials of Prussia. Instead of pedants discoursing endlessly in wretched Latin on the weight of the grapes of Eshcol, or on the meaning of this or that word in Aristotle, or on the sin of "syncretism" and the like, we find men under his guidance learning to think upon municipal and international law, on public economy, on state administration, and, none the less for all this, on a new and nobler literature.

As the years went on, increasing numbers of young men were sent out from this seat of learning to lay foundations for Prussian administration, and thus to prepare the ground for the House of Hohenzollern, and for the present German Empire.²

Nor did science, literature, or theology suffer. Better progress was made in each of these. Into every one of these fields great men went forth from the new university, especially into theology. Such men in our own day, from Tholuck and Julius Müller to Harnack and Pfleiderer, — who have been and are leaders of religious thought in Germany, and indeed

¹ See Dernburg, *passim*.

² For an excellent summary of the services rendered by Thomasius to German literature and to the House of Hohenzollern, see Julian Schmidt, *Bilder aus dem Geistigen Leben*, Leipzig, 1870, vol. i, pp. 42, *et seq.*

throughout Christendom,—are the legitimate results of Thomasius' influence: without him, so far as we can now see, they would have been impossible.

But while thus building up his department and the University, he did not forget his duty to the German people at large. He ceased, indeed, to publish his literary journal, but this was only that he might give all his time to works of greater importance. He never forgot that his main effort must be to lay better foundations of principle, to bring in better modes of thought, and to stimulate a more practical performance of duty. In 1691 was published his *Doctrine of Common Sense*; in 1692, his *Doctrine of Morals*; and, after a number of other treatises designed to uplift the character and conduct of the whole nation, appeared, in 1705, his work on *Natural and International Law*.

Yet all this was but a part of his activity. While doing university work, and writing treatises, learned and popular, he plunged more and more into great living questions,—the greatest on which any man of his time could be engaged, and in which he rendered more direct service to mankind than did any other German between Luther and Lessing.

First of these was Witchcraft. To understand the work of Thomasius in finally destroying a growth so widespread, so noxious, and so tenacious of life, we must look back over its history.

Its roots ran deep into the earlier strata of human civilization, and especially into the mythologies and theologies of Babylonia, Persia, Judea, Rome, and the rude tribes of early Europe. In the early days of Christianity a rank growth had come from sundry passages in our own sacred books; above all from the command in the Old Testament, "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," and from the declaration in the New Testament that "The Gods of the heathen are devils."

Various great fathers and doctors of the church, with St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Thomas Aquinas at their head, strengthened this growth, and

it was more and more bound on the consciences of the faithful by the edicts of various popes and councils.

Typical among these may be noted the bull *Spondent Pariter*, issued in 1317 by Pope John XXII. In this solemn utterance to the universal church, under guarantee of his infallibility in all teachings relating to faith and morals, he complained that he and many of the faithful were in danger of their lives from the arts of sorcerers; that such sorcerers could send devils into mirrors and finger-rings; could kill men by magic words; that they had tried to kill him by piercing a waxen image of him with needles, and he therefore increased the powers of inquisitors, and called on all rulers to hunt down those guilty of these things.

Still another effort in the same direction was made by Pope Eugene IV. Bringing his infallibility to bear on the subject, he exhorted inquisitors, especially in his bulls of 1437 and 1445, to seek out and punish the witches who caused bad weather. This and other edicts, universally supposed to be issued under direct guidance of the Holy Spirit, led to new carnivals of judicial murder in various parts of Europe; but the great stroke of all came later, when Pope Innocent VIII used his infallibility to yet more serious purpose. For in 1484 he issued his famous bull *Summis Desiderantes*, which, of all edicts ever sent forth under Paganism or Christianity, caused the most unlimited cruelty and the most profuse shedding of innocent blood. Inspired especially by the Scripture command, he exhorted the clergy of Germany to wage war on sorcerers, and especially on those who, by producing evil weather, destroyed vineyards, gardens, and growing crops. But this was not the worst. As his apostles, there were sent out two inquisitors, Institor and Sprenger. To increase their authority they were furnished, not only with the Papal bull, but with an Imperial patent and certificates of sundry theological faculties; while to complete their effectiveness they were provided

with a special manual: the *Witch Hammer*: the *Malleus Maleficarum*.

This work was received as almost divinely inspired, and its teachings soon became fruitful in horrors throughout Germany, and indeed throughout Christendom. Its doctrines were preached in thousands of pulpits, spread by myriads of traveling friars, and soon through central Germany came wide and systematic spying, torture, strangling, and burning. The victims were numbered by thousands. They included many men and children, but the overwhelming majority were women. Typical of the reasoning in the *Witch Hammer* may be noted a most cogent argument for seeking the main culprits among women: a rare bit of philology. It asserted that the word *femina* (woman) was a compound of *fe* (faith) and *minus* (less);—therefore that women had less faith than men; hence that they were especially prone to alliances with Satan.

From the bishops in the great cities the witchcraft procedure spread more and more, and the torture chambers were soon in full operation everywhere. The victims writhing under torture, anxious only for death to end their suffering, confessed to anything and everything. All that was needed was that the inquisitors should hint at the answers desired, and, there being no limit to the torture, there was no limit to the folly of the confessions. The agonized victims confessed readily to raising storms, spreading epidemics and cattle pests, riding on broomsticks to the Blocksberg, doing homage to Satan, signing Satanic compacts in their own blood, taking part in every sort of vile rite which the imagination of the inquisitors could conceive, and especially to bearing children to Satan. Confessions of this latter sort were forced by torture from the lips not only of women, but of children; and then, for this preposterous crime, thus absurdly proven, they were strangled and burned.

The main agents in carrying on this sacred work in Germany were, first, the Do-

minicans, and, at a later period, the Jesuits. They did it thoroughly. Especially throughout the seventeenth century we find them pushing it everywhere. Of much influence was the fact that people suspected of heresy could be very conveniently brought to the stake by means of trial for witchcraft. In this way war was waged against the new religious ideas to such effect that whole districts were thereby turned back into the older faith.

Leaders of a forlorn hope against this folly and cruelty arose in Teutonic lands as elsewhere,—especially such as Mollitor, Cornelius Agrippa, John Wier, Balthazar Becker, Cornelius Loos, and above all, Dietrich Flade. All were persecuted and silenced, and the two last were judicially murdered. Loos, indeed, escaped capital punishment by dying in prison, but Flade, though Chief Justice of the province and Rector of the University of Treves, was put on trial by the Archbishop, tortured until he confessed everything suggested to him, and was then strangled and burned.¹

To maintain this system, there continued a stream of infallible teachings from Rome: notably the bulls against witchcraft of Julius II, Adrian VI, and various successors;—and to deepen and extend it new treatises were written by strong men in various parts of the world—one of the most cruel being a new manual for witch finders and witch murderers by the Jesuit Del Rio.

Despite all this pressure, opposition continued. Even from the Jesuits themselves, who had become leading agents in all these atrocities and follies, there arose three young men who sought to open the eyes of their brethren. Two of these, Tanner and Laymann, were soon silenced with ignominy and cruelty: the third, Father Spee, had a different fate. Appointed to hear the final confessions of witches at Würzburg before their execu-

¹ The original trial papers in Flade's case, including the questions by the inquisition and his answers while on the rack, are now in the library of Cornell University.

tion, he learned from them that, without exception, they had made their previous confessions to the inquisitors simply because they could no longer resist the torture, and they besought him to let them die without a lie in their mouths. To this he finally consented, and, thenceforth, was obliged to see hundreds of men, women, and children whom he absolutely knew to be innocent, consigned to torture and death. The strain of this fearful revelation made him prematurely old and gray; and, escaping from his frightful duty after about a year of service, he prepared a most eloquent treatise against the whole delusion, the *Cautio Criminalis*;—and this, in order that his authorship might not be tracked through the confessional, he published at the Protestant town of Rinteln. In spite of its convincing statement of facts and its eloquent arraignment of the whole procedure, it had little immediate effect. The persecutions raged much as before. He also imparted his secret to a young student,—von Schönborn,—who afterward rose to be Primate and Prince Archbishop of Mainz; but though von Schönborn told the secret to Leibnitz, and stopped witchcraft procedure in his diocese during his term of office, he dared not take open ground against the superstition, and after his death the trials went on in his diocese as before.

Nor did the Protestant Reformation bring in any alleviation of these follies and cruelties. The leading reformers, both Lutheran and Calvinist, accepted the whole monstrous system. The great body of Protestant theologians and ecclesiastics, as soon as they obtained power, exerted themselves to prove their orthodoxy by making their procedure even more searching and cruel than that in the Catholic states.

In small towns, both Catholic and Protestant, more executions then took place in a single year for this imaginary crime than are now allowed in the whole German Empire for capital crimes during many decades of years. It is a statement

abundantly proved that in the century previous to the birth of Thomasius,—the hundred years between the middle of the sixteenth and the middle of the seventeenth century,—more than one hundred thousand persons were put to death in Germany alone for witchcraft; and though there had gradually come some diminutions in the number of victims, it remained a fearful curse even in Thomasius's time,—accepted largely by the best of men, and among these by Thomasius himself.¹

But in 1694 he was called, as professor of law, to take part in trying an alleged witch. Basing his decision upon the doctrines and methods of the great theologians and jurists of Germany, and indeed of the world, he gave his views against the supposed criminal. Happily the accused was saved by the verdict of the majority of Thomasius's associates, and among others by the vote of Professor Stryck, his principal rival in the Halle Faculty of Law. Had Thomasius been a mere dogmatist, or a logical gladiator, or a sensation-monger, or simply opinionated or selfish or conceited, he would have plunged into the fray, and, with pen and tongue, shown himself right and his opponents wrong. It was a fine opportunity for noise, for popularity, and for victory over Stryck, his great rival. But he spurned all such temptations; put aside all hostile feeling toward Stryck; bore his mor-

¹ For a more complete array of facts see Klemperer; Soldan, *Geschichte der Hexen Prozesse in Deutschland*; Scherr, *Kulturgeschichte Deutschlands*, chap. v; Henne-am-Rhyn, *Kulturgeschichte der neuern Zeit*, etc. For profound and at the same time interesting discussions based on the results of the superstition, see Wächter, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Deutschen Strafrechts*; and in English, the admirable summary given in the first volume of Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*. For exact statistics and details, see, in either edition of Soldan, chapters giving the lists of the condemned, with their ages, at Würzburg, Bamberg, Salzburg, and elsewhere; also Horst's *Zauber-Bibliothek*, and a mass of other authorities cited by the present writer in his *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*.

tification without complaining; began studying the whole subject more thoroughly; examined with the utmost care all the cases he could hear of; and the result was that he not only acknowledged himself wrong, but, having begun by declaring against witchcraft persecution, he soon took a step further, for which the whole world is to-day his debtor: he declared his disbelief in the whole system, and especially in a devil — hoofed, horned, and tailed — who whisks wretches through the air, assembles them upon the Blocksberg, accepts their homage, and makes those compacts with them which formed the foundation of the witchcraft trials.¹

Thomasius's position was now full of peril. Indeed, he seems himself to have felt this, and he was careful to define it. He stated, no doubt with perfect honesty, that as the Bible, both in the Old and New Testament, declares the existence of witches and sorcerers, and also declares, "Ye shall not suffer a witch to live," he did not presume to deny the existence of witches or their criminality; but what he protested against was the usual mode of action attributed to Satan, and especially the existence of Satanic compacts and that mass of unreason which the great theologians and ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages and the Reformation period, Catholic and Protestant, had for so many generations developed and defended.

This disclaimer helped him little. Catholic writers denounced it as only one more example of the skeptical tendencies of Protestantism; Protestants denounced it as bringing disgrace upon their Church. Both the old theologians and the new pointed out the fact that he impugned not only the judgments of the most learned and pious authorities, Catholic and Protestant, but that he defied the clear statements of Holy Writ, the beliefs of the primitive Church, the assertions of the Fathers, the decisions of Councils dictated

¹ For Thomasius's own account of this episode in his life, see his *Juristischer Handel* (Halle, 1720, 1er Theil, xviii).

by the Holy Spirit, the solemn decrees of a long line of Popes, the whole mass of theological wisdom, past and present, and therefore the voice of the Holy Church Universal as uttered "always, everywhere, and by all."

Remembrances of the fate of many who had made a similar fight might well haunt him, and especially of the trial of Dietrich Flade, who, like him, had at first believed in witchcraft, like him had then discovered its folly, like him had said so, and then, though like him an eminent jurist and university professor, had been tortured and put to death.

Since that judicial murder a century had passed, and a series of champions had won various strong positions for humanity; but though the defenders of the superstition could no longer send their enemies to the scaffold, they had fallen back into strong entrenchments, and were well armed.

The first of his main attacks on the whole witchcraft position were made by Thomasius during the opening years of the eighteenth century, and the earlier of these were curious in that they appeared as the theses of students under his presidency: notable among them being one by Johann Reiche in 1701 and another by Paul Ipsen in 1712. Thomasius freely acknowledged his controlling part in these, and during the remainder of his life followed them up with lectures, treatises, tracts, discussions of trials, translations of foreign works, — all in the same direction against this theological and judicial monstrosity.²

The air was thick with missiles, theological and judicial. In the Protestant church, there was cited against him that

² In the library of the Cornell University are not only copies of the original theses of Reiche and Ipsen, but a mass of publications and manuscripts of all sorts relating to the whole struggle. One of the most interesting among these is what appears to be a collection of notes from which Thomasius read one of his courses of lectures. For a good detailed statement, see Luden, *Christian Thomasius*, p. 274 and note.

colossus of theology and ecclesiastical law, Benedict Carpov: — the man who boasted that he had read the Bible through fifty-three times; that he took the Holy Communion at least once a month; that he had sentenced, or caused to be sentenced to death over twenty thousand persons; that he had devoted his life to strengthening the foundations of witchcraft procedure, and to increasing the severity of torture. In the older church, at the head of Thomasius's innumerable adversaries, as regarded theory, sat a multitude of the most eminent theological writers; and, as regarded practice, such prelates as the Archbishop of Salzburg, and the Bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg, who quietly ignored all argument, and went on torturing and burning as of old.

But the work of so many heroic champions and martyrs, now crowned by the efforts of Thomasius, began to bear abundant fruit. When the Archbishop of Salzburg sent at one time to the stake ninety-seven persons, mainly for witchcraft, he ended the series of greater burnings; when the Bishop of Würzburg brought Maria Renata to the scaffold and stake in 1749, he ended judicial executions for witchcraft in Germany; and when Anna Göldi was executed at Glarus, Switzerland, in 1782, the whole series was ended in civilized Europe.

But, perhaps, even greater were Thomasius's services in another field. Closely allied with the witchcraft superstition was the system of Procedure by Torture then prevalent throughout the Continent. The connection between torture and witchcraft was logical. In England, where torture was rarely used, witchcraft never produced any such long series of judicial murders as on the Continent; but in Scotland and Continental Europe, wherever torture was applied it came to be an axiom that a person charged with witchcraft who once entered the torture chamber was lost.¹

¹ For a most masterly essay, by a great jurist, on the connection between wholesale witchcraft convictions and procedure by torture, see Wächter, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Strafrechts*, especially in the appendices.

The system of procedure by torture in securing testimony regarding crime had lingered along with more or less vitality ever since the days of the Roman Republic. One of the strongest arguments against it had been made by Cicero, though it is only fair to state that, on another occasion, Cicero, after the fashion of men like him, argued on the other side. In the later days of the Roman Empire, largely under the influence of the Stoics, it had nearly died out. Successive Pagan emperors had ameliorated it; had, indeed, abolished its worst features, and its destruction seemed certain. The barbarians of Europe, with few exceptions, disclaimed it in their codes; from the Vehmgericht it was absolutely excluded.

The Christian Church, too, in its days of comparative weakness, seemed to pronounce against it. In the fifth century St. Augustine, in the sixth St. Gregory, and in the ninth Pope Nicholas I, were among great church leaders who denounced it, and during the early Middle Ages it fell comparatively into abeyance.

But the great misfortune was that the Church, after arriving at power, abjured the mild policy which it had supported during its weakness, gave torture new vitality, found cogent reasons for it, and introduced it in a far more cruel form and to a far greater extent than had ever before been known under Greeks, Romans, or barbarians.

For, under the Greeks and Romans, and in the ancient world generally, the cruelties of torture were *limited*. It was from this fact, indeed, that Cicero drew one of his strongest arguments, namely, that a criminal, if robust, could resist torture and avoid confession, but that an innocent man, if physically weak, might be forced to confess crimes which he had never committed.

But in the Christian Church, during the Middle Ages, there was developed the theory of "excepted cases." Under the belief that heresy and witchcraft were crimes especially favored by Satan, and that Satan would help his own, the old Roman

procedure by torture was not only revived, but at last made unlimited. It was held that no torture could be too severe in suppressing these crimes. Every plea against the most extreme torture was met by the argument that Satan would of course strengthen heretics and witches to resist ordinary torture. The restraints of the earlier Pagan civilization were therefore cast aside. In trials for heresy and witchcraft there was absolutely no limit to torture. This new evolution of cruelty received the highest infallible sanction when in 1252 Innocent IV issued his directions to the Inquisition in Tuscany and Lombardy that confession should be extorted from heretics by torture, and this sacred precedent was followed for centuries by new and even more cruel decrees of Popes, Councils, and Bishops, regarding procedure against both heretics and witches throughout Europe.

This procedure by torture naturally passed into the courts under lay control, and all the more so because ecclesiastics had so much to do with the administration of justice in them: a method which was considered reasonable in one court seemed reasonable in another.

From time to time noble voices were raised in the Church against it, and among these that of Geiler of Kaisersberg, — the most popular of mediæval preachers at the beginning of the sixteenth century, — whose warnings against it resounded under the arches of Strasbourg Cathedral, and along the upper Rhine.

But all in vain. During generation after generation procedure by torture was extended and systematized. In the sixteenth century the great "Caroline Code" of Charles V gave it new life in Germany, Italy, and Spain. In the seventeenth century the codes of Louis XIV gave it new life in France. In the eighteenth century the Code of Maria Theresa gave it new sanction in Germany.

In Great Britain, it long flourished noxiously in Scotland, and especially during the reign of James VI. Fortunately Eng-

land remained comparatively free from it, the main exceptions to the milder English practice, strange to say, having occurred under Lord Coke and Lord Bacon.

Strong thinkers, indeed, arose from first to last against it. But when such philosophers as Montaigne and Bayle and Voltaire, and such jurists as Pussort and Sonnenfels and Beccaria, would have abolished torture, the whole church influence, as well as the vast conservative authority in the legal profession, was against such an innovation, and this procedure steadily maintained its hold upon the world.¹

It was widely argued that, since the Almighty punishes the greater part of mankind with tortures infinite in severity and eternal in duration, men might imitate the divine example by administering tortures, which at the worst can only be feeble and brief, as compared with the divine pattern. It was also held, as a purely practical view, by the great body of the ecclesiastics and lay lawyers that torture was the only effective method of eliciting testimony. Among the monuments of this vast superstition which exist to this day, the traveler sees the "witch towers," the torture chambers, and the collections of instruments of torture in various towns on the Continent: notably at Nuremberg, Ratisbon, Munich, and The Hague; but perhaps nothing brings the system more vividly before us than the executioner's tariffs still preserved. Four of these may be seen in the library of Cornell University, and, among them, especially that issued by the Archbishop Elector of Co-

¹ For a general statement of the history and development of torture, especially on the Continent, see Wächter, *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Römischen Strafrechts*, as already cited. For an excellent statement of its general development, see Lea, *Superstition and Force*, edition of 1892, pp. 477, 478, also 575, 576. For a special history of procedure by torture in Great Britain, see Pike, *History of Crime in England*, chap. 10, and for means of tracing out the historical development of English and Scotch ideas regarding it, see Howell, *Index of the State Trials*, under the word "Torture."

logne in 1757. On four printed folio pages, it enumerates in fifty-five paragraphs every sort of hideous cruelty which an executioner could commit upon a prisoner, with the sum allowed him for each, and for the instruments therein required. Typical examples from this tariff are the following: —

	Thalers.	Ulb.
1. For tearing asunder with four horses	5	26
2. For quartering	4	
5. For beheading and burning	5	26
7. For strangling and burning	4	
8. For heaping the pile of wood and kindling		12
9. For burning alive	4	
11. For breaking a man alive on the wheel	4	
13. For setting up the wheel with the body twisted in it	2	52
19. For cutting off a hand or sundry fingers, and for beheading, — altogether	3	26
20. For burning with a hot iron	1	26
22. For beheading and placing the head upon a pike	3	26
24. For beheading, twisting the body in the wheel, and placing the head upon a pike, — altogether	5	
28. For tearing a criminal before his execution with red-hot pincers, — each tearing of the flesh		26
31. For nailing a tongue or hand to the gallows	1	26
42. For the first grade of torture	1	26
44. For the second grade of torture, including setting the limbs afterward, with salve for same	2	26

and so on through fifty-five items and specifications.

On this whole system, also, thus widespread, thus entrenched, thus defended, Thomasius declared war. He carried on the contest with his usual earnestness; yet at one time he faltered. The weight of authority against him seems to have aroused his suspicion that he might, after all, be wrong. In his justification it should be noted that many of his friends who were inclined to adopt his other ideas could not see any efficient means of eliciting true testimony save by the rack. Even

at the beginning of the nineteenth century, one of his greatest admirers, his biographer, Luden, while praising all his other work, expressed grave doubts as to the wisdom of his opposition to torture.¹

But Thomasius brought to bear on this subject his old strength and keenness; his doubts gradually faded; his convictions grew firm. His enemies kept him well occupied. The disciples of Carpzov were active in showing the godless and atheistic character of Thomasius's views upon torture, as well as upon witchcraft, and even Leibnitz — in many ways the greatest thinker of his time — sided mildly against him.

But Thomasius pressed on, and was at last victorious. The sovereigns of Prussia and of other German states gradually, under the influence of the new thought, allowed torture to fall into disuse. There were some rare exceptions, but at the close of Frederick the Great's reign it had virtually ended.²

The influence of Thomasius soon spread throughout other parts of Europe. Though torture lingered in France, and was only fully swept from the statute books by the Revolution of 1789, and though it prevailed in various other parts of Continental Europe until even a later period, it had mainly vanished before the end of the eighteenth century, under the antagonism of Thomasius in Germany, Voltaire in France, and Beccaria in Italy.

In still another great struggle Thomasius did heroic work. While in the thick of this war against witchcraft and torture, he fought no less bravely against intolerance.

Very early in his career he laid down

¹ For the letter in which Thomasius expressed his doubts, see Biedermann, as above.

² As a curious and painful monument of the occasional use of torture in Prussia, even at a late period, see, in the Cornell University library, the contemporary account of the trial and punishment of sundry servants who robbed the royal palace at Berlin. It contains illustrations representing various administrations of torture. See, also, in the same library the trial of the "Anointers" at Milan, — the *Processo dei Untori*, — with even more fearful illustrations.

certain fundamental ideas on the subject, and these frequently reappear in his writings. He declared against all state interference with religious convictions; he formulated the theory that human law deals with men's wills, and not with their consciences; and from these germs there bloomed forth essays, dialogues, satires, every form of attack upon every form of intolerance, culminating in 1722 in his *History of the Struggle between the Empire and Church in the Middle Ages*. From the first word of this book he goes straight to the mark. He points out errors of the Fathers of the Church, displays the futility of persecution, and makes clear the necessity of proclaiming religious liberty. All this gave great offense, and especially were his enemies shocked by one pungent expression: "The duty of Princes is not to save souls, but to preserve peace." This was denounced as rank heresy, and even as blasphemy. The idea of toleration had hardly begun to dawn. Persecution had, indeed, been discouraged in the early Church, but, as a rule, only while the Church was herself persecuted. The one good example in this respect was set by Lactantius, — but it had no appreciable effect on the Church at large. When she became able to persecute, she changed her view. Nothing could be more tolerant than the pleas made against persecution by Tertullian and Hilary of Poitiers when the Church was weak; nothing more provocative to cruelty than the arguments for persecution by Eusebius, St. Augustine, and the great mass of other leaders, when the Church had become strong. The same must be said of Protestantism. In its period of weakness it was tolerant; in its period of power it was intolerant.¹ When at last toleration was forced upon Europe as a result of the terrible religious wars of Germany, it was in a form which to us now seems incredible. The religious peace of Passau in 1552 established a toleration

expressed in the maxim, — "To whom the territory belongs, the religion belongs:" *Cujus est regio ejus est religio*. Toleration virtually extended only to allowing subjects who dissented from the religious ideas of their ruler to emigrate from his dominions. Even into minds blessed with the largest and most liberal instincts, — minds like those of Luther and Melancthon, — no full ideas of toleration, much less of religious liberty, had really entered. But Thomasius followed out his principle logically. He stood not merely for toleration, but for religious liberty. Whoever was oppressed for conscience' sake found in him a defender. Spener and his disciples were glad to avail themselves of his aid against oppression, and he stood by them firmly, receiving more than his share of the epithets hurled at them; and it should also be said to his honor that when the followers of Spener, at last, in their turn, became powerful, and therefore intolerant, he left them forever.

All along in Thomasius's career we see him putting forth ideas of vast use to the world: germ ideas, some of which have been obliged to wait for centuries before coming to full bloom and fruitage in institutions and laws. He did not hesitate to declare in Germany — groaning under Princes by the grace of God — that men were created naturally equal. He asserted the rights of women to a higher education and to the individual possession of property. His impartiality was judicial, and to the last he continued his various methods of work. In 1720–21 he published a book of *Thoughts and Reminiscences* of his legal life, an admirable mixture of statements profound and comical, grave and gay; but all pervaded with love of truth and hatred of tyranny.

His old enemies remained bitter; but a new generation was coming on, and the strongest men in it were his friends. Supporters came when least expected. The University of Leipsic, from which he had been forced to flee by night to save his life, finally made amends by calling him to

¹ On this whole subject, see the admirable chapter on Persecution in vol. ii of Lecky's *History of Rationalism in Europe*.

one of its most honored professorships. This he declined, and was soon afterward made Director of the University of Halle, and first Professor of Jurisprudence. His work ended only with his life. His manner of attack in his later years became less unsparing than in his youth; but what he lost in vigor he gained in authority.

As we look back over his life, so full of blessings to mankind, we can now see clearly one result of his activity to which no reference has hitherto been made, yet which was in some respects the most permanent of all; — a result so fruitful that it has acted and is still acting powerfully in our own time, and above all in France, Great Britain, and the United States.

This was his general influence on the higher education in favor of freedom from sectarian interference or control. Down to the time of his work at Halle, German universities had been mainly sectarian, and their sectarian character, whether frankly brutal and tyrannical, or exercised deftly and through intrigue, held back science and better modes of thought during many generations.

Theology, as the so-called "queen of the sciences," insisted on shaping all teaching in the alleged interest of "saving souls." Innumerable examples of this in the dealings of the older universities might be cited. But Thomasius's work at the University of Halle began the end of it. By him, more than by any other, was that institution brought out of the old sectarian system. In the environment of right reason which he there promoted, and which was spread throughout his fatherland, was evolved that freedom of research and instruction which has made the German universities the foremost in the world, and has given to Germany a main source of strength, — and not less in theology than in other fields.

His effort against witchcraft, torture, persecution, and various cruelties and pedantries, was triumphant long ago, but his work against sectarian control of instruction still continues, and nowhere more steadily than in the United States.

Evidences of it in Great Britain are the liberalizing of her great universities, and the election of laymen to so many positions in the higher instruction to which only ecclesiastics were formerly eligible. Evidences of it in France are the successful efforts now making to wrest the control of primary education from various monkish orders. In our own country it is seen in the escape of various older universities from sectarian control, and in the establishment of new universities, especially in our Western states, freed from this incubus, — and all, whether East or West, more and more under management of laymen rather than of ecclesiastics. The clauses in various state constitutions, notably that recently inserted in the constitution of the state of New York, forbidding appropriations to institutions under sectarian management, testify to the continuance of this movement. Sectarian hostility is, indeed, still strong in some parts of our country. It keeps back somewhat the proper development of the state universities of the North, and thus far absolutely prevents proper legislative appropriations to the state universities of the South. It has also been a main source of opposition to the establishment of a university at the city of Washington, which, though proposed by Washington himself, and supported by nearly every president since his time, still remains in abeyance. But the ideas of Thomasius will yet bear fruits in these fields as in others.¹

His death came in 1728. He had looked forward to it without fear. All that the Church, with the dogmas then in vogue, could do to increase the terrors of death failed to daunt him. Striking was his selection of a text for his own funeral sermon. It began with the words of St. Paul before Felix: "Neither can they prove whereof they now accuse me; but this I confess unto thee, that after the way

¹ For a brief but excellent treatment of Thomasius's work in emancipating the higher instruction in the German universities generally from ecclesiasticism and theology, see Dernburg, pp. 16 *et seq.*

which they call heresy so worship I the God of my fathers."¹

So ended a life precious not merely to Germany, but to universal humanity. Many have thought it unlovely. We naturally expect little kindliness or serenity of temper in a man so continually belligerent. As we hear of struggle after struggle, fight after fight, — of war perpetual, — we begin to suspect him as a dyspeptic, or an Ishmaelite. To the present writer, standing before his portrait in the great hall of the University of Halle, and before his bust in the University of Leipsic, the falsity of this theory was revealed. The face is large, kindly, — even jovial: it is the face of a man keen enough to see far into the unreason of his time, and bold enough to fight it; not dyspeptic, never vexed, never peevish, never snappish; but large, fearless, strong, determined, persistent.²

From first to last he was a warrior.

¹ Acts xxiv, 13, 14.

² An excellent copy of the Halle portrait, painted by Charles Burleigh, hangs in the law library at Cornell, — between the portraits of Grotius and Lord Mansfield.

Many have thought his methods too drastic. But his was a period when, as a rule, only drastic methods could avail; — a time like that when Luther began his work; when Richelieu and Mirabeau grappled with the enemies of France; when Cromwell took the helm in England; when Washington led in establishing our republic and Lincoln led in saving it. At such times measures apparently the most humane are often in reality the most cruel. When Christian Thomasius began his work, "sweet reasonableness" was absurd; mild methods futile. Only a man who could fling himself, and all that he was, and all that he hoped to be, into the fight, — who could venture everything and continue venturing everything until the last, could be really of use. He had, doubtless, the defects of his qualities; but he did his work for Germany and for mankind. He was the second of the three great reformers in Germany; and, at his death, there seemed to come a transmigration of his soul to the third; for, a few months later, in that same part of Germany in which he died, was born Gotthold Ephraim Lessing.

MEMORIAL DAY

BY McLANDBURGH WILSON

FROM out our crowded calendar

One day we pluck to give;

It is the day the Dying pause

To honor those who live.

WHAT SHOULD COLLEGE PROFESSORS BE PAID?

BY G. H. M.

A GREAT deal has been written of late, especially in the annual reports of college presidents, regarding the inadequacy of the compensation received by university teachers. The writer, to whom the question is one of vital importance, has seen many of these general statements, but has failed to find any which has taken up the matter in conclusive form. This he hopes to do here concisely.

Primarily the question is one of standard of living. If a grocery clerk can maintain his family in a suitable degree of decency and comfort on seventy-five dollars a month, have we a right to expect that a college instructor can do the same? The answer to this involves the demands which society makes upon the respective individuals.

To get at this point the writer analyzed the itemized household accounts which his wife has kept for the past nine years, during which time he has been connected with one of our large and wealthy universities. Two years were spent as instructor, two as assistant professor, and the next five as associate professor.

Summing up his total expenditures for these nine years, and in like manner his salary for the same period, he finds his expenditures have been to his salary in the ratio of 2.1 to 1.

His average annual expenditure has been \$2794.27.

His average salary has been \$1328.15.

For the *privilege of teaching* he has paid the difference, or \$1466.12 annually, from private means.

Even the unbusinesslike professor must pause before such a state of affairs, and try to fathom the reason for this discrepancy, when his firm belief is that he is living on as low a scale of economy as is possible for him in his position.

In order to find out where the bad management might be, — if bad management there was, — he divided his expenditure account into thirty-one separate items, arranged in tabular form under the following heads: —

1. Household Furnishing and Repairs.
2. Groceries, Meat, Fruit, Vegetables, etc.
3. Servants.
4. Fuel.
5. Light and Water.
6. Gardener and Grounds.
7. Laundry.
8. Taxes.
9. Life Insurance.
10. Fire Insurance.
11. Rent, or Interest on House and Lot.
12. Bicycles and repairs.
Horse, care and feed.
13. Doctors and Dentists.
14. Hospitals, Nurses, Drugs.
15. Death Expenses.
16. Legal Services.
17. Interest on Borrowed Money, for running expenses.
18. P. O. Box, Postage, Stationery, Telegrams, Telephone, Express, etc.
19. Newspapers, Books, and Periodicals.
20. Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, etc.
21. Learned Societies and Social Clubs.
22. University Gifts and Supplies.
Typewriting, Printing and Mimeographing.
23. Children's Tuition and Pocket Money.
24. Subscriptions and Charity.
25. Theatre, Concerts, Athletic Sports.
26. Christmas and other Gifts.
Entertainment of Friends.
27. Wine, Beer, Tobacco, Candy, and other Luxuries.
28. Personal and Toilet Supplies.
29. Business and Recreation Trips, Hotels, R.R. Fare, Carfare, etc.
30. Family Obligations, or Payment of Education Debt.
31. Savings, other than Life Insurance, looking toward old age.

He believes that, assuming that a college professor has the right to marry and

have two or three children, there is not a single one of these items which may be omitted from a consideration of expenses to cover a period of years. The whole question, then, resolves itself into this: how much per year is it reasonable to allow for each of these items?

In the community in which he lives, with a family of two adults, two children, and one servant, at the present high prices of the necessities of life, he believes that the sums he mentions are the *very least* upon which his household can be conducted. And he bases this belief upon a most accurate analysis of fully itemized accounts.

Taking up the items in detail:—

1. Household furnishing and repairs.

This item must cover, for a period of years, the original cost of household furniture of all descriptions. In addition, it must look after natural wear, tear, and breakage of furniture, glass, dishes, kitchen utensils, rugs, curtains, bedding, etc., as well as carpentry, plumbing, and the like. It must also provide for pictures, "works of art," and household adornments in general.

Does \$75 a year seem excessive for this? Say \$6 a month.

2. For five persons a grocery bill of \$25 per month, a meat bill of \$15, milk, \$5, fruit, vegetables, butter and eggs, \$10, or a total of \$55 (\$11 per person), should not seem unreasonable.

3. We must pay \$25 a month for even a passable servant. Shall we expect our wives to bear and rear children, do all of the housework, sustain their social duties, and remain well and strong?

4. Kitchen, fireplace, and furnace fuel will aggregate \$120 per year, or \$10 a month.

5. Light and water average with us just \$5 a month.

6. The labor of a gardener one day a month is \$2.

7. Our laundry averages just \$10 monthly. Our servants will do no laundry work.

8. An investment of \$5000 in house

and lot, together with personal property and poll tax, makes this \$10 a month.

If there were no house owned, the rent item (11) would have to be increased.

9. To protect the family of a man who is not in a position to save, \$5000 life insurance is not too much. The monthly premium on this amount, assuming a twenty-payment ordinary life policy, will be \$10.

10. \$3000 insurance on house, and \$2000 on personal property, makes \$18 per year, or \$1.50 a month.

11. Six per cent on \$5000 invested in house and lot is \$300 annually, or \$25 a month. This does not provide for depreciation, maintenance, and repairs. No desirable house on the campus can be rented for less than \$35.

12. Not caring to pay so large a rent, we live off the campus and use bicycles. Their depreciation and repairs average \$2 a month. Keeping a horse would cost \$8 a month.

13. An experience of ten years shows us that not less than \$10 a month may be set down for doctors and dentists for the family. A single attack of appendicitis in ten years will take the whole of this.

14. Hospitals, nurses, and drugs average \$5 a month.

15. Since the average duration of life is about forty years, in a family of four individuals one death is to be expected every ten years. This item may be set down at \$2 a month.

16. Occasional notary and minor legal services average \$1 a month.

17. Certain expenses, like life insurance and taxes, being payable in large amounts, necessitate loans from the bank, which are gradually repaid. This item may be set down at fifty cents monthly.

18. For a live family with connections, postage, stationery, telegrams, telephones, express, freight, cartage, and allied items, will aggregate \$3 a month.

19. Newspapers, books, and periodicals. A college professor is supposed to revel in this sort of thing. Suppose we allow him \$5 a month.

20. To clothe four individuals neatly and completely cannot cost less than \$180 a year, can it?

This is \$15 a month.

21. Learned society and social club initiation fees and dues must amount to at least \$2 monthly.

22. University gifts and supplies, type-writing, etc. We are constantly going into our pockets for small items which the university will not or cannot furnish without unbearable delay; or we may be working on lines of investigation which call for outlay. Say \$1 a month.

23. In our case, our children are of the kindergarten and primary school age, so this item is only \$9 a month.

Older colleagues, whose children have advanced to the music lesson and preparatory school age, say they must allow \$50 to \$60 monthly.

24. Some families belong to a church. We all have charitable instincts, we are of that class to which the call of needy or suffering humanity appeals.

May we allow \$2 a month?

25. Our education has given us a refined appreciation of the drama, and we have a knowledge of and love for the best music. The annual foot-ball game is a social event which every loyal member of the college community is supposed to attend. We cut this out long ago. Grand opera exists for us only in the memory of our German days.

Let us keep the spark alive by taking our wives once a month to a cheap concert; say \$1.

26. We have children and friends; there are birthdays and anniversaries, as well as Christmas. Is \$50 a year too much? This is \$4 a month. Dinners, receptions, and the like, are not for us.

27. Occasionally a man is jaded; he has a wild desire to "blow himself." May he have \$1 a month pocket money, to share with his wife?

28. Most of us can shave ourselves, but we cannot cut our own hair, although we may invert a bowl over the heads of our youngsters, and trim around the edges.

Here is another \$1.

29. When summer comes, a teacher is pretty nearly always exhausted. His work is trying and confining. His family requires an occasional change of air.

His professional needs may call for a long journey to attend an important meeting of fellow workers, etc. For an average geographical location \$100 a year, or \$8.50 a month, is not too much to cover these items. For an exceptional location, like the extreme Pacific coast, this item should be trebled.

30. The writer has known many colleagues whose education expenses had put them under obligations which they were pledged to repay. In most cases it takes ten years to wipe out these obligations. Sometimes at the end of this period not even the beginning of discharging the debt has been made. Our college professors often come from families whose means are small. The support of aged parents or other relatives may have to be borne by them in common with their brothers and sisters. Every man is apt to have some such claim on himself or his wife.

To cover these items let us allow him \$10 a month.

31. A few, a *very few*, of our colleges pay pensions to their old and worn-out teachers. In such cases perhaps there is no need for a man to lay aside something for his old age, or to make provision for his children's start in life.

Perhaps he owes a duty to his children, to give them as good an education and chance as he himself received. If so, he must begin to lay aside for it.

Where there is no pension, should he not aim, after thirty years of faithful service, to have \$10,000 laid aside? He is not in a position to know of places where he can get large returns on his small investments.

Shall we allow him \$250 a year to put aside (providing there are no "exceptional and unusual" expenses that year, *as there always are*)?

Let us say \$20 per month.

SUMMARY

These are certainly not great demands. Yet, summing them up, taking the smaller of the two when two sums are mentioned, we have \$262.50 monthly, or \$3150¹ per year. Let us talk no more of bad management, — we and our wives face an impossible problem.

CONCLUSION

If this seems extravagant to those who have to determine upon the proper *minimum* compensation for a man of long training, education, and refinement, we must ask them to look over these items carefully, one by one, and put down what they think a fair sum for each item for a family of the college professor's social status. Then let them foot up the total. The average college professor's salary, in the United States, is about \$2000.² The inevitable deduction from the table of

¹ The difference between this sum and the writer's average of \$2,794.27 is accounted for by the fact that he has saved nothing, and that his accounts begin with his first year of married life, when both his wife and he were well supplied with clothing, books, pictures, and certain items of household furnishings. No children and no servant for the first two years. Owning our own home since the second year, we have not included anything for rent or interest.

² This includes not merely full professors, but the other ranks as well.

analyzed expenses, borne out by the experience of the writer and of all of his colleagues whom he has consulted, is that this must be increased sixty per cent, — the increase to be uniform in all grades, from instructor to head professor.

If the profession of teaching is to attract the highest type of efficient manhood, a *living salary* must be paid. A man who devotes his life to the cause of the advancement of education must feel a "call" to it. He should be of a type which joyfully relinquishes all desire to accumulate worldly wealth or to live in luxury. Large salaries, commensurate with what equal ability would bring in other lines of work (\$10,000 to \$50,000), might be just, but would be undesirable, as they would tend to serve as bait to attract mercenary and lower types of men.

But a man fit to occupy a chair in a university should be paid enough to enable him to live in decency and comfort, rearing and educating his children, and retiring in his old age to something other than absolute penury.

The writer would commend a careful study of his table to all college trustees.

Can a man, whose energies are spent in so unequal and impossible a struggle to make both ends meet, maintain freshness and vigor in his work, be an inspiration to his students, and fulfill in scholarship the promise of his early years? The alternative demanded by the conditions is celibacy.

THE CENTENARY OF SAINTE-BEUVE

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

It is a hundred years since Sainte-Beuve was born in the Norman city that looks over toward England, and more than a generation has passed since his death just before the war with Germany. Yesterday three countries — France, Belgium, and Switzerland — were celebrating his centenary with speeches and essays and dinners, and the singing of hymns. At Lausanne, where he had given his lectures on *Port-Royal*, and had undergone not a little chagrin for his pains, the University unveiled a bronze medallion of his head, — a Sainte-Beuve disillusioned and complex, writes a Parisian journalist, with immoderate forehead radiating a cold serenity, while the lips are contracted into a smile at once voluptuous and sarcastic, as it were an Erasmus grown fat, with a reminiscence of Baudelaire in the ironic mask of the face. It is evidently the "Père Beuve" as we know him in the portraits, and it is not hard to imagine the lips curling a little more sardonically at the thought of the change that has come since he was a poverty-driven hack and his foibles were the ridicule of Paris.

Yet through all these honors I cannot help observing a strain of reluctance, as so often happens with a critic who has made himself feared by the rectitude of his opinions. There has, for one thing, been a good deal of rather foolish scandal-mongering and raking up of old anecdotes about his gross habits. Well, Sainte-Beuve was sensual. "Je suis du peuple ainsi que mes amours," he was wont to hum over his work; and when that work was finished, his secretary tells us how he used to draw a hat down over his face (that face *dont le front démesurément haut rayonne de sérénité froide*), and go out on the street for any chance liaison. There is something too much of these stories in what is writ-

ten of Sainte-Beuve to-day; and in the estimate of his intellectual career too little emphasis is laid on what was stable in his judgment, and too much emphasis on the changes of his religious and literary creed. To be sure, these mutations of belief are commonly cited as his preparation for the art of critic, and in a certain sense this is right. But even then, if by critic is meant one who merely decides the value of this or that book, the essential word is left unsaid. He was a critic, and something more; he was, if any man may claim such a title, the *maître universel* of the century, as, indeed, he has been called.

And the time of his life contributed as much to this position of Doctor Universalis as did his own intelligence. France, during those years from the Revolution of 1830 to the fall of the Second Empire, was the seething-pot of modern ideas, and the impression left by the history of the period is not unlike that of watching the witch scenes in *Macbeth*. The eighteenth century had been earnest, mad in part, but its intention was comparatively single, — to tear down the fabric of authority, whether political or religious, and allow human nature, which was fundamentally good, though depraved by custom, to assert itself. And human nature did assert itself pretty vigorously in the French Revolution, proving, one might suppose, if it proved anything, that its foundation, like its origin, is with the beasts. To the men who came afterward that tremendous event stood like a great prism between themselves and the preceding age; the pillar of light toward which they looked for guidance was distorted by it, and shattered into a thousand colored rays. For many of them, as for Sainte-Beuve, it meant that the old humanitarian passion remained side by side with a pro-

found distrust of the popular heart; for all, the path of reform took the direction of some individual caprice or ideal. There were democrats and monarchists and imperialists; there was the rigid Catholic reaction led by Bonald and de Maistre, and the liberal Catholicism of Lamennais; there was the socialism of Saint-Simon, mixed with notions of a religious hierarchy, and other schemes of socialism innumerable; while skepticism took every form of condescension or antagonism. Literature also had its serious mission, and the battle of the romanticists shook Paris almost as violently as a political revolution. Through it all science was marching with steady gaze, waiting for the hour when it should lay its cold hand on the heart of society.

And with all these movements Sainte-Beuve was more or less intimately concerned. As a boy he brought with him to Paris the pietistic sentiments of his mother and an aunt on whom, his father being dead, his training had devolved. Upon these sentiments he soon imposed the philosophy of the eighteenth century, followed by a close study of the Revolution. It is noteworthy that his first journalistic work on the *Globe* was a literary description of the places in Greece to which the war for independence was calling attention, and the reviewing of various memoirs of the French Revolution. From these influences he passed to the *cénacle* of Victor Hugo, and became one of the champions of the new romantic school. Meanwhile literature was mingled with romance of another sort, and the story of the critic's friendship for the haughty poet and his love for the poet's wife was of a kind almost incomprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind. It may be said in passing that the letters of Sainte-Beuve to M. and Mme. Hugo, which have only to-day been recovered and published in the *Revue de Paris*, throw rather a new light on this whole affair. They do not exculpate Sainte-Beuve, but they at least free him from ridicule. His successful passion for Mme. Hugo, with its abrupt close

when Mme. Hugo's daughter came to her first confession, and his tormented courtship of Mme. d'Arbouville in later years, were the chief elements in that *éducation sentimentale* which made him so cunning in the secrets of the feminine breast.

But this is a digression. Personal and critical causes carried him out of the camp of Victor Hugo into the ranks of the Saint-Simonians, whom he followed for a while with a kind of half-detached enthusiasm. Probably he was less attracted by the hopes of a mystically regenerated society with *Enfantin* as its supreme pontiff, than by the desire of finding some rest for the imagination in this religion of universal love. At least he perceived in the new brotherhood a relief from the strained individualism of the romantic poets, and the same instinct, no doubt, followed him from Saint-Simonism into the fold of Lamennais. There at last he thought to see united the ideals of religion and democracy, and some of the bitterest words he ever wrote were in memory of the final defalcation of Lamennais, who, as Sainte-Beuve said, saved himself but left his disciples stranded in the mire. Meanwhile this particular disciple had met new friends in Switzerland, and through their aid was brought at a critical moment to Lausanne to lecture on *Port-Royal*. There he learned to know and respect Vinet, the Protestant theologian and critic, who, with the help of his good friends, the Oliviers, undertook to convert the wily Parisian to Calvinism. Sainte-Beuve himself seems to have gone into the discussion quite earnestly, but for one who knows the past experiences of that subtle twister there is something almost ludicrous in the way these anxious missionaries reported each accession and retrogression of his faith. He came back to Paris a confirmed and satisfied doubter, willing to sacrifice to the goddess Chance as the blind deity of this world, convinced of materialism and of the essential baseness of human nature, yet equally convinced that within man there rules some ultimate principle of genius or individual authority which no ra-

tionalism can explain, and above all things determined to keep his mind open to whatever currents of truth may blow through our murky human atmosphere. He ended where he began, in what may be called a subtilized and refined philosophy of the eighteenth century, with a strain of melancholy quite peculiar to the baffled experience of the nineteenth. His aim henceforth was to apply to the study of mankind the analytical precision of science, with a scientific method of grouping men into spiritual families.

Much has been made of these varied twistings of Sainte-Beuve's, both for his honor and dishonor. Certainly they enabled him to insinuate himself into almost every kind of intelligence, and report of each author as if he were writing out a phase of his own character; they made him in the end the spokesman of that eager and troubled age whose ferment is to-day just reaching America. France scarcely holds the place of intellectual supremacy once universally accorded her, yet to her glory be it said that, if we look anywhere for a single man who summed up within himself the life of the nineteenth century, we instinctively turn to that country. And more and more it appears that to Sainte-Beuve in particular that honor must accrue. His understanding was more comprehensive than Taine's or Renan's, more subtle than that of the former, more upright than that of the latter, more single toward the truth and more accurate than that of either. He never, as did Taine, allowed a preconceived idea to warp his arrangement of facts, nor did he ever, at least in his mature years, allow his sentimentality, as did Renan, to take the place of judgment. Both the past and the present are reflected in his essays with equal clearness.

On the other hand, this versatility of experience has not seldom been laid to lightness and inconsistency of character. I cannot see that the charge holds good, unless it be directed also against the whole age through which he passed. If any one thing has been made clear by the pub-

lishing of Sainte-Beuve's letters and by the closer investigation of his life, it is that he was in these earlier years a sincere seeker after religion, and was only held back at the last moment by some invincible impotence of faith from joining himself finally with this or that sect. And he was thus an image of the times. What else is the meaning of all those abortive attempts to amalgamate religion with the humanitarianism left over from the eighteenth century, but a searching for faith where the spiritual eye had been blinded? I should suppose that Sainte-Beuve's refusal in the end to speak the irrevocable word of adhesion indicated rather the clearness of his self-knowledge than any lightness of procedure. Nor is his inconsistency, whether religious or literary, quite so great as it is sometimes held up to be. The inheritance of the eighteenth century was strong upon him, while at the same time he had a craving for the inner life of the spirit. Naturally he felt a powerful attraction in the preaching of such men as Saint-Simon and Lamennais, who boasted to combine these two tendencies; but the mummery of Saint-Simonism and the instability of Mennaisianism, when it came to the test, too soon exposed the lack of spiritual substance in both. With this revelation came a growing distrust of human nature, caused by the political degeneracy of France, and by a kind of revulsion he threw himself upon the Jansenism which contained the spirituality the other creeds missed, and which based itself frankly on the total depravity of mankind. He was too much a child of the age to breathe in that thin air, and fell back on all that remained to him,—inquisitive doubt and a scientific demand for positive truth. It is the history of the century.

And in literature I find the same inconsistency on the surface, while at heart he suffered little change. Only here his experience ran counter to the times, and most of the opprobrium that has been cast on him is due to the fact that he never allowed the clamor of popular taste and the

warmth of his sympathy with present modes to drown that inner critical voice of doubt. As a standard-bearer of Victor Hugo and the romanticists he still maintained his reserves, and, on the other hand, long after he had turned renegade from that camp he still spoke of himself as only *demi-converti*. The proportion changed with his development, but from beginning to end he was at bottom classical in his love of clarity and self-restraint, while intensely interested in the life and aspirations of his own day. There is in one of the recently published letters to Victor Hugo a noteworthy illustration of this steadfastness. It was, in fact, the second letter he wrote to the poet, and goes back to 1827, the year of *Cromwell*. On the twelfth of February, Hugo read his new tragi-comedy aloud, and Sainte-Beuve was evidently warm in expressions of praise. But in the seclusion of his own room the critical instinct reawoke in him, and he wrote the next day a long letter to the dramatist, not retracting what he had said, but adding certain reservations and insinuating certain admonitions. "Toutes ces critiques rentrent dans une seule que je m'étais déjà permis d'adresser à votre talent, l'excès, l'abus de la force, et passez-moi le mot, la charge." Is not the whole of his critical attitude toward the men of his age practically contained in this rebuke of excess, and over-emphasis, and self-indulgence? And Sainte-Beuve when he wrote the words was just twenty-three, was in the first ardor of his attachment to the giant — the Cyclops, he seemed to Sainte-Beuve later — of the century.

But after all, it is not the elusive seeker of these years that we think of when Sainte-Beuve is named, nor the author of those many volumes, — the *Portraits*, the *Chateaubriand*, even the *Port-Royal*, — but the writer of the incomparable *Lundis*. In 1849 he had returned from Liège after lecturing for a year at the University, and found himself abounding in ideas, keen for work, and without regular employment. He was asked to contribute a crit-

ical essay to the *Constitutionnel* each Monday, and accepted the offer eagerly. "It is now twenty-five years," he said, "since I started in this career; it is the third form in which I have been brought to give out my impressions and literary judgments." These first *Causeries* continued until 1860, and are published in fourteen solid volumes. There was a brief respite then, and in 1861 he began the *Nouveaux Lundis*, which continued in the *Moniteur* and the *Temps* until his last illness in 1869, filling thirteen similar volumes. Meanwhile his mother had died, leaving him a house in Paris and a small income, and in 1865 he had been created a senator by Napoleon III at the instigation of the Princesse Mathilde.

In his earlier years he had been poor and anxious, living in a student's room, and toiling indefatigably to keep the wolf from the door. At the end he was rich, and had command of his time, yet the story of his labors while writing the latest *Lundis* is one of the heroic examples of literature. "Every Tuesday morning," he once wrote to a friend, "I go down to the bottom of a pit, not to reascend until Friday evening at some unknown hour." Those were the days of preparation and plotting. From his friend, M. Chéron, who was librarian of the Bibliothèque Impériale, came memoirs and histories and manuscripts, — whatever might serve him in getting up his subject. Late in the week he wrote a rough draft of the essay, commonly about six thousand words long, in a hand which no one but himself could decipher. This task was ordinarily finished in a single day, and the essay was then dictated off rapidly to a secretary to take down in a fair copy. That must have been a strenuous season for the copyist, for Sainte-Beuve read at a prodigious rate, showing impatience at any delay, and still greater impatience at any proposed alteration. Indeed, during the whole week of preparation he was so absorbed in his theme as to ruffle up at the slightest opposition. In the evening he would eat a hearty dinner, and then walk out with

his secretary to the outer Boulevards, the Luxembourg, or the Place Saint-Sulpice, for his digestion, talking all the while on the coming *Lundi* with intense absorption. And woe to the poor companion if he expressed any contradiction, or hinted that the subject was trivial, — as indeed it often was, until the critic had clothed it with the life of his own thought. "In a word," Sainte-Beuve would cry out savagely, "you wish to hinder me in writing my article. The subject has not the honor of your sympathy. Really it is too bad." Whereupon he would turn angrily on his heel and stride home. The story explains the nature of Sainte-Beuve's criticism. For a week he lived with his author; "he belonged body and soul to his model! He embraced it, espoused it, exalted it!" — with the result that some of this enthusiasm is transmitted to the reader, and the essays are instinct with life as no other critic's work has ever been. The strain of living thus passionately in a new subject week after week was tremendous, and it is not strange that his letters are filled with complaints of fatigue, and that his health suffered in spite of his robust constitution. Nor was the task ended with the dictation late Friday night. Most of Saturday and Sunday was given up to proofreading, and at this time he invited every suggestion, even contradiction, often practically rewriting an essay before it reached the press. Monday he was free, and it was on that day occurred the famous Magny dinners, when Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Renan, the Goncourts, and a few other chosen spirits, met and talked as only Frenchmen can talk. Every conceivable subject was passed under the fire of criticism; nothing was held sacred. Only one day a luckless guest, after faith in religion and politics and morals had been laughed away, ventured to intimate that Homer as a canon of taste was merely a superstition like another; whereupon such a hubbub arose as threatened to bring the dinners to an end once and for all. The story is told in the *Journal* of the Goncourts, and it was one of the brothers, I believe,

who made the perilous insinuation. Imagine, if you can, a party of Englishmen taking Homer, or any other question of literary faith, with tragic seriousness. Such an incident explains many things; it explains why English literature has never been, like the French, an integral part of the national life.

And the integrity of mind displayed in the *Lundis* is as notable as the industry. From the beginning Sainte-Beuve had possessed that inquisitive passion for the truth, without which all other critical gifts are as brass and tinkling cymbals. Nevertheless, it is evident that he did not always in his earlier writings find it expedient to express his whole thought. He was, for example, at one time the recognized herald of the romantic revolt, and naturally, while writing about Victor Hugo he did not feel it necessary to make in public such frank reservations as his letters to that poet contain. His whole thought is there, perhaps, but one has to read between the lines to get it. And so it was with the other men and movements with which he for a while allied himself. With the *Lundis* came a change; he was free of all entanglements, and could make the precise truth his single aim. No doubt a remnant of personal jealousy toward those who had passed him in the race of popularity embittered the critical reservations which he felt, but which might otherwise have been uttered more genially. But quite as often this seeming rancor was due to the feeling that he had hitherto been compelled to suppress his full convictions, to a genuine regret for the corrupt ways into which French literature was deviating. How nearly the exigencies of a hack writer had touched him is shown by a passage in a letter to the Oliviers written in 1838. His Swiss friend was debating whether he should try his fortunes in Paris as a contributor to the magazines, and had asked for advice. "But where to write? what to write?" replied Sainte-Beuve; "if one could only choose for himself! You must wait on opportunity, and in the long run this becomes a transaction in which

conscience may be saved, but every ideal perishes," — *dans laquelle la conscience peut toujours être sauvée mais où tout idéal périt*. Just about this time he was thinking seriously of migrating with the Oliviers to this country. It would be curious to hear what he might have written from New York to one who contemplated coming there as a hack writer. As for the loss of ideals, his meaning, if it needs any elucidation, may be gathered from a well-known passage in one of his books: —

"The condition of man ordinarily is no more than a succession of servitudes, and the only liberty that remains is now and then to effect a change. Labor presses, necessity commands, circumstances sweep us along: at the risk of seeming to contradict ourselves or give ourselves the lie, we must go on and forever recommence; we must accept whatever employments are offered, and even though we fill them with all conscientiousness and zeal we raise a dust on the way, we obscure the images of the past, we soil and mar our own selves. And so it is that before the goal of old age is reached, we have passed through so many lives that scarcely, as we go back in memory, can we tell which was our true life, that for which we were made and of which we were worthy, the life which we would have chosen."

Those were the words with which he had closed his chapters on *Chateaubriand*; yet through all his deviations he had borne steadily toward one point. In after years he could write without presumption to a friend: "If I had a device, it would be the *true*, the *true* alone; and the beautiful and the good might come out as best they could." There are a number of anecdotes which show how precious he held this integrity of mind. The best known is the fact that, in the days before he was appointed senator, and despite the pressure that was brought to bear on him, he still refused to write a review of the Emperor's *History of Cæsar*.

Both the sense of disillusion which was really inherent in him from his youth, and the passion for truth, hindered him in his

"creative" work, while they increased his powers as a critic. He grew up, it must be remembered, in the midst of the full romantic tide, and as a writer of verse there was really no path of great achievement open to him save that of Victor Hugo and Lamartine and the others of whose glory he was so jealous. Whatever may have been the differences of those poets, in one respect they were alike: they all disregarded the subtle *nuance* wherein the truth resides, and based their emotions on some grandiose conception, half true and half false; nor was this mingling of the false and true any less predominant in one of Hugo's political odes than in Lamartine's personal and religious meditations. Now, the whole bent of Sainte-Beuve's intellect was toward the subtle drawing of distinctions, and even to-day a reader somewhat romantically and emotionally inclined resents the manner in which his scalpel cuts into the work of these poets and severs what is sound from what is morbid. That is criticism; but it may easily be seen that such a habit of mind when carried to excess would paralyze the poetic impulse. The finest poetry, perhaps, is written when this discriminating principle works in the writer strongly but unconsciously; when a certain critical atmosphere about him controls his taste, while not compelling him to dull the edge of impulse by too much deliberation. Boileau had created such an atmosphere about Molière and Racine; Sainte-Beuve had attempted, but unsuccessfully, to do the same for the poets of the romantic renaissance. His failure was due in part to a certain lack of impressiveness in his own personality, but still more to the notions of individual license which lay at the very foundation of that movement. There is a touch of real pathos in his superb tribute to Boileau: —

"Let us salute and acknowledge to-day the noble and mighty harmony of the *grand siècle*. Without Boileau, and without Louis XIV, who recognized Boileau as his Superintendent of Parnassus, what would have happened? Would even the

most talented have produced in the same degree what forms their surest heritage of glory? Racine, I fear, would have made more plays like *Bérénice*; La Fontaine fewer *Fables* and more *Contes*; Molière himself would have run more to Scapins, and might not have attained to the austere eminence of *Le Misanthrope*. In a word, each of these fair geniuses would have abounded in his natural defects. Boileau, that is to say, the common sense of the poet-critic authorized and confirmed by that of a great king, constrained them and kept them, by the respect for his presence, to their better and graver tasks. And do you know what, in our days, has failed our poets, so strong at their beginning in native ability, so filled with promise and happy inspiration? There failed them a Boileau and an enlightened monarch, the twain supporting and consecrating each other. So it is these men of talent, seeing themselves in an age of anarchy and without discipline, have not hesitated to behave accordingly; they have behaved, to be perfectly frank, not like exalted geniuses, or even like men, but like schoolboys out of school. We have seen the result."

Nobler tribute to a great predecessor has not often been uttered, and in contrast one remembers the outrage that has been poured on Boileau's name by the later poets of France and England. One recalls the scorn of the young Keats, in those days when he took license upon himself to abuse the King's English as only a willful genius can: —

Ill-fated, impious race!
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist face to face,
And did not know it, — no, they went about,
Holding a poor decrepit standard out
Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau!

I am not one to fling abuse on the school of Dryden and Pope, yet the eighteenth century may to some minds justify the charge of Keats and the romanticists. Certainly the critical restraint of French rules, passing to England at a time when the tide of inspiration had run low, in-

duced a certain aridity of manner. But consider for a moment what might have been the result in English letters if the court of Elizabeth had harbored a man of authority such as Boileau, or, to put it the other way, if the large inspiration of those poets and playwrights had not come before the critical sense of the land was out of its swaddling clothes. What might it have been for us if a Boileau and an Elizabeth together had taught Shakespeare to prune his redundancies, to disentangle his language at times, to eliminate the relics of barbarism in his dénouements; if they had compelled the lesser dramatists to simplify their plots and render their characters conceivable moral agents; if they had instructed the sonneteers in common sense and in the laws of the sonnet; if they had constrained Spenser to tell a story, — consider what this might have meant, not only to the writers of that day, but to the tradition they formed for those that were to come after. We should have had our own classics, and not been forced to turn to Athens for our canons of taste. There would not have been for our confusion the miserable contrast between the "correctness" of Queen Anne's day and the creative genius of Elizabeth's, but the two together would have made a literature incomparable for richness and judgment. It is not too much to say that the absence of such a controlling influence at the great expansive moment of England is a loss for which nothing can ever entirely compensate in our literature.

Such was the office which Sainte-Beuve sought to fulfill in the France of his own day. That conscious principle of restraint might, he thought, when applied to his own poetical work, introduce into French literature a style like that of Cowper's or Wordsworth's in England; and to a certain extent he was successful in this attempt. But in the end he found the Democritean maxim too strong for him: *Excludit sanos Helicone poetas*; and, indeed, the difference between the poet and the critic may scarcely be better defined than in this, that in the former the princi-

ple of restraint works unconsciously and from without, whereas in the latter it proceeds consciously and from within. And finding himself debarred from Helicon (not by impotence, as some would say, but by excess of self-knowledge), he deliberately undertook to introduce a little more sanity into the notions of his contemporaries. I have shown how at the very beginning of his career he took upon himself privately such a task with Hugo. It might almost be said that the history of his intellect is summed up in his growth toward the sane and the simple; that, like Goethe, from whom so much of his critical method derives, his life was a long endeavor to supplant the romantic elements of his taste by the classical. What else is the meaning of his attack on the excesses of Balzac? or his defense of Erasmus (*le droit, je ne dis des tièdes, mais des neutres*), and of all those others who sought for themselves a governance in the law of proportion? In one of his latest volumes he took the occasion of Taine's *History of English Literature* to speak out strongly for the admirable qualities of Pope:—

“I insist on this because the danger to-day is in the sacrifice of the writers and poets whom I will call the moderate. For a long time they had all the honors: one pleaded for Shakespeare, for Milton, for Dante, even for Homer; no one thought it necessary to plead for Virgil, for Horace, for Boileau, Racine, Voltaire, Pope, Tasso, — these were accepted and recognized by all. To-day the first have completely gained their cause, and matters are quite the other way about: the great and primitive geniuses reign and triumph; even those who come after them in invention, but are still naïve and original in thought and expression, poets such as Regnier and Lucretius, are raised to their proper rank; while the moderate, the cultured, the polished, those who were the classics to our fathers, we tend to make subordinate, and, if we are not careful, to treat a little too cavalierly. Something like disdain and contempt (relatively speaking) will soon be their portion. It seems to me that there is

room for all, and that none need be sacrificed. Let us render full homage and complete reverence to those great human forces which are like the powers of nature, and which like them burst forth with something of strangeness and harshness; but still let us not cease to honor those other forces which are more restrained, and which, in their less explosive expression, clothe themselves with elegance and sweetness.”

And this love of the golden mean, joined with the long wanderings of his heart and his loneliness, produced in him a preference for scenes near at hand and for the quiet joys of the hearth. So it was that the idyllic tales of George Sand touched him quickly with their strange romance of the familiar. Chateaubriand and the others of that school had sought out the nature of India, the savannahs of America, the forests of Canada. “Here,” he says, “are discoveries for you, — deserts, mountains, the large horizons of Italy; what remained to discover? That which was nearest to us, here in the centre of our own France. As happens always, what is most simple comes at the last.” In the same way he praised the refined charm of a poet like Cowper, and sought to throw into relief the purer and more homely verses of a Parny: “If a little knowledge removes us, yet greater knowledge brings us back to the sentiment of the beauties and graces of the hearth.” Indeed, there is something almost pathetic in the contrast between the life of this laborious recluse, with his sinister distrust of human nature, and the way in which he fondles this image of a sheltered and affectionate home.

But the nineteenth century was not the seventeenth, neither was Sainte-Beuve a Boileau, to stem the current of exaggeration and egotism. His innate sense of proportion brought him to see the dangerous tendencies of the day, and, failing to correct them, he sank deeper into that disillusion from which his weekly task was a long and vain labor of deliverance. He took to himself the saying of the Abbé

Galiani: "Continue your works; it is a proof of attachment to life to compose books." Yet it may be that this very disillusion was one of the elements of his success; for after all, the real passion of literature, that perfect flower of the contemplative intellect, hardly comes to a man until the allurements of life have been dispelled by many experiences, each bringing its share of disappointment. Only, perhaps, when the hope of love (the *spes animi credula mutui*) and the visions of ambition, the belief in pleasure and the luxury of grief, have lost their sting, do we turn to books with the contented understanding that the shadow is the reality, and the seeming reality of things is the shadow. At least for the critic, however it may be for the "creative" writer, this final deliverance from self-deception would seem to be necessary. Nor do I mean any invidious distinction when I separate the critic from the creative writer in this respect. I know there is a kind of hostility between the two classes. The poet feels that the critic by the very possession of this self-knowledge sets himself above the writer who accepts the inspiration of his emotions unquestioningly, while the critic resents the fact that the world at large looks upon his work as subordinate, if not superfluous. And yet, in the case of criticism such as Sainte-Beuve conceived it, this distinction almost ceases to exist. No stigma attaches to the work of the historian who recreates the political activities of an age, to a Gibbon who raises a vast bridge between the past and the present. Yet, certainly, the best and most durable acts of mankind are the ideals and emotions that go to make up its books, and to describe and judge the literature of a country, to pass under review a thousand systems and reveries, to point out the meaning of each, and so write the annals of the human spirit, to pluck out the heart of each man's mystery and set it before the mind's eye quivering with life, — if this be not a labor of immense creative energy the word has no sense to my ears. We read and enjoy, and the past slips un-

ceasingly from our memory. We are like the foolish peasant: the river of history rolls at our feet, and forever will roll, while we stand and wait. And then comes this magician, who speaks a word, and suddenly the current is stopped; who has power like the wizards of old to bid the tide turn back upon itself, and the past becomes to us as the present, and we are made the lords of time. I do not know how it affects others, but for me, as I look at the long row of volumes which hold the interpretation of French literature, I am almost overwhelmed at the magnitude of this man's achievement.

Nor is it to be supposed that Sainte-Beuve, because he was primarily a critic, drew his knowledge of life from books only, and wrote, as it were, at second hand. The very contrary is true. As a younger man, he had mixed much with society, and even in his later years, when, as he says, he lived at the bottom of a well, he still, through his friendship with the Princess Mathilde and others of the great world, kept in close touch with the active forces of the Empire. As a matter of fact, every one knows, who has read at all in his essays, that he was first of all a psychologist, and that his knowledge of the human breast was quite as sure as his acquaintance with libraries. He might almost be accused of slighting the written word in order to get at the secret of the writer. What attracted him chiefly was that middle ground where life and literature meet, where life becomes self-conscious through expression, and literature retains the reality of association with facts. "A little poesy," he thought, "separates us from history and the reality of things; much of poesy brings us back." Literature to him was one of the arts of society. Hence he was never more at his ease, his touch was never surer and his eloquence more communicable, than when he was dealing with the great ladies who guided the society of the eighteenth century and retold its events in their letters and memoirs, — Mme. du Deffand, Mme. de Grafigny, Mlle. de Lespinasse,

and those who preceded and followed. Nowhere does one get closer to the critic's own disappointment than when he says with a sigh, thinking of those irrecoverable days: "Happy time! all of life then was turned to sociability." And he was describing his own method as a critic, no less than the character of Mlle. de Lespinasse, when he wrote: "Her great art in society, one of the secrets of her success, was to feel the intelligence (*l'esprit*) of others, to make it prevail, and to seem to forget her own. Her conversation was never either above or below those with whom she spoke; she possessed measure, proportion, rightness of mind. She reflected so well the impressions of others, and received so visibly the influence of their intelligence, that they loved her for the success she helped them to attain. She raised this disposition to an art. 'Ah!' she cried one day, 'how I long to know the foible of every one!'" And this love of the social side of literature, this hankering after *la bella scuola* when men wrote under the sway of some central governance, explains Sainte-Beuve's feeling of desolation amidst the scattered, individualistic tendencies of his own day.

There lie the springs of Sainte-Beuve's critical art, — his treatment of literature as a function of social life, and his search in all things for the golden mean. There we find his strength, and there, too, his limitation. If he fails anywhere, it is when he comes into the presence of those great and imperious souls who stand apart from the common concerns of men, and who rise above our homely mediocrities, not by extravagance or egotism, but by the lifting wings of inspiration. It is a common charge against him that he was cold to the sublime, and he himself was aware of this defect, and sought to justify it. "Il ne faut donner dans le sublime," he said, "qu'à la dernière extrémité et à son corps défendant." Something of this, too, must be held to account for the haunting melancholy that he could forget, but never overcome. He might have lived with a kind of content in the society of

those refined and worldly women of the eighteenth century, but, missing the solace of that support, he was unable amid the dissipated energies of his own age to rise to that surer peace that needs no communion with others for its fulfillment. Like the royal friend of Voltaire, he still lacked the highest degree of culture, which is religion. He strove for that during many years, but alone he could not attain to it. As early as 1839 he wrote, while staying at Aigues-Mortes: "My soul is like this beach, where it is said Saint Louis embarked: the sea and faith, alas! have long since drawn away." One may excuse these limitations as the "defect of his quality," as indeed they are. But more than that, they belong to him as a French critic, as they are to a certain degree inherent in French literature. That literature and language, we have been told by no less an authority than M. Brunetière, are preëminently social in their strength and their weakness. And Sainte-Beuve was indirectly justifying his own method when he pointed to the example of Voltaire, Molière, La Fontaine, and Rabelais, and Villon, the great ancestors. "They have all," he said, "a corner from which they mock at the sublime." I am even inclined to think that these qualities explain why England has never had, and may possibly never have, a critic in any way comparable to Sainte-Beuve; for the chief glory of English literature lies in the very field where French is weakest, in the lonely and unsociable life of the spirit, just as the faults of English are due to its lack of discipline and uncertainty of taste. And after all, the critical temperament consists primarily in just this linking together of literature and life, and in the leveling application of common sense.

Yet if Sainte-Beuve is essentially French, indeed almost inconceivable in English, he is still immensely valuable, perhaps even more valuable, to us for that very reason. There is nothing more wholesome than to dip into this strong and steady current of wise judgment. It is good for us to catch the glow of his mas-

terful knowledge of letters and his faith in their supreme interest. His long row of volumes are the scholar's *Summa Theologiæ*. As John Cotton loved to sweeten

his mouth with a piece of Calvin before he went to sleep, so the scholar may turn to Sainte-Beuve, sure of his never-failing abundance and his ripe intelligence.

A QUESTION OF EQUITY

BY HELEN STERLING THOMAS

"You will have that copy ready on Monday morning, please, Miss Grant."

The head of the firm spoke with quiet insistence; without waiting for a reply he took his hat and, hurriedly glancing at a time-table, rang for the elevator.

"Click, click, click," sang the typewriter; "folio No. 209," printed Elza; then the machine caught, and she stopped to adjust it. It was very warm in the office; through the open windows the jangle of street noises below floated up to her; a spiritless hurdy-gurdy tried to make itself heard, there seemed something human in its pathetic effort. Elza wondered dully why it kept on playing, contending against the clash and roar of the city with only its wheezing melody. Nobody wanted to hear it. Then she began again on a fresh sheet of paper, "folio No. 209."

When she finally left the office that afternoon, there was a tired droop to her shoulders. She had kept Allen waiting some time after he came for her.

"There was extra work to be finished," she explained. "I shall have to come down Sunday morning."

He marked the jaded accent, and looked at her anxiously; his eyes followed lovingly as she passed out of the elevator before him. Something struck him as inexpressibly touching in the short brown jacket and wrinkled corduroy skirt; he noticed for the first time how shabby the familiar garments were. To-day they seemed to have assumed all their owner's weariness, and hung about her figure in sympathetic dejection. She caught his look of distress

and tried to smile, but the corner of her mouth twitched instead, and for a moment they stood despondently on the street corner, while the great tide surged by.

"There is n't anything of our Saturday afternoon left now." Elza spoke slowly without looking up.

"Oh, time for the Staten Island boat, or we might take the stage up to the Park," he suggested.

But the stage passed, and there were no places outside, so instead they sat on the upper deck of the ferry and watched the summer twilight fade into night, and the lights pricking through the mist down on the Long Island shore. A soft sea wind blew in their faces. Elza took off her hat, and as she put it down on the seat next, her hand fell on Allen's coat. She felt a package in the pocket, looked up anxiously: —

"It is n't! oh, it is n't?"

He nodded. "Yes, it came back this afternoon. Three publishers have refused it now. I don't believe I shall send it again." He laughed rather mirthlessly. "It is n't being refused which one minds, of course. I know I could do something really good in time, — if one only had the time. But what is a man's brain good for at night after balancing books all day in a brass factory!"

"Suppose it never were any different for either of us." Elza's voice was even and expressionless.

He pulled himself together, and spoke brightly: "Oh, one day I shall do some-

thing that will make a sensation, and all the publishers will be after my work. Fancy, — fancy that we had a thousand dollars, Elza, to-night, right now!"

She looked at him, smiling a little wistfully.

"We could get married," — he continued gayly.

"I sometimes think we never shall," said Elza, "and you will just go on with the account books, and write stories that nobody will ever read; and I shall grow old and gray-haired sitting at a typewriter, and you will come Saturday afternoons to take me out, and it will always be too late to go anywhere."

"Not at all," answered Allen in an injured tone, "some day we will have a thousand dollars, and we won't save and be prudent, but you shall have a good time for once; no work for you, just play all day long."

"We'll go to Europe," laughed the girl, "to London, Paris; think of the pictures in the National Gallery, the Louvre!"

"We will make our obeisance to the Mona Liza and speak to Titian's Lady Laura, won't we? And they will welcome us across three centuries because we've loved them and waited all our lives to see them. But they will be so jealous when they see you, Elza," — he bent nearer her, — "they will come down out of their frames and drive you out of the gallery, and then we will go away and dine. And you shall wear white camellias every night, and be dressed like a princess."

She looked down and pinched the wilted ribbon on her hat, but Allen continued heedlessly: —

"And at night the most interesting people in the world will come to our salon, artists, poets, musicians; they will sigh for a word from you, and they will carry away my signature as a priceless treasure."

She met his eyes, laughing.

"I assure you they will, Elza, and we will find some poor young people who have n't money enough to be married; and we will introduce them because they

have talent, only no one discovered it."

"Just like us," murmured Elza.

"No, not at all; we are already established, remember. I have a secretary, and my fifth novel is all sold out before publication."

"And when the money is all gone?"

"What an unpleasant thought! But then we should at least be married," he added quickly, "and nothing could undo that."

The boat bumped suddenly into the slip, and they went quietly uptown and dined at an inexpensive restaurant within sound of the elevated. Afterwards, when they came out into the street again, Allen stopped at the corner to buy her a bunch of sweet peas. They had gone a half block before he discovered that the boy had given him too much in change. He turned and dashed down the street, and returned a moment later, breathless and satisfied.

"You might have paid my fare home with that," said Elza, laughing a little. "You are not qualified to acquire riches, my friend, you simply dream about having them. I wonder if you would refuse a chance of real importance for fear of injustice to some vague personality, for instance, like this boy with the flowers, when some one as near you as I might be benefited? Your conscience is most absurd."

"My forefathers were Puritans," he answered briefly.

"But you are really an artist, Allen," — she looked at him proudly, — "yet the Puritan in you keeps you from ever letting go of yourself like some of your brethren, and losing the moral sense. You would n't find it worth while to make an effect or to take a pleasure at the expense of any one else."

"Are the genuine effects ever made that way? Does some one have to suffer for every bit of success and joy that comes in the world?"

"It is just the other side of the stage, don't you see?" insisted the girl. "Some one pulls the ropes and the scenery, and makes the nice, merry comedy possible."

"Is some one hurt now because we are happy in being together?" He drew her hand in his arm, speaking gently.

"Oh, I dare say."

"I don't like to think it," he responded gravely; and added, "to live honestly and to hurt no one is about all most of us can try to accomplish."

After he left Elza on the doorstep of a shabby boarding-house, he turned slowly homeward. The girl's dejection of the afternoon had entered into his own mood, and now that the necessity of a show of courage was gone, he was too weary to resist the despair in his heart. Her words, "If it never should be any different for either of us," seemed printed in large type on his mental horizon. What hope was there that it ever would be otherwise! How many like themselves were there here in the city with nothing but their dreams and the optimism of youth and health to stay them in a routine of uncongenial labor! There welled in his heart an unutterable tenderness for the toiling, suffering mass of humanity around him. The thought of the "Weltschmerz," his own inability to lessen it, hurt him at times more than his personal disappointment and pain. A painting by a great Spaniard, which he had chanced to see in one of the shops of late, had moved him strangely, and the remembrance of it flashed before him now. Some crippled children were bathing in the sea, aided by a priest; the canvas had seemed to him like a symbol, as though the misery of the whole world were concentrated in those painfully deformed little nude bodies. Infinite commiseration was written in the face of the priest, which looked down, helpless and pitiful, on this heritage of sorrow. He had found the picture almost unbearable at the time, and gladly turned away from it back to the sunshine of the street.

He was still young enough not to have altogether renounced the idea that disagreeable tasks should bring agreeable rewards, and often he rebelled, not so much for himself as for Elza. It was impossible not to imagine what their life spent to-

gether might mean; now they met after long business hours almost too weary to take each other's hands. They would ask so little, oh, so little, of the gods! Why should simple joys be denied her for lack of time to enjoy them? Why should she spend day after day over a typewriter, printing legal documents for a brute of a man who took an early train out of town every afternoon? He recalled the stoop of her shoulders as she passed out of the elevator before him, and the few threads of gray in her dark hair. He had never noticed them until to-day. He shook himself fiercely, and went up the avenue with long strides. If he had been anything of a man he ought to have freed her; her love had been the supreme inspiration for work, and what had he accomplished? Some men worked their way through college, through a profession, into practice and position. His old boyish contempt of those who fail arose and confronted his thirty-eight years of unsuccess. Was there, after all, some flaw in his moral fibre? The great novel he had dreamed of remained unwritten. Had he hesitated at some crucial cross-road and missed the path to good fortune, or did he lack that invincible courage that wins? He knew he could succeed with his work some day, and for a moment the consciousness of power uplifted him. It did not matter about this tale which the publishers refused; he could write a better one,—more simple, more human. That motif he had been thinking of for the past month was the motif he would arrive with. He knew the idea was original, he was sure it would succeed. How often he had been sure before! but this time it was different. Oh, but for the opportunity to write the story! It would take deliberate adjustment, delicate workmanship; he could not give that in the hours snatched from sleep after his day in the office; and again arose the old murmur that echoed through all the fairy tales he told to Elza: "Now fancy,—fancy we had a thousand dollars! If I could borrow it," he thought, "just for a year — for six months; Jove! I see

how some poor chaps get in trouble!"

He was still thinking of the story as he stumbled up his stairs that evening, and ran into Gervase on the dark landing.

"Hello! did n't see you, come in," said Allen, unlocking his door.

Gervase stepped inside, glanced about. The meagre furnishings were relieved by the shelf of worn volumes and the Velasquez photograph pinned on the faded wall paper. He stood a moment, quickened with a definite and exquisite pleasure in the suggestion of his friend's personality which the modest little room always gave him on entering. On leaving he always had the conviction that Allen was an even better fellow than he realized, and wondered why fate never did him a good turn.

"Don't stand, sit down," said Allen. "Here is your pipe, just as you left it, full of last week's ashes. Glad you came to-night; I remember I've something I want to show you. I wandered into an auction on my way uptown the other day; I could n't help bidding just to see the things go, — and like a fool got saddled with a rug. I paid almost nothing for it, but I could n't afford it, and did n't want it anyhow."

He unrolled it on the back of a chair. "Here it is. Nice texture, don't you think?"

Gervase turned up the gas and bent over the rug eagerly.

"Where did you get this?" he inquired sharply.

"Why, at that sale, — Mignonette Marble's effects, — the old gayety singer, you know, — a lot of tawdry stuff, old costumes" —

"And how much did you pay for" —

"Is it any good?" interrupted Allen. "I had a vague notion it might be worth something."

Gervase sat staring at his companion, his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"Man, don't you know? You have a Ghiordes," he said solemnly.

"Oh, I say! that's unusual, is n't it?"

"Worth twelve hundred; a thousand easy; it is hundreds of years old, and is

one of the rarest Turkish in existence. Got anything to drink?"

"Are you sure?" stammered Allen.

"Sure! of course. Any one who knows will tell you the same unless they try to swindle you."

"Swindle me! I had n't thought of that." Allen let his cigarette die out in his hand. "But they could n't have realized when the rug was sold?"

Gervase shook his head. "No, no; such luck happens once in a lifetime, and I am glad it's come to you," — he laid his hand affectionately on his friend's arm. "Now let me take it. I know some of the dealers, and I will see you get all it is worth."

Allen's eyes sparkled.

"We could go away for the summer, Elza and I; and I could write the story, — my story, the best one of all, and we would be free ever after," — he stretched his arms above his head.

"Of course, of course," nodded Gervase, "this will give you your chance, and you will do something mighty fine, too."

"I have an idea for a novel," cried Allen, bending forward, his thin face flushed, "my head has been full of it for weeks. I see it all so clearly; it will be the best thing done in years. I know I can make my name with it."

"When you are once established, it will be easy. All you need is the time to write, and this will give you a summer, or a year, if you manage right." Gervase turned his attention again to the rug.

"But they say she was found almost starving in a third-class boarding-house." Allen spoke slowly, the light gradually dying out of his countenance. "She is old, poor; I used to know her."

"Who?" demanded Gervase.

"Why, Mignonette Marble. Her effects were sold as a sort of charity by some of the profession. There is a question of equity, don't you see? a fine point, but it makes the good luck all wrong."

"You bought the rug at public sale; it's yours."

"I am not altogether sure of that."

"Now see here," persisted Gervase

"you are a sensible fellow, but it is quite possible that your imagination would ruin you in certain situations. I'll dispose of the rug before you conjure up any more visions of poor old actresses. Elza shall take charge of the funds; she is a responsible young woman."

Allen turned away, and, raising the window, leaned out into the soft, warm night. Here was the hour come in which to make something of his life. It would be for Elza as well as himself. Why should not he take this chance as most men would? Then there flashed before him a vision of Mignonette Marble as he had first seen her in variety years before. He remembered now the lithe figure, the slender legs in pink tights, the piquant face with its short upper lip, and her dances, which had for him the charm of youth and abandonment without vulgarity. She had taken possession of his pliable, boyish affections for some time, and he had watched her performances in an intoxication of delight. He had seen her exalted and spiritualized by his own youthful ardor, and on the nights when he made his way to her dressing-room, even at close range his imagination had been sufficient to sustain its idol. He had not thought of her for years, and now he realized that she must have been something between the circus tumbler and the comic opera singer, ordinary, — vulgar, — and with all the cheap allurements of her kind; yet she had possessed something more, — a kind heart, — and he had at least one recollection in the experience to be profoundly grateful to her for. It was her own frankness and honesty which at last revealed to him what she was, and made him see his own folly; without vanity and with a rough, yet almost maternal tenderness, she had finally answered his passionate entreaties to marry him.

"I ain't your sort, young chap, can't you see? You never met up with my kind before, and I'll be blowed if I take any more of your money or let you follow me round any longer."

And with a persistent and almost bru-

tal determination she had forced him from her. Her last words lingered in his memory: —

"Always steer straight, and keep clear of my kind."

Of course he would have avoided her kind. The one ordeal had been sufficient, and it was but a foolish temptation which he had had in common with other boys. It might have ended disastrously, however, had she been otherwise. She had been generous to him, and saved him from a great indiscretion. Now she was old, poor, cast off to die. But, necessity aside, in moral justice did not this money belong to her rather than to himself or to Elza? The silence in the room deepened. Allen's figure grew tense and straight, somewhere a clock, deliberate and measured, told the hour.

"Well?" said Gervase finally.

Allen started, spoke hurriedly. "Don't say anything yet to Elza; it might all fall through, you know, be some mistake."

"I'll take the rug, anyway," responded Gervase, "and you shall have the money before long."

"No, no, not to-night. You could n't do anything before Monday. I'll keep it here to look at over Sunday."

"As you like," and Gervase went out with a dissatisfied shrug, closing the door rather more sharply than necessary.

"I will decide in the morning," thought Allen, as he tossed sleeplessly through that night. But the next day, after a long walk alone, he found himself still rehearsing, point by point, the details of the situation, and no nearer a decision. Try as he would, he could not persuade himself to take this money; yet when he thought of giving it up, that became equally impossible. He struggled to shut out the thought of Elza, but he found her in every view he took of the circumstance. His story, by some trick of his excited nerves, forced itself upon his thought. He saw it from beginning to end, — brave and gay, musically written, carefully constructed. Without mental effort he looked at its pictures and heard its language. It was in his mind

so vividly that it would write itself when he once had the time. And the time was now. Elza and he could go away together, live in some Devon village through the summer. He could work and be happy. He thought of the English country, the white roads and winding hedges, the prim-roses and cowslips; he saw Elza in the fields among them, the tired stoop gone from her figure, the lines faded out of her face. Afterwards they could come back, when the book was finished; he felt certain that he could make a success of it financially, which would set him on his feet for the future. He could find out then about this Mignonette Marble, and do something generous for her. A few months now, probably, would make no difference to her. She was an old woman, the possibilities of life were past for her, — only just beginning for them. Oh, he needed the money; he wanted it; he could not let it go!

He had reached this point by afternoon, as he sat in the drawing-room of the boarding-house where Elza lived.

"Allen, what is the matter? You have not heard one word I have said."

"I beg your pardon," and again he made an unsuccessful attempt to respond to Elza.

"Are n't you well?"

"Quite; but there was something I wanted to tell you, — no, not now. I have an engagement."

"We were going out to dine, but of course if you don't wish to" —

With the unpleasant sensation that she had found him disappointing and abrupt, he hurried away, and taking a crumpled bit of paper from his waistcoat, read an address in the fading light on the street.

An hour later he stood, far down town, at the top of a cheap apartment house, almost a tenement. The wish was in his heart, unadmitted even to himself, that this visit would prove the vague rumors untrue regarding Mignonette Marble.

"Well, now, to think you heard I was down in luck, and came to see!"

He remembered the voice of Mignon-

ette Marble. It seemed like a hideous echo of a sound he had once vibrated to. She came near him, put her hand familiarly on his arm. He stepped back a little, and looked down at her. The old face appeared more shocking by the traces of brilliant rouge, rubbed off on the cheeks, but still lodging in the deep furrows of the wrinkles. He glanced about the room, and recognized the evidences of extreme poverty and illness: the little oil stove was piled with unwashed dishes; the medicine bottle stood uncorked on the window-sill; a pair of soiled dancing-slippers lay in the middle of the floor; and two or three old play-bills with Madame Mignonette Marble's name in large letters were pinned on the wall.

"Remember you, well, I guess!" She pulled the dingy, tattered kimono over her thin arms. "Come here, and we'll have a chat." She took Allen's hand, and they sat down side by side.

"You're the young chap got so gone on me the year I was doing the high kicking at Murray's. Here, I've got just a drop of cocktail left, — drink to me; here's to you, — but you were n't the only one; that manager would have done anything for me, and there were a couple of swells that took a box every night for the season. I tell you I drew! There ain't one in the profession drawn the swells I have nor had the presents. All gone now, though, — and you the only one ever looked me up. Well, I've had my day! It was a good one, too." She stopped to cough, and then sucked the dregs of the cocktail in Allen's glass.

"I've been sold up," she went on, "three times. If I had known you were coming, I would have curled my hair, but I don't have much company nowadays. You see, I've been out of a job."

"I heard," murmured Allen, with a sickening desire to escape.

"You don't know of anything in my line? I've always kept up my practice. Put on your hat and see me send it off."

She set his derby on his head, made a hideous and feeble attempt to kick it off,

failed, tried again, and fell panting into his arms.

"I've had a cold; don't let on you saw me like this," she gasped, "it might hurt me with the managers."

"I saw some things of yours sold," began Allen bravely.

"Oh, I say! now did you? I did n't get anything, though. There was a rug Lord Downs gave me for my room when I was in London; thought I might get twenty-five for it. Did you see it go?"

"Yes," answered Allen, wincing and edging toward the door.

"You ain't going!" She caught hold of him. "There's a place round the corner; they know me. I play the piano there sometimes. You're good for a dinner, ain't you? just for old times?"

He went and paid for the dinner, only half hearing her vulgar chatter meanwhile, and seeing through the blurred, smoky atmosphere of the little restaurant the seamed, hard old face opposite, insisting to himself that it was not pathetic, and still going over and over in his mind the question, — Will the next three months matter more to her than to Elza and to me? What will she do with the money, compared with what I will? I shall spend it honestly for a good woman, and be able to do my work. — Then he saw the weakness of the hand lifting the wineglass, and looked into the face, which seemed all the older now, because it had struggled so long to appear young. As they came out into the street again she whispered hoarsely: —

"You could n't lend me, just till I get an engagement?"

He thrust what money he had into her hands, and tore himself away, breathing quickly.

"I must do something. It's not at all the thing; it's not right," he thought, as he walked home. "I could sell the rug and divide with her; that's more than most men would do."

Then he told himself that this was sneaking, temporizing. There was no room for doubt now. Before, he had been uncer-

tain; it was not possible to believe a newspaper story without investigation, but he had investigated. His responsibility was increased. The woman was plainly ill, and in want. She ought to be placed in a home, perhaps he could interest some of the profession in her, — a benefit or some charity could be given. There must be some other way beside using this money, his money; there must be some devious yet honorable passage of escape for him. He must have the time to write this book, for it was of vital importance not only to himself, but to the public. The motif was finer, stronger than anything which had ever before presented itself. Again, almost against his desire, he saw the story as a finished performance. The characters moved, they walked with him, and their voices rang in his ears. He went forward rapidly, unconscious of the hour, the place, the noise and confusion in the streets around, the vague, unpleasant odor of the stifling atmosphere. He was lifted out of himself, beyond himself, into a rare mood of inspiration. His imagination revealed not only the idea, but the form as well; the mechanical work would do itself when he had the time, and the time was now. He would write to Ger vase to-night to stop for the rug in the morning. It had been folly not to let him take it on Saturday. He strode on in feverish haste, trying to wear himself out physically, and so dull the acuteness of his mental process. He assured himself repeatedly, but without conviction, that he would be justified if he took this money.

At last, late that night, he sank on a bench amid the thick foliage of the park, and it seemed to him as though he had lost the control of his thoughts, and mechanically they repeated the old arguments, wearing on the same channels of his brain like the ceaseless dropping of water. I shall tell Elza, let her help me, he thought; but he knew in advance the result of thus shifting the responsibility. Yet if others would not hesitate, why should he be more scrupulous? Then

there rose before him from out the dark shadows and the dancing electric lights of the quiet park, an old face, vulgar, coarse, — yet with hollow cheeks and pinched lips. Every page of his book would bear this impression, and the beauty of the style would be poisoned by his own dishonesty. The temptation came once more and gripped him, and he pulled himself together and put it down fiercely, and trampled on it. If he could not do his work honestly and hurt no one, he would never do it at all, but would remain an obscure accountant in a huge corporation. Elza should have no pleasures he could not win for her by his own efforts. If he could not succeed despite the difficulties in his way, he could not with those difficulties removed; and if he were mean and small enough to take advantage of another, how could he cheat himself with the supposition that he could write a book which would be masterful? It would be but the reflection of his own soul, and doomed to failure. A great work of art never bore the imprint of a petty personality.

He entered his room at last, his face set and determined, and calmly wrote his decision to Gervase. To-morrow he would go to Mignonette Marble, tell her the truth, help her to advertise the rug, and procure its proper price. Why had he agonized over the situation for twenty-four hours? After all, it was simpler than he had supposed. Once admitted, the right action always was simple, if not easy; and with a sense of great relief he sealed his letter and laid it aside to be mailed.

He had a desire to see this thing which had caused him such annoyance and brought him nothing in return. He rose and opened his closet door, went back, lit another gas jet, looked again. The rug was gone.

Where could it be? He had intended to lock it in his trunk, but he could not remember having done so. It must be safe somewhere. He had made his decision — thank God! That was enough. It was late, he was wearied to death, and would now sleep.

From a tranquil and dreamless rest he arose Monday morning light of heart and with a feeling of freedom from responsibility. With every moment filled during the particularly busy day which followed, he had no time to inquire, even of himself, concerning the disappearance of the rug, and gladly pushed into the uncertainty of the future further thought concerning it. Executing the mechanical tasks before him became a grateful respite from the conflict which had torn him mentally.

When he left the office late in the afternoon, he hurried to Elza in response to a note which had made him uneasy, for in a few blurred and hastily written lines she had requested his immediate presence. He ran up the steps of the shabby boarding-house and violently pulled the bell. He swept the servant aside with a word, and made his way up to Elza's little hall room.

"Oh, Allen, Allen! I know all about it. Mr. Gervase has been so kind! He brought me the money this noon at the office so I could give it you myself, so I could tell you instead of any one else."

"What? I don't understand," murmured Allen. "I asked him not to let you know."

"Yes, of course, because you thought it might all fall through, he said, and I be disappointed. But it has n't fallen through; he made a splendid sale, — and we can go to Europe, do all the things we've talked of. It is just like the fairy tale, our fairy tale, come true!"

"But the rug! Where did he get it?"

"How slow you are, dear goose! He went three times yesterday and could n't find you, then finally took it because he met a collector, a friend of his, who was in town just over night, and who made an offer, cash, for it at once." She reached up and put her hands on Allen's shoulders. "Just think, we can go away together now, can't we? Only we must never forget to be grateful to Mr. Gervase all our lives. He has arranged it."

"Yes," said Allen, rather coldly, "he most certainly has arranged it."

"I don't think," she murmured, without looking up, "I could have held out much longer. I hear the typewriter all night long. I am so tired, Allen, so tired; but it does n't matter now. Let's take the first steamer, — a slow one."

He did not speak for a moment, but held the little frail figure firmly. Then, like the breaking of an uncertain dam before a great tide, something in his soul gave way, whether of strength or of weakness he did not analyze, as he answered:

"Yes, dear, yes, the first steamer."

And while he kissed her in the fading twilight, she did not see how white his lips were.

A week later they stood on the deck of a transatlantic liner steaming slowly down the bay. Allen leaned on the railing opening his mail; a letter from Gervase he had

purposely kept until the last. He had not seen his friend nor communicated with him in the past busy days; he read quickly through the pages, his eye falling on the last sentences.

" . . . So sorry not to get down to see you off; remembrances to Mrs. Allen. Use my name at the 'Black Boy,' Cobham, and don't forget 'The Crab and Lobster,' Clovelly. Here's for your further contentment," and there fell out of the letter a newspaper clipping: "Died in want. Once a popular gayety singer: Mignonette Marble."

The bit of paper flew out of his hand in the strong wind and fluttered off to sea.

"What's that?" asked Elza.

"Oh, nothing," he murmured, turning away. "I think, if you don't mind, I will go and fetch my pipe."

NEWMAN AND CARLYLE

AN UNRECOGNIZED AFFINITY

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

THE dominant idea of nineteenth century thinking is summed in the phrase, — Life is growth. Whatever lives is born, not made; and being born, lives and expands its being spontaneously. In the lower forms of life this vital spontaneity is merely automatic; in the higher it is, or seems to be, self-directive. As a moral being, man prides himself on his ability to control his spontaneous nature. Whether he can or not is the great question; but in any case, he is coming more and more to realize that there are large tracts in his makeup quite outside of his self-conscious jurisdiction, which are yet centres of potent influence upon his whole life. More than that: recognizing spontaneous growth everywhere, he is coming to realize the impossibility of holding in subjection even the constituents of his own self-

consciousness itself, his own ideas. For they, too, born in his mind, grow there, and growing, change, it may be, beyond his own recognition.

Our usual habit of speech, indeed, misleads us here. We speak ordinarily of storing away an idea in the memory as we might check a parcel in a baggage room, and as if, presenting the proper check, we might naturally expect to receive back the self-same parcel in its original package. If the phrase "the storeroom of the mind" is current, the analogy upon which it was built is obsolete. This analogy goes back to the mechanical psychology of Locke. For nineteenth century psychology, to put an idea into the mind is rather like planting a seed in the ground. If the idea falls upon good soil, and has life in it, — has interest, that is, for the recipient

mind,—it will at once throw out roots and grow, feeding itself upon whatever is assimilable thereabout, until it may cease to be a mere seedling, and has become a flower, or a weed, or maybe a tree overshadowing the whole of that mind. Or, one may compare the receiving mind to an incubator, into which to-day an egg is put, and which to-morrow renders a chicken; and that chicken may in due time become a hen; and that hen lay a second egg; and that egg become a second chicken,—and so on through generations. Furthermore, in any incubating mind, there is, in fact, more than one egg, or one kind of egg, to hatch. There may well be bantam eggs and cochin eggs and dorking eggs, duck eggs maybe, and usually some goose eggs and bad eggs, not to say a china egg or so, which, though itself sterile, may induce laying in other fowl.

Suppose now that the farmer who owns this mental poultry-farm (I perceive that my “incubator” idea has spontaneously grown into such in my own mind), suppose, I say, that the farmer, self-consciousness, passes through to take account of stock. When last there he had left a few mute eggs. Now he is greeted by a chorus of cacklings, crowings, cooings, gobblings, chuckings, cluckings, cluckings, clackings, squawkings, hissings. He may have various business: maybe to catch a fat pullet for some feast of reason he is setting out—like myself now; he pursues her desperately round the enclosure, only to trip over a lean, sprawling gander . . . *absit omen!*

Whatever the owner’s business there, he cannot fail, if he be at all observant, to take note how greatly, all independent of his own volition, his brood has grown, changed, multiplied, or mayhap died off.

Now, indeed, man’s realization of this spontaneous, and as it were independent, growth of his thought, is no new thing in these latter days. The divine madness of Pythian priestesses; the ejaculations of demon-obsessed boys; the dæmonic inspiration of a Socrates,—such phenomena, however superstitiously explained,

have brought home to men the possibility of the mind working independently of its owner’s will. But such phenomena were regarded as abnormal, even miraculous; the normal man believed himself to be literally—and the phrase itself connotes normality, sanity—in full possession of his faculties. They were his; and with them, as with tools, he shaped and ordered his ideas at his own sweet will, subject only to the rules of his craft, Logic. What the nineteenth century has done, is to point out that this extra-volitional process of thought, this “unconscious cerebration” or “subliminal activity,” while it may be abnormal, even seemingly miraculous, in degree, is yet normal and universal in kind. Our conscious thinking is indeed a sphere of influence upon our lives; but, circumscribing this, spreads out a vague, unlighted land, whereof we have or can have no chart, but whence continually steal in, while our attention sleeps, ghostly visitants to blight or bless, deform or transform the subjects of our sovereign consciousness.

To trace the history of the recognition of this subliminal factor in mental life would be to run too far afield. There are hints of it in the doctrines of Rousseau; it is fundamental in the systems of Hegel and Schopenhauer; Coleridge probably was the first to insist upon it in England; but Carlyle was the first Englishman to feel and to reveal its vital and moral significance. Thus John Stuart Mill, who certainly was competent to speak with authority in such matters, speaks in his *Autobiography* of Carlyle’s “Doctrine of the Unconscious.”

Carlyle not merely insisted upon the reality of “unconscious” thinking, upon the spontaneous growth of living ideas; he owes to this idea itself, spontaneously developing in his own mind, all that is consistent, and much that seems to be inconsistent, in his whole teaching; so that following the course in his teaching of that seed-idea of the “unconscious” may serve at once to see that teaching in a new light, and also to illustrate in action the

principle of the spontaneous growth of ideas itself.

The principle itself first appears definitely formulated in one of Carlyle's earliest publications, the *Characteristics*, which came out in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1831. In this too-little-known early review he put his case, not only first, but best. The vastly more famous *Sartor Resartus*, although it really implies as a foundation the same principle, nowhere definitely expounds it. In the argument of *Sartor*, the major premiss is suppressed. To this fact, as much as to the thick crust of picturesque verbiage, is due the bewilderment of the uninitiate reader.

Characteristics opens with a significant enunciation: "The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick: this is the Physician's aphorism; and applicable in a far wider sense than he gives it. We may say, it holds no less in moral, intellectual, political, poetical, than in merely corporeal therapeutics; that wherever, or in what shape soever, powers of the sort which can be named *vital* are at work, herein lies the test of their working right or working wrong." Thus at the very outset not only is there asserted for every phase of our living an "unconscious" activity, but further this "unconscious" activity is pronounced the only right and normal living. Before speaking of this further pronouncement, I may quote a passage from the body of the essay, which is the clearest that Carlyle ever wrote in declaration of his first principle. It is as follows: "... we observe, with confidence enough, that the truly strong mind, view it as Intellect, as Morality, or under any other aspect, is nowise the mind acquainted with its strength; that here as before the sign of health is unconsciousness. In our inward, as in our outward, world, what is mechanical lies open to us: not what is dynamical and has vitality. Of our Thinking, we might say, it is but the mere upper surface that we shape into articulate Thoughts; — underneath the region of argument and conscious discourse lies the region of meditation; here,

in its quiet mysterious depths, dwells what vital force is in us; here, if aught is to be created, and not merely manufactured and communicated, must the work go on. Manufacture is intelligible, but trivial; Creation is great, and cannot be understood. Thus if the Debater and Demonstrator, whom we may rank as the lowest of true thinkers, knows what he has done, and how he did it, the Artist, whom we rank as the highest, knows not; must speak of Inspiration, and in one or the other dialect, call his work the gift of a divinity."

In this pregnant passage Carlyle's recognition of "subliminal" activities of thought is clear enough. Nor need the twentieth century psychologist quarrel, I conceive, with that further recognition that "creative" thought, original thought, is at least more often the resultant of ideas gradually shaping, developing, and uniting spontaneously, than the product of self-conscious "argument about it and about." To the consciousness, into which this resultant of silently growing ideas may at length rise, evoked by some pertinent questioning, it may well seem to be what we call 'a happy thought,' implying thereby a fortuitousness which is so only for the self-consciousness which knows not how or whence it came. Hence we shall have no difficulty in going with Carlyle as he continues: "... on the whole, 'genius is ever a secret to itself;' of this old truth we have, on all sides, daily evidence. The Shakespeare takes no airs for writing *Hamlet*, and the *Tempest*, understands not that it is anything surprising; Milton, again, is more conscious of his faculty, which accordingly is an inferior one." And yet again, Carlyle is strictly logical in the corollary which he elsewhere draws in *Sartor Resartus*, thus: "A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us, which only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself*; till it be translated into this par-

tially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at.*"

This, I take it, is the deeper justification of Carlyle's panacea of silent work. Critics have not rarely assumed that he recommended it on grounds somewhat like those on which David Harum justified fleas for dogs, — "to keep 'em from broodin' on bein' a dog." Work for man has the converse value, — namely, to educe true and articulate self-knowledge out of his 'broodin' on bein' a — *man*.' "Only our Works can render articulate and decisively discernible" that "inarticulate self-consciousness" dwelling "dimly in us," which is our "soul." For, as Carlyle elsewhere exclaims, ". . . it cannot be too often repeated, where it continues still unknown or forgotten, that man has a soul as certainly as he has a body; nay, much more certainly; that properly it is the course of his unseen, spiritual life, which informs and rules his external visible life."

Probably here, indeed, Carlyle makes the logical saltum common to transcendentalists generally, in hypostasizing into a spiritual, immortal entity man's "unseen" psychical activities. Quietly to transform these at work "*underneath* the region of argument and conscious discourse" into a divine something raying down into that region its influences from *above*, to transfigure the "subliminal" into the "supraliminal," — this is an act not of reason, but of faith. It is to bridge the gap between science and religion by projecting across it the shadow of human desire.

But if thus reading out of his principle of the "unconscious," or into it, intimations of immortality, of a divine soul, Carlyle runs the principle into the *air*, none the less his recognition that work, the putting of our whole selves to the revealing test, is the sole means of genuine self-knowledge, this corollary is not only logical, but in the spirit of science itself. It is the laboratory method applied to that composition of known and unknown forces which we call ourselves. By their fruits we shall know them.

By work we come bit by bit to know our true selves; by self-knowledge we come to be better workmen. To recognize this as Carlyle's circle of aspiration, his "Everlasting Yea," is to recognize how imperfect was Matthew Arnold's understanding when he labeled Carlyle, in contradistinction to Emerson, "pessimist." Carlyle was frequently despondent, dyspeptically and splenetically despondent; but in refusing to admit happiness as the deliberate goal of human quest he is at one with all idealistic optimists. He never said that happiness is impossible; but that selfish satisfaction was an unworthy end in itself; and that in any case the right way to catch is not to chase it. Happiness partakes of the feminine contrariness, from which it follows that

. . . court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.

Whereas, the self-knowledge which is power is a masculine ideal: to win it, we must sweat after it, and for it; until in degree as we shall subdue it to our will, and our will to it, we at the last may

. . . work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all,

and

. . . each for the joy of the working, and each,
in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God
of Things as They Are!

But is this consummation, however devoutly to be wished, more than a wish? Through our works we may light up gradually that one dark other-world in us which lies "*underneath* the region of argument and conscious discourse;" so by working might we also light up that other still darker region which we dream of as lying beyond the grave; but what assurance has Carlyle to give that *we* shall be there to work?

His answer, the one possible answer this side revelation, is the same which William James has given us in his doctrine of the Will to Believe. The state of man is like the state of the ass between the two wisps of hay, so placed as to make equal appeal. Being a wholly logical ass,

the creature of the fable must to all seeming inevitably have starved. Yet, could he but have known, there was a way out: he might have shut one eye! So man before the issue of Doubt and Faith. And there is this advantage in his position over that of the ass. Only to the pure reason is the balance of doubt and faith an even one. To the practical reason, to the conscience, and to the heart, choice is easy. To return to our ass, it is as if while he *saw* both hay-wisps equally alluring, he *smelt* one musty. He might well have said to himself, modifying Pascal: the nose has its reasons as well as the eyes. So Carlyle: "The special, sole, and deepest theme of the World's and Man's History," says the Thinker of our time, "whereto all other themes are subordinated, remains the Conflict of *Unbelief* and *Belief*. All epochs wherein *Belief* prevails, under what form it may, are splendid, heart-elevating, fruitful for contemporaries and posterity. All epochs, on the contrary, wherein *Unbelief*, under what form soever, maintains its sorry victory, should they even for a moment glitter with a sham splendour, vanish from the eyes of posterity; because no one chooses to burden himself with study of the unfruitful." For Carlyle, as for James, it is the practical reason that breaks the deadlock of the pure reason. We must not merely wish to believe, we must will to believe. The right attitude is not one of sentimental yearning, but one of heroic strenuousness. "Here on Earth we are as Soldiers," he says finely, "fighting in a foreign land; that understand not the plan of the campaign, and have no need to understand it; seeing well what is at our hand to be done. Let us do it like Soldiers, with submission, with courage, with a heroic joy."

But there are on earth soldiers and soldiers: privates in the ranks, and staff-officers of God. Submission is due from those to these; but how to distinguish them? Again in his answer Carlyle builds upon faith in the "unconscious." The natural leader, the hero, the king by divine right, is he who dares to act spontane-

ously, from the convictions which rise up in him and dominate him. In other words, the conviction by which a man has power is the conviction in whose power he is. To such men, will we nill we, we must submit ourselves; "must speak of inspiration, and in one or the other dialect, call his work the gift of a divinity." Whether, in a particular case, this "divinity" be angel or devil is again determinable only after the fact by its works.

These, then, are the main tenets of Carlyle's "doctrine of the Unconscious:" faith in the spontaneous, the unappreciated, part of us; courage to let that spontaneous self work itself out freely and fully; worshipful submission to those in whom the spontaneous part has proved itself by its works potent. How nearly the three tenets are also the bases of Newman's theory of belief, I wish now to show.

Extremes meet; and certainly Carlyle and Newman were temperamental extremes, — the one so without understanding of the other that their practical differences excluded any possible recognition of their theoretical affinity. "John Henry Newman," once remarked Carlyle, "has not the intellect of an average rabbit." And the remark, if "somewhat untunable," has yet some "matter" in it. Newman certainly had not the intellect of any rabbit, average or other; nor had, in fact, an intellect, a concrete intellect, at all like Carlyle's. For which very reason the same dominating idea, planted in his very unlike mental soil, budded, blossomed, and bore fruits as unlike the Carlylean variety as sour and sweet.

It were needless, even if space permitted, to detail the unlikeness of the two men, — of the rugged, irascible, hirsute Scots farmer's son, and the subtle, delicate, low-voiced English priest, English, but with overtones French and Jewish, whom Matthew Arnold remembered as a "spiritual apparition . . . gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then in the most entrancing of voices break-

ing the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music, — subtle, sweet, mournful.” Carlyle and Newman in conjunction would seem to be like a mastiff and a serpent in one harness. And no two conclusions could be more utterly at variance than his whose *Sartor* led Thomas Huxley “to know that a deep sense of religion was compatible with the entire absence of theology,” and his for whom a religion without theology were as a lamp without oil.

Of course, the conclusion’s the thing. No argument, other than sophistical, could harmonize two such discordant conclusions as these. It is the premisses, to these conclusions, however, that I wish to bring into conjunction; or, better, I wish to follow down the stems of the two doctrines to their vital roots, which, I conceive, will be found to mingle and become one in the original seed-idea. There are analogies in nature: Japanese gardeners have a way of dwarfing the growth from an acorn so that the forest oak is transformed into a drawing-room ornament.

Carlyle’s doctrine, ramifications, knot-tinences, and all, grew from his belief of and in the “unconscious” as against the conscious. The unconscious does our really vital business; it is the man behind the counter; the conscious is but the cash register. As Carlyle most luminously expounds this theorem in almost the earliest of his published works, the *Characteristics*, so Newman says the same thing less highly colored in one among the earliest of his works, the Oxford Sermon on *Explicit and Implicit Reason*, printed in 1840, nine years after *Characteristics*. By explicit reason Newman means what Carlyle calls “argument and conscious discourse,” by implicit reason what Carlyle calls “unconscious meditation.” Forty years after his volume of Sermons, Newman in his latest and ripest theoretical work, the *Grammar of Assent*, again expounds the idea now declared to have grown to be the basis of his Catholic faith, and the guiding clue also for him through the mazes of the development of Catholic

Christianity. It is interesting, and ought to be edifying, to hear this man, with hardly “the intellect of an average rabbit,” according to Carlyle, insisting upon Carlyle’s pet notion in words that sound themselves like an unconscious echo. Carlyle had said, and had builded upon his saying: “In our inward, as in our outward, world, what is mechanical lies open to us; not what is dynamical and has vitality;” and “The healthy Understanding, we should say, is not the Logical, argumentative, but the Intuitive.” Newman, in his shorter, neater, more transparent way, sums it in the *Grammar* thus: Man’s “progress is a living growth, not a mechanism; and its instruments are mental acts, not the formulas and contrivances of language.”

This identity of belief in the first ground of belief cannot but lead all along the line to phases of agreement between the doctrines of the two Victorians; and the easily demonstrable existence of such justifies the remark of Newman himself in a larger connection, that no number of books “would comprise a delineation of all possible forms which a divine message will assume when submitted to a multitude of minds;” justifies also a second remark of his, that “the more claims an idea has to be considered living, the more various will be its aspects;” and also still another, that “it is probable that a given opinion, as held by several individuals, even when of the most congenial views, is as distinct from itself as are their faces.”

Pursuing the common premiss that mental, like all vital, “progress is a living growth, not a mechanism,” Carlyle and Newman arrive both at one highly practical conclusion, that all real conviction is through personal influence and example, not by any “sylogistic compulsion.” Accordingly, each of the twain, seeking to win over his fellows to his way of thinking, writes not an argument, but a self-confession, — *Sartor Resartus*, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. It is the one way, both think, in all live issues, especially in that liveliest and deepest-going of all issues, a

man's religion. "In these provinces of enquiry egotism is true modesty. In religious enquiry each of us can speak only for himself, and for himself he has a right to speak. His own experiences are enough for himself, but he cannot speak for others: he cannot lay down the law; he can only bring his own experiences to the common stock of psychological facts. He knows what has satisfied and satisfies himself; if it satisfies him, it is likely to satisfy others; if, as he believes and is sure, it is true, it will approve itself to others also, for there is but one truth." So Cardinal Newman, theological dogmatist! anticipating the latest tolerant attitude of science, whereby, for example, Professor James in his *Varieties of Religious Belief* contents himself with bringing, as editor, to the common stock of psychological facts the self-confessed experiences of many.

There is still deeper justification of this true modesty of egotism, this method of the confessional, than that which arises from the difficulty of convincing men against their wills. It follows from the fact of the unconscious growth of ideas in individual minds that these ideas are but partially communicable in speech; and this communicable part is but the dead schema of the living thought. Or, to use the symbolism of *Sartor* itself, the words by which we intercommunicate are but the old clothes which our ideas have for a while worn, but continually outgrow, and in any case, loaned to another mind, may seem to fit a live idea quite alien. Therefore it is a true paradox that the idol of the eighteenth century, Common Sense, is, literally considered, no organon of conviction at all; since, precisely in so far as sense is common, it fails to reach the real springs of action in any individual, which are not precisely the same for any two individuals in the world. "Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j'ai vus; j'ose croire n'être fait comme aucun de ceux qui existent." This famous protestation of Rousseau is true in degree of every being; and in so far as the thought of every

being is modified by the whole of the temperament in which it grows, and by which it is nourished, so far that thought is unique and incommunicable. Whenever one attempts to pass a thought from mind to mind, one puts it in danger of undergoing that defiguration which happened to the unfortunate baby which the Duchess flung to Alice, and Alice found to have turned in her arms to a pig. "It will be our wisdom," says Newman, "to avail ourselves of language, as far as it will go, but to aim mainly by means of it to stimulate, in those to whom we address ourselves, a mode of thinking and trains of thought similar to our own, leading them on by their own independent action, not by any syllogistic compulsion." We may not safely fling our ideas at people's heads, but we may fling ourselves on people's hearts: if we can persuade them to accept ourselves, there is good chance of their accepting understandingly our real ideas also. The probable reason why the Duchess's baby seemed a pig to Alice was a lack of sympathy between Alice and the Duchess.

"Personal Influence the Means of Propagating the Truth," is the title of a sermon by Newman. Its maxim is a corollary of his principle of the supremacy of the implicit reason — Carlyle's unconscious self; and this maxim itself, for both men, is the justification of hero-worship. For both men, genius is, to use the quaint jargon of some recent psychology, a "manifestation of subliminal activity intruding upon the primary consciousness." In point of fact, Mr. Myers, whose words I have just now quoted, like Carlyle and Newman both, actually proceeds to treat this "subliminal" inspiration as rather "supraliminal," as an activity not lower, but higher, than that we consciously exert. The mysterious power, not our conscious selves, which moves in us, and makes us from moment to moment what we really are, is deified by an act of faith; and justified as such by the wonderfulness of the works of genius. So Carlyle comes to say of the Genius: "The 'inspiration of the Almighty giveth him

understanding: we must listen before all to him." And Newman endows his "living present authority," which every man instinctively and rightly takes as his "immediate guide," be it "himself or another," — endows this authority with the "illative sense," that is, immediate, not discursive or ratiocinative, insight

Home, to the instant need of things.

Faith in one's own nature, then, is the first great moral agreement of Carlyle and Newman, — in one's own nature, so far as that is spontaneous and sincere, not cut to fit a consciously adopted pose. To one's own self may with safety be given the license Candida gives to the enamored Poet in Shaw's play: "... you may say anything you really and truly feel. Anything at all, no matter what it is. I am not afraid, so long as it is your real self that speaks, and not a mere attitude, — a gallant attitude, or a wicked attitude, or even a poetic attitude. I put you on your honor and truth. Now say whatever you want to." That is the ultimate moral authority. "There is," says Carlyle, "no uniform of excellence, either in physical or spiritual nature: all genuine things are what they ought to be;" wherefore "let each become all that he was created capable of being; expand, if possible, to his full growth; resisting all impediments, casting off all foreign, especially all noxious, adhesions; and show himself at length in his own shape and stature, be these what they may." And Newman: "... in him who is faithful to his own divinely implanted nature, the faint light of Truth dawns continually brighter; the shadows which at first troubled it, the unreal shapes created by its own twilight-state, vanish; what was uncertain as mere feeling, and could not be distinguished from a fancy except by the commanding urgency of its voice, becomes fixed and definite, and strengthening into principle, it at the same time develops into habit. As fresh and fresh duties arise, or fresh and fresh faculties are brought into action, they are at once absorbed into the existing inward system, and take their

appropriate place in it." The passage is a precise commentary on Carlyle's intention in the injunction, which has seemed to many either commonplace or cryptic: "Do the Duty which lies nearest, which thou knowest to be a Duty. Thy second Duty will already have become clearer."

There is a second moral agreement: faith in other elect persons and spontaneous submission to their edicts. I say spontaneous submission. The cool, calculated submission of the judgment to the expert is not "hero-worship." It is not submitting to him, but submitting him to one's own use. Worship and love are so far identical that each is a spontaneous surrender of the self-will, the conscious will, to the will of another. It is the massing of dedicated spirits behind the great man that through him makes and marks epochs. "Universal history," says Carlyle, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked there." And Newman unwittingly completes Carlyle's thought: "A few highly endowed men will redeem the world for centuries to come."

Now this apparent blending into harmony of two such manifestly opposed doctrines may seem merely plausible, and at bottom sophistical. It may be said the balance-sheet shows up even only because the accounts are doctored. And there certainly is no harmony between the conclusions of the twain in their own minds. That is the point: to show the diverse growth in diverse minds of identical principles. They themselves, and too many of their critics, seem to have been aware only of the final diversity, not at all of the initial identity. Above all, in religious theory they were enigmas each to the other. Yet here, too, they stand upon a theoretic basis in common.

For Carlyle, God is the hero of heroes. His divinity is recognizable, provable, in the precise way the half-divinity of human heroes is recognizable and provable, — in His works. And the most intimate for us of His works is the human con-

science, that mysterious something, *not* our *conscious* selves, making for righteousness. Carlyle's *faith* is that God speaks and moves in conscience, just as conscience speaks and moves in us. Such faith, justified of its works, is his sufficient creed. For him, the rest is silence — and work — worshipful and obedient.

Thus far Newman by Carlyle's side. For him also is God revealed only in His works, especially in the conscience. We may know God, at least at first, not as He is in Himself, but in what He can do, — just as we may know our real selves at first not in themselves, but only in what they can do. "Christianity is a history supernatural, and almost scenic: it tells us what its Author is, by telling us what He has done." Carlyle himself might have penned these words of Newman's.

Well, perhaps we may ask Carlyle and Newman separately: "What do you find God *has* done? It is all very well to point us to history; but history is the sphinx; she asks, not answers, riddles. History reveals, doubtless, mighty forces at work among men and things, but why necessarily one force, and that divine rather than diabolical? How do you know that this 'subliminal self,' this spontaneous, unconscious activity in us, before which you bow down, is no Messiah, but even Moloch? Why may not the Schopenhauers and the Nietzsches be right in evoking no Over-soul, but the Under-soul?"

Answering these root-questions, "the Calvinist without a theology" and the Catholic priest reveal their true disparity.

In effect, Carlyle's answer is simply: I don't know; I have faith; I will to believe. At times, indeed, he makes a lame appeal to fact, as when in *Characteristics* he declares that "... in all, even the rudest communities, man never yields himself wholly to brute force, but always to moral greatness." But unfortunately, Carlyle himself blurs the distinction, and yields himself, or at least his heart, to what has been called, not with excessive exaggeration, "Big-Devil-Worship." He loves effectiveness, the path-breaking

manner of man, and so heartily that he does not always stop to look if the way is being cleared by his hero in a chariot of Elijah or a car of Juggernaut.

The courage of one's own convictions, faith in one's intimate self, is indeed a tremendous force for good or evil. The alternative Carlyle seems sometimes to forget. Newman does not forget it. Such courage, such faith has created, he says, "as the case may be, heroes and saints, great leaders, statesmen, preachers, and reformers, the pioneers of discovery in science, visionaries, fanatics, knight-errants, demagogues, and adventurers," etc. Newman would assuredly agree with Carlyle that "... it is the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise; to be guided in the right path by those who know it better than they. This is the first 'right of man,' compared with which all other rights are as nothing." But how are the foolish in their foolishness to know the wise when they see them? God may be on the side of the bigger battalion, but the bigger battalion is by no means certain to be on God's side. Mere sincerity no more makes wisdom than mere might makes right. Newman, therefore, while entirely acquiescing in Carlyle's hero-worship, asks shrewder questions about the testimonials of these "heroes."

He notes in the first place that the genius which makes "heroes" in the Carlylean sense is special, not general, in its operations. "How a man reasons is as much a mystery as how he remembers. He remembers better and worse on different subject-matters, and he reasons better and worse. Some men's reason becomes genius in particular subjects, and is less than ordinary in others." Wherefore concludes Newman, "Cuique in arte sua credendum est:" each is to be trusted in his own specialty, and therein only. A Napoleon might well be trustworthy "in arte sua," the specialty of military strategy; at the same time his judgment might be worse than fallacious in other specialties, such as the fine arts or morals. Carlyle,

therefore, unwisely hails Napoleon as "our last great *man*." He might fairly enough have hailed him as "our last great military genius." *Ne sutor supra crepidam*.

In the specialty of theology the same principle holds. There may be theological geniuses, as well as military geniuses. Assured of their "special gift," we may trust them in their specialty, however deficient they may prove to be in other respects. It is not their conscious reason that we listen to, but their unconscious, spontaneous reason, — their "illative sense," as Newman prefers to call it. And their justification is precisely what the justification of all spontaneous activity is, — their success. "It is not too much to say," declares Newman, "that the stepping by which great geniuses scale the mountains of truth is as unsafe and precarious to men in general, as the ascent of a skilful mountaineer up a literal crag. It is a way which they alone can take; and its justification lies in their success."

The specialty of theological geniuses is revelation of divine truth. But in what sense can a revelation be said to be justified by success? Manifestly, in a different way from the justification by success of, say, Napoleon's strategy. That beat the enemy, which was all that could be asked of it. Revelation is asked to reveal God; it professes to do so; but we cannot collate its reading of Him with the true text; if we could, we might well enough dispense with the interpreter altogether. No, the "success" of a divine revelation is, humanly speaking, its instant and constant appeal to men, not "to their mere unstable reason," but to that in them which responds spontaneously — despite themselves, as it were. And the measure of such success is in ratio to the universality of such appeal. Would all the world respond concordantly to one revelation, that revelation would indeed be perfectly justified. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*." There would remain the logical possibility of an universal delusion. Doubt is always possible. "There is no act on God's

part," Newman admits, "no truth of religion, to which a captious Reason may not find objections." Practically, there is no present basis of truth except consensus of belief.

Newman therefore is driven back to the appeal to history. Can history, recorded fact, show any such revelation accepted *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*? Newman's answer is the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, in which he endeavors to prove that the revelation of Christ is progressively such an one. I cannot here enter into his argument; but I note its dependence upon the principle, common to himself and Carlyle, of the unconscious growth in the human mind of a living idea once therein implanted. He states the principle at the outset: "When an idea, whether real or not, is of the nature to arrest and possess the mind, it may be said to have life, that is, to live in the mind which is its recipient," that is, to develop organically, like all living things. The revelation of Christ is supremely such a live idea; but precisely because it is so, it is more or less transformed by every mind, every church, every age, in which it has been planted. In the imperfect conscious understanding of an individual, it may not only undergo transformation in identity, organic growth; it may rather suffer deformation, — just as at "the call of the wild," — if the profane analogy be permitted, — a dog may revert to the wolf-type. Spontaneous transformation is the principle of all living growth; but when the mere conscious human understanding attempts to transform, it only succeeds in deforming. If it were true that ideas could be passed on from mind to mind unaltered, then the original Word, the Gospel, might be sufficient for the faithful. In fact, there are as many gospels as there are readers and generations of readers. How, then, distinguish spontaneous, organic growth, natural development, from willful logical alterations? How distinguish that transforming process in all live things, which preserve their constant identity through continual

change, absorbing what is assimilable, rejecting what is deleterious or unfit, from the mechanical simulacrum of that process, mere piecing together of the *disiecta membra* of the thing, and galvanizing the product into a lifelike, but really lifeless, automaton. Such is the problem which Newman sets himself; and his solution is at least consistent with his major premiss. This premiss is, to repeat once again, that there is no spontaneous, organic growth of ideas, except in the living mind, and not in its conscious, reasoning, mechanical activity, but in its spontaneous, unconscious, dynamical activity, — or in modern parlance, not in the primary consciousness, but in the subliminal. The living, growing depositum of Christian faith is in the succession of saints and martyrs, church-fathers and doctors, not in the dead incommunicable writings of them, but in their living thought communicated, each to his own living generation, by “personal influence.” The handing on of the credenda by such as these constitutes a process of development by interpretation by a “living organon,” which, in Newman’s words, “is a personal gift, and not a mere method or calculus.” Hence the Catholic position, that the Word is to be interpreted to the many by the fit few, and not left open to the blind judgment of the unfit.

In other words, Newman reasserts the mediæval *aurea catena*, but verifies it by the nineteenth century biological principle of spontaneous or unconscious development. And the justification of the special ‘golden chain’ which constitutes the credenda of Catholic Christianity now reveals itself in accord with the further nineteenth century evolutionary test, — that of “the survival of the fittest.” The Catholic idea alone has in it the principle of survival, that is, capacity for vital growth toward universality, whereas all other religions, including Protestantism, are mechanical products of the conscious

reason, made, not born, therefore local and temporary. Catholicism, alone surviving through change, is therefore fittest to survive change.

Whether Newman makes good his case for the supremacy of Catholicism is a story by itself, into which the present essay cannot enter. The queer thing is that Newman should base his apology upon the same principle as that which, growing in Carlyle’s mind, led Huxley to the opposite pole of belief from Newman’s dogmatic theology, namely, to the belief that “a deep sense of religion was compatible with an entire absence of theology.”

This essay began with the declaration that the biological principle of growth was characteristic of nineteenth century thought at large. Consequently, we might expect to find the corollary of the principle, spontaneous variation in growth, the mastering tenet of other Victorians than Newman and Carlyle, and in other departments of thought than moral or religious. It is so, I think. It may be that I am prey to a fixed idea, but I seem to meet this ghostly other self — under - self or over - self as you please — everywhere in Victorian literature: in Arnold’s criticism by trained tact, in Dickens’s “hallucinative imagination,” in Tennyson’s vision on the lawn in *In Memoriam*, in J. S. Mill’s “unconscious” transmogrification of hedonism into virtually idealistic ethics. A friend, who happened to hear me speak of the theory of the unconscious in Victorian literature, remarked pleasantly: “Why don’t you call it an unconscious theory of Victorian literature?” Perhaps it is. Perhaps my own unconscious self, my subliminal self, comes poking me whenever I read these Victorians, and cries, “Tag!” At least, according to the theory itself, if my theory be truly “unconscious,” spontaneous, it ought to be right, and I possessed of at least the essential attribute of genius. But that idea is doubtless one of the “incommunicable” ones!

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Friday, November 14.

SOME of my friends make singular blunders. They go out of their way to talk with certain young women of whom they think or have heard that they are pretty, and take pains to introduce me to them. That may be a reason why they should look at them, but it is not a reason why they should talk with them. I confess that I am lacking a sense, perchance, in this respect, and I derive no pleasure from talking with a young woman half an hour simply because she has regular features. The society of young women is the most unprofitable I have ever tried. They are so light and flighty that you can never be sure whether they are there or not there. I prefer to talk with the more staid and settled, — *settled for life* in every sense.

November 15.

I think it would be good discipline for Channing, who writes poetry in a sublimoslipshod style, to write Latin, for then he would be compelled to say something always, and frequently have recourse to his grammar and dictionary. Methinks that what a man might write in a dead language could be more surely translated into good sense in his own language, than his own language could be translated into good Latin or the dead language.

1852

Sunday, April 4.

I have got to that pass with my friend that our words do not pass with each other for what they are worth. We speak in vain; there is none to hear. He finds fault with me that I walk alone, when I pine for want of a companion; that I commit my thoughts to a diary even on my walks, instead of seeking to share them

generously with a friend; curses my practice even. Awful as it is to contemplate, I pray that, if I am the cold intellectual skeptic whom he rebukes, his curse may take effect, and wither and dry up those sources of my life, and my journal no longer yield me pleasure nor life.

April 16.

How many there are who advise you to print! how few who advise you to lead a more interior life! In the one case there is all the world to advise you; in the other there is none to advise you but yourself. Nobody ever advised me not to print but myself. The public persuade the author to print, as the meadow invites the brook to fall into it. Only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations.

April 17.

When I was young and compelled to pass my Sunday in the house without the aid of interesting books, I used to spend many an hour till the wished-for sundown watching the martins soar, from an attic window; and fortunate indeed did I deem myself when a hawk appeared in the heavens, though far toward the horizon against a downy cloud, and I searched for hours until I had found its mate. They at least took my thoughts from earthly things.

April 18.

2 P. M. to river.

Going through Dennis's field with C., saw a flock of geese on east side of river near willows, — twelve great birds on the troubled surface of the meadow delayed by the storm. We lay on the ground behind an oak and our umbrella, eighty rods off, and watched them. Soon we heard a gun go off but could see no smoke in the mist and rain; and the whole flock

rose, spreading their great wings, and flew with clangor a few rods and lit in the water again, then swam swiftly toward our shore with outstretched necks. I knew them first from ducks by their long necks. Soon appeared the man running toward the shore in vain in his great coat; but he soon retired in vain. We remained close under our umbrella by the tree, ever and anon looking through a peep-hole between the umbrella and the tree at the birds. On they came, sometimes in two, sometimes in three, squads, warily, till we could see the steel-blue and green reflections from their necks.¹ We held the dog close the while, — C., lying on his back in the rain, had him in his arms, — and thus we gradually edged round on the ground in this cold, wet, windy storm, keeping our feet to the tree, and the great wet calf of a dog with his eyes shut so meekly in our arms. We laughed well at our adventure. They swam fast and warily, seeing our umbrellas. Occasionally one expanded a gray wing. They showed white on breasts. And not until after half an hour, sitting cramped and cold and wet on the ground, did we leave them.

April 19.

That oak by Derby's is a grand object seen from any side. It stands like an athlete and defies the tempests in every direction. It has not a weak point. It is an agony of strength. Its branches look like stereotyped gray lightning on the sky. But I fear a price is set upon its sturdy trunk and roots, for ship timber, for knees to make stiff the sides of ships against the Atlantic billows. Like an athlete it shows its well developed muscles.

Scared up three blue herons in the little pond close by, quite near us. It was a grand sight to see them rise, — so slow and stately, so long and limber, with an undulating motion from head to foot, undulating also their large wings, undulating in two directions, and looking warily

¹ Thoreau queries this passage in pencil.

about them. With this graceful, limber, undulating motion they arose, as if so they got under way, their two legs trailing parallel far behind like an earthy residuum to be left behind. They are large, like birds of Syrian lands, and seemed to oppress the earth and hush the hillside to silence, as they winged their way over it looking back toward us. It would affect our thoughts, deepen and perchance darken our reflections, if such huge birds flew in numbers in our sky, — have the effect of magnetic passes. They are few and rare.

To see the larger and wilder birds you must go forth in the great storms like this. At such times they frequent our neighborhood and trust themselves in our midst. A life of fair-weather walks *might* never show you the goose sailing on our waters, or the great heron feeding here. When the storm increases, then these great birds that carry the mail of the seasons lay to. To see wild life you must go forth at a wild season. When it rains and blows, keeping men indoors, then the lover of Nature must forth. Then returns Nature to her wild estate. In pleasant, sunny weather you may catch butterflies, but only when the storm rages that lays prostrate the forest and wrecks the mariner, do you come upon the feeding grounds of wildest fowl, of heron and geese.

July 26.

By my intimacy with nature I find myself withdrawn from man. My interest in the sun and the moon, in the morning and the evening, compels me to solitude.

The grandest picture in the world is the sunset sky. In your higher moods what man is there to meet? You are of necessity isolated. The mind that perceives clearly any natural beauty is in that instant withdrawn from human society. My desire for society is infinitely increased, my fitness for any actual society is diminished.

Went to Cambridge and Boston to-day. Dr. Harris says that my great moth is the

Attacus luna ; may be regarded as one of several emperor moths. They are rarely seen, being very liable to be snapped up by birds. Once, as he was crossing the college yard, he saw the wings of one coming down, which reached the ground just at his feet. What a tragedy! The wings came down as the only evidence that such a creature had soared, wings large and splendid which were designed to bear a precious burthen through the upper air. So most poems, even epics, are like the wings come down to earth while the poet whose adventurous flight they evidence has been snapped up [by] the ravenous vulture of this world. If this moth ventures abroad by day, some bird will pick out the precious cargo and let the sails and rigging drift, as when the sailor meets with a floating spar and sail and reports a wreck seen in a certain latitude and longitude. For what were such tender and defenceless organizations made? The one I had, being put into a large box, beat itself — its wings, etc. — all to pieces in the night in its efforts to get out, depositing its eggs, nevertheless, on the sides of its prison. Perchance the entomologist never saw an entire specimen, but as he walked one day, the wings of a larger species than he had ever seen came fluttering down. The wreck of an argosy in the air.

August 7.

When I think of the thorough drilling to which young men are subjected in the English universities, acquiring a minute knowledge of Latin prosody and of Greek particles and accents, so that they can not only turn a passage of Homer into English prose or verse but readily a passage of Shakespeare into Latin hexameter or elegiacs, — that this and the like of this is to be liberally educated, — I am reminded how different was the education of the actual Homer and Shakespeare. The worthies of the world and liberally educated have always in this sense got along with little Latin and less Greek.

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If I were to choose a time for a friend to make a passing visit to this world for the first time, in the full possession of all his faculties, perchance it would be at a moment when the sun was setting with splendor in the west, his light reflected far and wide through the clarified air after a rain, and a brilliant rainbow, as now, o'erarching the eastern sky. Would he be likely to think this a vulgar place to live, where one would weary of existence and be compelled to devote his life to frivolity and dissipation? If a man travelling from world to world were to pass through this world at such a moment, would he not be tempted to take up his abode here?

Wednesday, August 11.

Alcott here the 9th and 10th. He, the spiritual philosopher, is, and has been for some months, devoted to the study of his own genealogy, — he whom only the genealogy of humanity, the descent of man from God should concern! He has been to his native town of Wolcott, Ct., on this errand, has faithfully perused the records of some fifteen towns, has read the epitaphs in as many churchyards, and wherever he found the name Alcock, excerpted it and all connected with it: for he is delighted to discover that the original name was *All-cock* and meant something, that some grandfather or great-grandfather bore it, — Philip Alcock, — (though his son wisely enough changed it to Alcott). He who wrote of Human Culture, he who conducted the Conversations on the Gospels, he who discoursed of Sleep, Health, Worship, Friendship, etc., last winter, now reading the wills and the epitaphs of the Alcocks with the zeal of a professed antiquarian and genealogist! He has discovered that one George Alcock (afterwards Deacon George) came over with Winthrop in 1630 and settled in Roxbury. Has read Eliot's account of him in the Church records and been caught by a passage in which [his] character is described by Eliot as being of "good savor," I think it

is. But he has by no means made out his descent from him. Only knows that that family owned lands in Woodstock, Connecticut. Nevertheless the similarity of name is enough and he pursues the least trace of it. Has visited a crockery dealer in Boston who trades with Alcocks of Staffordshire (?), England, *great* potters, who took a prize at the World's Fair. Has, through him, obtained a cup or so with the name of the maker, Alcock, on it. Has it at his house. Has got the dealer to describe the persons of those Staffordshire Alcocks, and finds them to be of the right type, even to their noses. He knew they must be so. Has visited the tomb of Dr. John Alcock in the Granary Burying Ground, read and copied it. Has visited also the only bearer of the name in Boston, a sail-maker perchance, — though there is no evidence of the slightest connection except through Adam, — and communicated with him. He says I should survey Concord and put down every house exactly as it stands with the name. Admires the manuscript of the old records, — more pleasing than print. Has some design to collect and print epitaphs. Thinks they should be collected and printed *verbatim et literatim*, every one in every yard, with a perfect index added, so that persons engaged in such pursuits as himself might be absolutely sure when they turned to the name Alcock, for instance, to find it, if it was there, and not have to look over the whole yard. Talks of going to England — says it would be in his way — to visit the Alcocks of Staffordshire. Has gone now to find where lie the three thousand acres granted to the Roxbury family in 16—, “on the Assabett,” and has talked with a lawyer about the possibility of breaking the title, etc., etc.; from time to time pulling out a long note book from his bosom, with epitaphs and the like copied into it. Had copied into it the epitaph of my grandmother-in-law, which he came across in some graveyard (in Charlestown?), thinking “it would interest me”!

Sunday, August 22.

The ways by which men express themselves are infinite, — the literary through their writings, and often they do not mind with what air they walk the streets, being sufficiently reported otherwise. But some express themselves chiefly by their gait and carriage, with swelling breasts or elephantine roll and elevated brows making themselves moving and adequate signs of themselves, having no other outlet. If their greatness had signalized itself sufficiently in some other way, though it were only in picking locks, they could afford to dispense with the swagger.

September 13.

I must walk more with free senses. It is as bad to *study* stars and clouds as flowers and stones. I must let my senses wander as my thoughts, my eyes see without looking. Carlyle said that how to observe was to look, but I say that it is rather to see, and the more you look the less you will observe. I have the habit of attention to such excess that my senses get no rest, but suffer from a constant strain. Be not preoccupied with looking. Go not to the object; let it come to you. When I have found myself ever looking down and confining my gaze to the flowers, I have thought it might be well to get into the habit of observing the clouds as a corrective; but no, that study would be just as bad. What I need is not to look at all, but a true sauntering of the eye.

December 15.

Saw a small flock of geese go over. One's *life*, the enterprise he is here upon, should certainly be a grand fact to consider, not a mean or insignificant one. A man should not live without a purpose, and that purpose must surely be a grand one. But is this fact of “our life” commonly but a puff of air, a flash in the pan, a smoke, a nothing? It does not afford arena for a tragedy.

1853

August 18.

What means this sense of lateness that so comes over one now, as if the rest of the year were downhill, and if we had not performed anything before, we should not now? The season of flowers or of promise may be said to be over, and now is the season of fruits; but where is our fruit? The night of the year is approaching. What have we done with our talent? All nature prompts and reproves us. How early in the year it begins to be late! The sound of the crickets even in the spring makes our hearts beat with its awful reproof, while it encourages with its seasonable warning. It matters not by how little we have fallen behind; it seems irretrievably late. The year is full of warnings of its shortness, as is life. The sound of so many insects and the sight of so many flowers affect us so, the creak of the cricket and the sight of the prunella and autumnal dandelion. They say, For the night cometh in which no man may work.

October 12.

To-day I have had the experience of borrowing money for a poor Irishman who wishes to get his family to this country. One will never know his neighbors till he has carried a subscription paper among them. Ah, it reveals many and sad facts to stand in this relation to them. To hear the selfish and cowardly excuses some make, that *if* they help any they must help the Irishman who lives with them! And him they are sure never to help. Others, with whom public opinion weighs, will think of it, trusting you never will raise the sum and so they will not be called on again, who give stingily after all. What a satire in the fact that you are much more inclined to call on a certain slighted and so-called crazy woman in moderate circumstances rather than on the president of the bank! But some are generous and save the town from the distinction which threatened it, and *some*,

even, who do not lend, plainly would if they could.

November 2.

What is nature unless there is an eventful human life passing within her? Many joys and many sorrows are the lights and shadows in which she shows most beautiful.

November 9.

P. M. to Fair Haven Hill by boat with W. E. C.

We rowed against a very powerful wind, sometimes scarcely making any headway. It was with difficulty often that we moved our paddles through the air for a new stroke. As C. said, it seemed to blow out of a hole. We had to turn our oars edgewise to it. . . . Landed and walked over Conant's Indian rye-field, and I picked up two good arrowheads. The river with its waves has a very wild look southward, and I see the white caps of the waves in Fair Haven Bay. Went into the woods by Holden Swamp and sat down to hear the wind roar amid the tree-tops. What an incessant straining of the trees! It is a music that wears better than the opera, methinks. This reminds me how the telegraph wire hummed coarsely in the tempest as we passed under it.

Hitherto it had only rained a little from time to time, but now it began suddenly in earnest. We hastily rowed across to the firm ground of Fair Haven Hill side, drew up our boat and turned it over in a twinkling on to a clump of alders covered with cat-briars which kept up the lee side, and crawled under it. There we lay half an hour on the damp ground and cat-briars, hardly able to see out to the storm, which we heard on our roof through the thick alder stems, much pleased with the tightness of our roof, which we frequently remarked upon. We took immense satisfaction in the thoroughness of our protection against the rain which it afforded. Remembered that such was the origin of the Numidian architecture and, as some think, of the nave (ship) in Gothic archi-

lecture, and if we had had a dry bed beneath us, and an ugly gap under the windward side of the boat through [which] the wind drew had been stopped, we should have lain there longer.

At length, as it threatened to be an all-night storm, we crawled out again and set sail homeward. It now began to rain harder than ever, and the wind was so strong and gusty and blew so nearly at right angles with the river that we found it impossible to keep the stream long at a time with our sail set, sitting on one side till the water came in plentifully that the side might act as a keel, but were repeatedly driven ashore amid the button-bushes, and then had to work our way to the other side slowly and start again. What with water in the boat and in our clothes we were now indifferent to wet. At length it began to rain so much harder than before, the great drops seeming to flat down the waves and suppress the wind and feeling like hail on our hands and faces, that as we remembered it had only sprinkled before. By this time, of course, we were wet quite through and through, and C. began to inquire and jest about the condition of our money — a singular prudence methought — and buried his wallet in his pocket handkerchief and returned it to his pocket again. He thought that bank-bills would be spoiled. It had never occurred to me if a man got completely wet through how it might affect the bank-bills in his wallet, it is so rare a thing for me to have any there. At length we both took to rowing vigorously to keep ourselves warm, and so got home, just after candle-light.

November 14.

P. M. to Anursnack.

From this hill I am struck with the smoothness and washed appearance of all the landscape. All these russet fields and swells look as if the withered grass had been combed by the flowing water; not merely the sandy roads but the fields are swept. All waters — the rivers and ponds

and swollen brooks — and many new ones are now seen through the leafless trees — are blue as indigo, reservoirs of dark indigo amid the general russet and reddish-brown and gray. October answers to that period in the life of man when he is no longer dependent on his transient moods, when all his experience ripens into wisdom; but every root, branch, and leaf of him glows with maturity. What he has been and done in his spring and summer appears. He bears his fruit.

December 8.

I was amused by R. W. E.'s telling me that he drove his own calf out of the yard as it was coming in with the cow, not knowing it to be his own, a drove going by at the time.

December 22.

Surveying the last three days. They have not yielded much that I am aware of. All I find is the old bound-marks, and the slowness and dullness of farmers reconfirmed. They even complain that I walk too fast for them. Their legs have become stiff from toil. This coarse and hurried outdoor work compels me to live grossly or be inattentive to my diet, — that is the worst of it. Like work, like diet; that, I find, is the rule. Left to my chosen pursuits, I should never drink tea nor coffee, nor eat meat. The diet of any class or generation is the natural result of its employment and locality. It is remarkable how unprofitable it is for the most part to talk with farmers. They commonly stand on their good behavior and attempt to moralize or philosophize in a serious conversation. Sportsmen and loafers are better company. For society a man must not be too *good* or well disposed, to spoil his natural disposition. The bad are frequently good enough to let you see how bad they are, but the good as frequently endeavor [to] get between you and themselves.

I have dined out five times and tea'd once within a week. Four times there was tea on the dinner-table, always meat, but

once baked beans, always pie but no puddings. I suspect tea has taken the place of cider with farmers. I am reminded of Haydon the painter's experience when he went about painting the nobility. I go about to the houses of the farmers and squires in like manner. This is my portrait-painting, when I would fain be employed on higher subjects. I have offered myself much more earnestly as a lecturer than a surveyor; yet I do not get any employment as a lecturer, was not invited to lecture once last winter and only once (without pay) this winter, but I can get surveying enough, which a hundred others

in this county can do as well as I, though it is not boasting much to say that a hundred others in New England cannot lecture as well as I on my themes. But they who do not make the highest demand on you shall rue it. It is because they make a low demand on themselves. All the while that they use only your humbler faculties, your higher, unemployed faculties like an invisible cimeter are cutting them in twain. Woe be to the generation that lets any higher faculty in its midst go unemployed! That is to deny God and know him not, and he accordingly will know not of them.

(To be continued)

AT TABLE-SETTING

BY EVANGELINE METHENY

For the table-setting
Fewer are the places,
Fewer round the table
Grow the children's faces.

Changes, changes, changes
Life and Death are bringing;
Sore my soul misgives me,
Fears my heart are wringing.

Otherwise I fancied
As I hushed their weeping;
Otherwise I fancied
As I watched them sleeping.

Small, we kept them near us,
Thou and I together;
Hard the task without thee,
Lonely the endeavor.

Round the board so crowded
Wider grow the spaces,
For the table-setting
Fewer are the places.

VISION

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THERE comes a day when, although winter's signs are still flaunted abroad; though the hollows are filled with snow, the sky streaked gray and yellow, the trees bare and bent to the wind; though the air is nipping for all your brisk walking; yet that day is a day of spring and not of winter. You come in flushed and bright-eyed to announce it to the group huddled before the comfortable fire. But your herald tidings are received with a sniff of contempt, a telling glance at the window, a silent scorn. Nevertheless, it is the truth — you know it! Somewhere out there you saw her, the Spring. You felt her breath, her fingers clasped yours a moment, for an instant you met her eyes. "Spring has come," you said, and the moment which yields the first flower, the first song, cannot equal this for rapture. It is so intimate, so sacred, so sweet, this discovery of yours. Should they ask, those who have not seen, how you know, — by what signs you found her, — you cannot reply. The vision has blessed you and departed. There are no terms of description for her. But you know.

Perhaps these unnamable convictions are the strongest our hearts experience. They cannot be shaken. There is in them a force quite unknown to reason, a certainty heaped-up proofs could never supply.

We have tried to ticket this power, and, thus labeled, to put it away as done with. Intuition, perception, — there are various words for it. That it is real remains beyond peradventure true. That we do not understand it is true again.

Is it something of our own that we might strengthen and control? Is it an angel who walks beside us, and through whose deep-seeing eyes we may occasionally glance? Is it something we have

passed, or something to which we are attaining? We cannot answer.

That it should be trusted is beside the mark. One cannot help trusting it. The painter knows it. It has snatched the brush from his hand and painted his best pictures, as it has given its own words to the singer. The child holding out his arms to the gruff old customer the rest of us avoid knows it. Do you think it is her narrow creed that has given yonder poor woman the strength to smile at her misfortune, the sublimity of sacrifice she has attained? It is the sweet vision, the mystery she cannot name, which has sustained her. "I have seen the Spring," says her every act. But the onlooker gazing at the snowdrifts and barren landscape has no response save an incredulous smile.

The fairy tales tell of talking animals and trees, of men for whom the silent things are vocal. We all live in a fairy tale far more than in what we are pleased to call the real world, and our happiness depends largely upon our power to comprehend the fairy things that are happening to us. If we listen when the oak commands us to turn to the right, and not to the left, all goes well. But if we perversely refuse to believe that the oak has any means of addressing us, we run counter to the fairy laws, and the secret help fails us. If the vision has vanished, of what use is the reality? If the spirit of Spring abide not within you, shall all the flowers and sweet scents and lovely harmonies of May stir you to happiness? It may not be. Of what use is the beauty of a child to one who has killed the fairy child that once walked beside him? Such an one is deaf and blind, for the wicked enchanter has possession of him. But for him who has cherished the vision there lives something of beauty in every child. The spirit of

childhood has met him and smiled upon him, and he sees it and draws it forth again to meet him in each child he encounters.

Be this spirit within or without us, it is assuredly only by heeding that we can possess it. If you fare not with open eyes, you will not see the vision. It is a truism that the tramp trudging the dusty highway may be thrice happy, when the plutocrat in his automobile has wretchedness for his companion. It is not what you see and touch that has power to give you happiness. It is the vision that you carry within you that has power. This vision does undoubtedly make what is lovely lovelier, and the beauty of an Italian lake fairer than a city backyard. Yet, were it not for the vision, think you the lake would glimmer in so mysterious a way? And but for the vision the dingy strip of flagging would throw a mortal coldness over your heart. It is still the vision that is the reality, and lake and tenement are plastic to its fairy touch.

When this power beckons, it is wise to follow; where it forbids, wiser still to hesitate. Though one may not always find reasons in words for obeying, one can always find them in the region beyond words. And it is this region to which we do ultimately belong. Its boundaries are indeterminate, and most of the territory unknown, yet who can deny its imminence? Many, perhaps. But to those who know and have seen, it were as though a crowd of blind men should vehemently deny, to one who saw, that the sun was bright and the earth beautiful.

It is, and must forever be, the unheard melodies which are sweetest, the unseen beauty which is fairest. Not because they are in reality unseen and unheard, but because they are the most truly heard and seen of all. When these fail, it is time to mourn, rather than when material glories fade. You may lose much and recover. But lose the vision, and you cannot recover. Your hold on outside matters should not relax because mysterious arms are held out to you beyond. These evanescent realities are necessary, for the vis-

ion must make use of them as materials for incarnation. It is because you have seen the spirit of Spring that the following blossoms and green grass are peculiarly dear. And it is only he who hears the skylark as Shelley heard it who knows the real song of the bird.

In most of us there is a quality that fears or dislikes this strange power. Some among us seem wholly to scorn or hate it. But this is doubtless only seeming, and even the most misprising of us has somewhere a secret recognition of the invisible angel. Is not this terror born of the fear of unreality before reality, of the impermanent before the permanent, of that which dies before that which lives? And if you see what I cannot see, I may laugh at you, but there will be somewhat of envy mingled with my laughter.

Who can do his best work unless the vision be his? If what seems real were the only reality, there would be little courage in our hearts. It is because we see what is apparently not there that we struggle with the misery of the tenements, that we grapple the prison problem, that we fight the sin in our own hearts. Spring would probably arrive and embellish the earth whether or no any seer lingering in the frozen woods were aware of her impalpable spirit. But there is another spring that would never bloom were it not for this same seer. It is on him that the future of the world depends. On him, who, looking out on the barren land, perceives the subtle change lying so near the surface, catches a glimmer from a light too keen to be visible, hearkens to those vital words which transcend human speech. He tills his fields, he buys and sells, he votes, he works like other men. But, be he millionaire or pauper, President or Socialist, his work and thought are based on broader foundations, have a deeper meaning and more far-reaching effect. The Spring has whispered to him, and he has come in to us with eyes shining at a vision that lends strength to his least effort. We may not believe, but we must follow him, until, some sudden day, the flowering

trees and green grass thrust the accomplished fact on our dull senses. The millennium beacons the souls of such men, and they will not let us despair. We must

all march onward, keeping time to fairy music whether we hear it or not. For so long as even one among us sees and hears we are safe.

SIGNIFICANT TENDENCIES IN CURRENT FICTION

BY MARY MOSS

To come in touch with the tendency of new novels, both English and American, I have lately read with care no less than sixty volumes fresh from the press, chosen without regard to previous conviction or personal prejudice. A diary of this — I am tempted to say — exploit, containing notes and comments, now affords a hint of something which these novels may collectively indicate, suggestions of a certain definable motion where, at a glance, all seemed cross-current, eddy, and purposeless back-water, defying orderly classification.

The first self-evident division is purely geographical, England from America. America again presents infinite subdivisions, East, West, North, South, with a fragment of unadulterated New England left over from a brilliant past. This speciously simple arrangement, however, is rendered highly complex by so mechanical a factor as, to state it baldly, cheap flats in New York. Yet we must no more suppose that paying a poll-tax in Manhattan transforms your Western man into a New Yorker, than that myriads of Southern romancers are changed into Yankees by living in the vicinity of Washington Square. Nevertheless there is one significant effect from this steady tide of immigration, namely the tendency of many young Eastern writers to detach themselves from their own geographical group, and drift over to the larger and livelier body now crystallizing into a recognizable Western school. This, needless to say, does not apply to those

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men hailing from the East who choose Western subjects. Mr. Owen Wister, treating of cowboys and biscuit-shooters, frankly does so from his own point of view as a sympathetic and impressionable outsider, who no more belongs in the West than Mr. Thompson-Seton in a menagerie. The influence lies far deeper, so deep that much contemporary fiction bearing every hall-mark of the Western school, proves on inquiry to be written in the East, by an Easterner. It is an unexpected phase of assimilation! The Southern school, on the contrary, like the Jewish faith, preserves its own characteristics but makes no converts, leaving the West to absorb into its ranks many waverers whose tendencies and convictions do not bind them firmly to another standard.

Here we at once come upon a vital difference between England and America. The average colonial writer, moving to London, is apt to keep his own flavor but seldom acquires an influence over accepted standards. The average! Genius here as ever defies all rules, but it is hard to imagine a body of Australians or Afrikanders wielding such power as now belongs to companies of able young Westerners pitching their tents in New York. Of course the cause is not far to seek, it may even be a by-product of our famous national humor. Having achieved no definite standard of our own, the majority of us are open to every passing impression. This has its good side. We are highly alive, inapt to fall into ruts. It is

not conceivable that an American should print so paltry and hackneyed an ineptitude as *The Little Vanities* of Mrs Whittaker.¹ Such books have always existed in England, therefore they will always find toleration, being inferior along time-honored lines. On the other hand, that very conservatism which makes it possible to be stupid a thousand times in the same way, also goes to enforce the demand that in books a certain medium shall be respected, a language used not altogether that of the street and the market-place. It is because we have not aimed at establishing such a standard, because there was more sense of it in Hawthorne's day than now, that the Hoosier actually exerts more influence upon New York than New York upon the Hoosier. Lacking vigor and conviction, the representatives of conservatism lie at the mercy of every untrammelled young free lance who comes out of the West, to rescue American fiction from the unpopular and un-American superstition that literature should strive to be literary.

Consequently, while geographical classification may be necessary, superficially it presents inconsistencies. And these inconsistencies are intensified by another division, choice of theme. Here we come to easily recognizable classes. The historical novel obviously needs neither definition nor illustration, since, being always coexistent with certain other forms of fiction, it holds a peculiar place as the direct offspring of intensely personal taste or gift. Sir Walter wrote his great romances simply because he could not have done otherwise. He straightway set a fashion followed by the entire world for more than a generation, waning with his imitators, falling into disrepute, practically vanishing till Mr. Stevenson chanced one day to find how much at ease he felt in his ancestors' small-clothes. Then again the mode flourished, with what results, excellent and deplorable, we have lately wit-

nessed. The historical novel therefore need not be considered here as an influence, because it is at all times a side issue, in fact represents rather a mode than a tendency; also because it, like the Wetterhorn in *Tartarin*, "périclitait depuis quelque temps."

Next to be examined and dismissed as lacking positive significance (negatively it means much) is the specialized sketch. This applies to Miss Kelly's admirable East Side stories, to Mr. John Fox's depressing mountaineers,² or to any of the countless thumb-nail portraits, co-related short stories, or lengthy volumes describing special coteries of thieves, policemen, expatriated Greeks and Syrians, railroad men and journalists, with which our magazines abound. As a mere form, however, the co-related short story undoubtedly does exercise a new influence, and one, in spite of its charm, rather to be guarded against than honored. Not forgetting Bret Harte or Kipling, we may still doubt if this facile compromise between the short story and the novel be not more of a snare than a benefit. Take, for example, *The Search for the Unknown*.³ Mr. Chambers here shows a real comedy gift, a clever invention and style of unusual excellence. He is also the victim of his own cleverness and of the co-related habit. No one could fail to smile over one of his extravaganzas, over his mild satire upon other ingenious writers who take their own ingenuity a trifle seriously, over his trim turn of phrase and pleasantly irresponsible vein. But a book of such stories reveals his method, wearies you with that trim turn of phrase. To go back to the co-related form, an author has in mind a set of characters, a series of scenes. By giving these episodically he is spared any effort of elimination and does away with tiresome explanations, with all the hand-caps of a long novel. A vertebrate plot

² *Christmas Eve on Lonesome*. By JOHN FOX. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

³ *The Search for the Unknown*. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

¹ *The Little Vanities* of Mrs. Whittaker. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1904.

becomes unnecessary. Any large composition worked out, balanced, harmonized, is a far more arduous task than so stringing together a number of episodes that each, in a measure, prepares for the next. Also there need be none of the concentration and finish called for by a complete short story. Having already met your hero, your reader feels pleased to come across an old acquaintance without making the mental exertion of realizing a new personage. All this is tempting, it sometimes produces results as flawless as Miss Kelly's *Little Citizens*.¹ Yet this form has the drawbacks of every quick and easy method. It does not force a writer to develop the skill essential to sustained creative work; it is also a potent factor in minimizing to atrophy the general reader's power of attention.

Having disposed of this form, we may consider the special local story in its many aspects. Tales of wild life, whether by land or sea, afford now as ever an outlet for the literary gift lodged in men of certain tastes and experiences. These tales differ little from generation to generation, always incarnating a few decided types, seldom giving us a new picture of a new man. Special in another fashion are innumerable stories, long and short, depending largely for interest upon dialect, local characteristics, and picturesque setting. However useful these may prove in time to come (not as literature, but as such records as those Babylonian bricks from which we learn how vanished peoples conducted daily life), relying upon oddity and staging rather than upon profound sympathy with human nature, they have exactly the value of a cleverly snapped kodak, so much, no more! To be convinced of this, one need only recall Mr. Edwards's inimitable *Two Runaways*. There you have your old plantation house, your humorous, predatory, devoted darkey, your hog and hominy, clear as a kodak. But likewise you have, in the negro's master, that universal longing for youth, spring and

holiday, that temporary suspension of conscience and responsibility, for which the most prosaic of us must occasionally yearn. It is not merely a picture of two blissful deserters from life reveling in hoecakes and freedom. It is you and I, or our matter-of-fact neighbor, as we may never be, alas! but as even the dullest mortals have sometimes pictured themselves, sloughing all trouble and for a brief moment living idly in the sun. That story might have been told in a thousand fashions, it is a real story revealed in the setting with which its writer chanced to be familiar. Although in criticism no mechanical device can be invariably trusted, a fair test for distinguishing the special story of permanent human interest from a clever ephemeral sketch is to imagine plot and people in other surroundings. We may safely assume that situation and characters hardy enough to survive transplanting are probably truer to universal human nature than equally brilliant pictures depending entirely upon one special environment. Huckleberry Finn, itching in "upwards of a thousand places" while old Jim hunts for him everywhere but behind the door, is elemental boy, a universal creation. So is Ariadne. She happened to be a Princess of Crete, but her whole adventure could occur in Fall River to-day, with Minos for the mill owner and Theseus as a triumphant labor leader. The special vein then may be dismissed as an influence, not because its exponents lack ability, but because, being superficial, their tendency seems rather negative than active.

For the same reason the Southern school, in spite of its occasional fine quality, will scarcely deflect the course of literature. Here for illustration I will quote bodily my notes upon *The House of Fulfilment*.² Theme the power of love, so heralded by advertisements, rather appetizing after sixteen stories in which this agent is hardly allowed any authority.

¹ *Little Citizens*. By MYRA KELLY. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

² *The House of Fulfilment*. By GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

The advertisements may be right, but I should never have recognized that power in the warm, bland fluid, sweetish and penetrating everywhere (except into the *treizième arrondissement*, a locality practically unexploited by American fiction). A domestic tale, beneficent, clean, — my adjectives clamor to be heard. Not very dull. It contains edifying recipes for perfect happiness. Not real, not unpleasant. Then it is common, so hopelessly steeped in commonness as to lie outside the pale of criticism. But then again, why should it not be common? (This question appears in almost every previous set of notes.) What has commonness to do with literature? Nothing, less than nothing! Neither has *The House of Fulfilment*. Only, glancing over the past, it may be coincidence, but no fiction tainted with commonness has survived its own generation.

The Law of the Land,¹ however, contains such ornamental writing in chapters one and two that, till oriented by a backward reference to the Civil War, I mistook it for a colonial romance. This is a novel of plot rather than character, and by some malign influence the plot unfolds with such rapidity that the page you are reading always explains what you have entirely learned for yourself in the preceding chapter. The villains make their entrance carefully hall-marked, all business and properties needed for later development are introduced like labeled exhibits. Also, as in most Southern books, genuine emotion arises from one cause only, the old historic quarrel. Emotional quality as understood by Rousseau is no more frequent here than in that Northern school devoted to social research, whose ablest exponents are Mrs. Edith Wharton and Judge Grant. Not that this pair should be classed together, except as presenting pictures of contemporary society from the angle of mature experience. Judge Grant makes his at-

tack with broad grasp, fearlessness, and syntax. Mrs. Wharton dwells upon the same conditions with delightful finish and subtlety, a cultivated style; above all, she sees through the medium of a supremely literary temperament. Likewise this pair differ in yet another item from three dozen preceding writers upon my list. Both write from the standpoint of their own sex so definitely as to leave no doubt which is the man's and which the woman's hand. Mrs. Wharton may be read for pleasure as well as instruction, Judge Grant for instruction and for the bitter comfort of seeing ratified your own least hopeful observations.

*The Undercurrent*² is a valuable human document, a contribution to the world's records, a real study of motive, incentive, existing conditions. From beginning to end no note rings false. Why then is this not a great book? Solely because you realize that with all his knowledge, insight, and appreciation, Judge Grant has merely collected precious evidence for some future novelist or satirist to digest and use. The author resembles a perfectly intelligent talker who should step to the footlights and go through an interesting scene exactly as such a scene might take place in a drawing-room. Literalness, in other words, is mistaken for realism. To prove the difference, compare the *Undercurrent* with the late Mr. Harold Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware*. Mr. Frederic laid his story in a setting, if anything, cruder than Judge Grant's, but he could not introduce a scene or passing character without impressing your imagination. His way of telling enabled you at once to visualize his people in their surroundings. Judge Grant, on the other hand, is obliged to inform you laboriously of everything. You know that he represents truly, your intelligence is entirely satisfied, as it would also be in reading a census report or any clear, unpretending record of facts. He conjures up no vision. It is, in fact,

¹ *The Law of the Land*. By EMERSON HOUGH. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1904.

² *The Undercurrent*. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

less a story than a masterly abstract by an able scientist, with nothing cheap or trivial, no compromises. Yet with all the respect due him, in company with countless chroniclers of rustic life, worthy inland villages and vicious big cities, Judge Grant does not reach that combination of craft, vigor, and imagination which goes to make staying power.

Miss Sedgwick narrowly misses it, since she writes in the tongue of civilization, with charm, and above all, with feeling. Noting this quality for the first time in all my weary search through acres of arid cleverness, I am tempted to rate her book too high, in sheer gratitude for the pleasure of reading it. Neither treatment nor matter shows a taint of the second-rate. A little stronger vitality, a greater sturdiness, and *Paths of Judgment*¹ would do far more than perform the important function of keeping alive faith and hope that good fiction may still lie in the lap of a somewhat discouraging future.

If any such promise exist in the array of financial novels, which I have purposely kept to the last, as collectively the most significant, its fulfillment can come about only through the troubled waters of reaction. These books of the marketplace signal the opening of new territory to fiction. Finance, the personal finance of heroes and heroines, has of course always been a legitimate and popular theme. Dick Whittington, dear Amelia and her Fletcher, Martin Chuzzlewit, the victim of *Ten Thousand a Year*, Mr. Gissing's people, the people in *The Way we Live Now*, all have to do with money. But money formerly, even in Balzac, occupied a place in relation to character and event, not itself coming to the front and monopolizing the stage. We have heard the expression, but never before have we actually heard "money talk"! In *The Common Lot*² Mr. Herrick, while dealing with this factor, yet manages to keep some

balance between it and his people. Also he is obviously aware of their vulgarity and writes of them in a tongue which places him in the sparse ranks of the civilized.

As a rule, however, the whole "output" of this school is as typically American, as speciously and negatively virtuous, as chewing gum! This vulgar word ill becomes these pages, but no other so precisely condenses an atmosphere reeking of hotel lobbies, office buildings, parlor cars, distracting with tickers, typewriters, telephones, all the paraphernalia of modern luxury as interpreted by successful bagmen. Undeniably, these volumes carry conviction of being written from "the ground floor," bewilderingly so, in fact, since it is true that no man standing chin high in grain can ripely paint a wheat-field. It must be seen from some elevation, or at least from a distance. Failing that, distance must be artificially created, not by the Lady of Shalott's mirror, morbidly, unreally, but with the cheerful truth and accuracy of a Claude Lorraine glass. Now the entire group of which Mr. Alfred Henry Lewis is representative has lost, or let us hope only mislaid, its Lorraine glass. *The President*³ is full of talent. To its credit lay superficial observation, considerable vitality, and a clear stroke in describing politics and finance as expressed in deals, also a brisk, cheap imagination for incident. Beyond this, there is lack of depth; no inner picture has been drawn of men and minds; and as for frank melodrama! Imagine the result of collaboration between Judge Grant and Henry Seton Merriman, with finishing touches by Colonel Archibald Clavering Gunter, and a style compounded of George Ade and an old-fashioned romantic shilling shocker. To make this more exasperating, Mr. Lewis occasionally lapses into sound sense and wise epigram in clear, manly language. It is these pithy bits which prevent your being able simply to ignore him. Who could describe a

³ *The President*. By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS. New York: A. S. Barnes Co. 1904.

¹ *Paths of Judgment*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

² *The Common Lot*. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

certain type more neatly than this? "Indeed he had as an individual, the best characteristics of a canal. He was even, currentless, with a mental fall of two feet to the mile." And again, "There are men reckoned shrewd in business whose shrewdness can be overcome by ciphers. It is as though they were wise up to seven figures." Mr. Lewis abounds in passages so good that you would cheerfully concede certain homelinesses of diction naturally pertaining to this homely American wit. But toleration is strained when he, in narrative, states that "Mrs. Hanway Harley would have Storri to the library" (the italics are mine), also when "Storri was every day to see her." A large amount of native wit will hardly atone for these eccentricities, but such slips become hanging matter when the author changes his key with never a modulation, and goes on shortly, "Thus did Storri rear his sinful castles in the air, and as he brooded his black designs," . . . Or when the hero with the "Pict arms" (bodily, not heraldic arms) remarks to the friend with whom he is playfully employed in "trust-busting," "Thus was I demon-haunted of my gold, I was galled of money." And then, the commonness! Not the conscious commonness of his classic onslaught upon Kansas, but the innocent, elegant commonness of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. When Count Storri was to the drawing-room, only wings of angels and archangels could palliate that horror. Poor Mr. Lewis! No choir invisible has taken him in charge. No higher guardianship protects him from himself than a shrewd and knowing printer's devil.

This whole aspect of contemporary fiction can be found in essence in Mr. Lorimer's *Old Gorgon Graham*,¹ a series of letters blending the wisdom of those two great ethical teachers, Benjamin Franklin and Lord Chesterfield. A Chicago Chesterfield, in the pork trade! Could

¹ *Old Gorgon Graham*. By GEORGE HORACE LORIMER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

any advice be sounder? That honesty is the best policy stands proved on every page, through the illumining medium of hog. In fact, it is impossible to imagine an atmosphere more thoroughly basted with clean, wholesome, American lard. Old Graham uses a direct style, his anecdotes are apt and laughter-provoking. He represents the fine flower of our honest American merchant with his own wit, his own standards, and his own fathoming of heaven, earth, and hell by the length of his own pocket foot-rule. You read every letter with zest, respecting the ability with which it has been conceived and carried out, to feel in the end infinitely debased by tolerance of an odious and unreverent materialism. The young man who follows old Graham's advice will live cleanly, work indomitably, will avoid all pretense, and be a just, appreciative master. But if this world be only as old Graham sees it, why should our young man take such pains to deny himself? True, that advice will make him richer, but might he not reasonably prefer a few millions less and—a good time? Perhaps, after all, the old-fashioned wallowing sty pig had quite as much comfort as the prophylactic article of modern commerce. If all of life be mere balancing profit and loss, why not count so many points of the game to the pleasures of self-indulgence? Such a book forms an inestimable piece of evidence in the history of second generations, and these are at present a dominant note in our national life. Apparently without intention, Mr. Lorimer exposes the source of their unspeakable, contagious vulgarity and materialism. A taste for frenzied application is rarely transmitted, and Graham's philosophy, leaving the soul without guidance or nourishment, produces complete atrophy of a member grown useless, and therefore cumbersome. This philosophy is all the more dangerous, since old Graham has every domestic virtue and a set of morals entirely tallying with the police code and the ten commandments.

Such criticism, it may be objected, is purely ethical, but Mr. Lorimer's ethics suggest a plausible theory as to why, in spite of their talents, many of our younger writers continually fail to produce books of serious, lasting worth. May it not be that we have reached a new plane? Does not all this point to a really new drift, an elimination of the personal element from fiction, and a substituting of aspects of human life illustrated by clever marionettes? Do not all these fields, — the historical, animal, fisher folk, horticultural romance, the stock market, — which are undoubtedly absorbing our best writers, at bottom form part of a tremendous scramble of an entire generation to escape from fundamental emotion — not merely an aversion to any manifestation, but from the smallest harboring of so alien and unallowed a sensation? Whether this hostility will eventually become a national trait, or whether it be a temporary phase, time alone can show. At present, undeniably, our novels as a whole truthfully depict a condition of which we hardly realize the force, until, thrown suddenly among people and literature of another race, we see with how much freer rein they treat their emotions. Hence, when our young writers dwell upon situation rather than people, instead of empirically classing this predilection as the sequela of too much Zola, should we not believe it the result neither of direct influence nor similar conditions, but a queer outcome of our national life, with an occasional and confusing likeness to the French realists? If Mr. Georg Brandes be right in saying "Knowledge of the manner in which it" (the emotion of love) "is apprehended and represented by any age is an important factor in any real understanding of the spirit of an age," then the significance of this tendency to conventionalize or ignore can hardly be overrated. Are we perhaps drifting towards an almost Japanese standard of impersonality, without even a glimpse at Japan's standard of finish, in which as a guide to behavior, sheer exquisiteness

supplants primary human impulse? A crude Japanese is inconceivable, would be intolerable. Crudeness can be excused only by the presence of purifying heat and passion. As music calls for instruments and the plastic arts can find substance only through certain mechanical devices, so fiction has hitherto been held to rely upon intense realization of people in the most intimately personal sense. Consequently, apart from style, a less fundamental question, the most striking feature of our fiction to-day proves to be an almost universal avoidance of personal quality (even to the point that one man's work frequently cannot be distinguished from another's) and a steady ignoring of that discredited element in human affairs, purely human and personal emotion. That this avoidance leaves on the whole meagre sustenance for ordinary appetites is constantly suggested by the disproportioned popularity of such cheap appeals to sentimentality as David Harum, Mrs. Wiggs, and Emmy Lou.

At this juncture my geographical classification halted at four writers whimsically joined by the one tie of severed citizenship. Mrs. Craigie has to all intents become British. She might be Mrs. Clifford, with a hint of that manner which Mr. Mallock now humorously reserves for first chapters (one could wish for space to treat this tantalizing gentleman as a practical joker, writing such engaging beginnings as the ball scene in *The Veil of the Temple*,¹ only to plunge his reader into abysmal, fruitless controversies, usually abutting upon a well-informed young lady in a flowing cloak). Mr. Marion Crawford has long since become the accomplished, cosmopolitan manufacturer, with a bias towards Italy. No one could attribute any influence to *Whosoever Shall Offend*,² except as a

¹ *The Veil of the Temple*. By W. H. MALLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1904.

² *Whosoever Shall Offend*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

shining instance of moderate, sustained industry. Mr. Henry Harland is too exotic upon any portion of this globe to be rated as other than an amiable lavender orchid; and as for Mr. Henry James! Here we come upon one more proof of the peril of dogmatizing. As a rule it is the personal quality which makes for influence, but in Mr. James this quality has grown so exclusive as to be available only for Mr. James (and with him even one sometimes suspects auto-infection). *The Golden Bowl*,¹ then, should be read, savored, reread. Indeed, this advice is superfluous. Once taken up, it pursues you. Mr. Verver with his horrible little convex waistcoat, the impeccable Maggie, her Prince, the Principino, poor peccant Charlotte—you think of nothing else for days. They even grow more alive after you flatter yourself you have done with them than while you are officially in their company. Bob and Fanny, the bric-à-brac dealers, the complaisant hostess of Matcham, forget them if you can! With all this, nevertheless, Mr. James is a marvelous hermit on a lonely isle; you must row out of the current to visit him. He is less cosmopolitan than utterly denationalized. More, even! He has deserted the earth and hovers in a wonderful, labyrinthine dimension of his own. He is a precious, morbid phenomenon, too exceptional for healthy discipleship.

Turning to England, we at once come upon a sharp contrast. Notwithstanding the occasional vogue of second-rate books, the ideas of the few do lead the many. (Have not Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith more legitimate followers than either Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Marie Corelli?) Thus there is no enlightenment in dwelling upon numbers of more or less readable novels, since they merely carry on a respectable circulating-library standard, fairly workmanlike, but of no special promise or significance. Such is *The Truants*,² with its

¹ *The Golden Bowl*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

² *The Truants*. By A. E. W. MASON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

piquant opening and subsequent collapse; also *The Reaper*,³ an excellent example of narrative pitched in a key harmonizing with dialect, but not unduly affected by it. Even Mrs. Thurston's brilliant story *The Masqueraders*⁴ belongs here, likewise *Olive Latham*,⁵ with its poignant object lesson of how ineffective the most stirring fact may be in fiction, and *Baccarat*,⁶ which only embodies what many British hearts conceive to be the French novel. One runs through many of these rapidly; they mean little except that a steady, accepted fashion of making books still prevails in England. Mrs. Humphry Ward likewise cannot be discussed here since, with all her ripeness and capacity to fill (if not animate) a large canvas, her place seems already fixed as an invaluable link in keeping the chain of fine traditions unbroken and ready to be adorned with gems by more spontaneous spirits.

Differing from all of these come two men in process of development, but still in that borderland between excellence and mediocrity. Mr. Houseman undoubtedly recalls Thomas Hardy, but rather as a mind built upon somewhat the same pattern than as an imitator. *Sabrina Warham*⁷ distinctly belongs to the class of books which may be read without drugging three fourths of an average intelligence, in order to keep the fourth quarter comfortably busy.

*Rachel Marr*⁸ shows positive advance over Mr. Morley Roberts's former work. There is repetition, Anthony is impossible, most of the characters are, to say the least, highly improbable. Granted this!

³ *The Reaper*. By EDITH RICKERT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

⁴ *The Masqueraders*. By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

⁵ *Olive Latham*. By E. L. VOYNICH. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

⁶ *Baccarat*. By FRANK DANBY. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

⁷ *Sabrina Warham*. By LAURENCE HOUSEMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

⁸ *Rachel Marr*. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Boston: L. C. Page. 1904.

Granted too much philosophizing, too much insistence upon a remarkably premature philoprogenitiveness in the heroine, nevertheless, on laying down the book, you retain a vivid impression. The style fits the theme, highly colored, exalted, keyed to cracking point. Passion and emotion are reckoned prime factors; men and women may be more to each other than a set of bridge partners. The senses in their fundamental relation to life are not denied. Only because, seriously and without coarseness, this is recognized, *Rachel Marr* comes as a blessed relief, lifting the sordidness from ordinary existence, pointing out that some natures derive flame from life, that tears scald, that blood is red. You see the gloomy old house, the scented nights, the wood, the gardens, that road along which passion and fear come riding. There are faults in plenty, but you feel lenient towards them, being taken up by sensations, and one ounce of sensation is worth a library of arid, journalistic truth. Yet it is well to remember that the power to express these things implies at least a certain measure of literary craft.

With all Mr. Hope's undoubted mastery of craft, however, *Double Harness*¹ suggests that, like apple orchards, the author of *Father Stafford* and *Tristram of Blent* must be allowed an occasional off year. It resembles a lamentable quadrille of discontented husbands and wives (with understudies) who, while lacking any marked preference for other people's partners, still manage to dislocate their ladies' chain till it almost reaches the divorce court. Upon this, in every case but one, while there is yet time, they all experience a change of heart, and the book ends in a tidal wave of connubial bliss. *Double Harness* painfully suggests a French novel trimmed for traditional British tea tables; as if, after choosing a distinctly modern theme, when it came to breaking the eggs for his omelette, Mr. Hope had fallen into a very panic of dis-

¹ *Double Harness*. By ANTHONY HOPE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

cretion. Being therefore forced to modify every high light, to meet every climax without sincerity, for all his skill, he cannot make *Double Harness* either convincing or pleasant.

Lack of sincerity can never be laid to Mr. Kipling's score. *Traffics and Discoveries*² is even distressingly free with smells, dirt, and recondite slang. Here we have the co-related story at its rankest (the saga of Mr. Pycroft repels dainty adjectives), with one passable tale, *The Sahib's War*, in the author's early manner, and one of surpassing excellence. *They* simply comes as one of those flashes of genius by which this extraordinary man routs criticism. Suddenly he is all reverent sense of beauty, restrained and poignant emotion. Lumbering along the very brink of bathos, his big motor car sweeps you into a region of untold grace and tenderness. You can only draw breath and reflect that his genius is chained to his energy, and that his energy frequently lacks discretion. His genius wakes up occasionally, his energy works double shifts. But *They* contains the supreme expression of that high emotion which pierces the heart without clumsy bruising, which almost reveals, even to the childless, the quality of a parent's bereavement.

If Mr. Hichens' latest book, *The Garden of Allah*,³ in brilliancy falls short of *The Woman with the Fan*, on the other hand, the intensity with which he reproduces an atmosphere of beauty creates an almost physical sense of well-being. To be quite frank, his story hardly "comes off." You are by no means ready to accept Androvsky, or the girl with the queer name. For all her gypsy ancestress, even under the sun of Africa, would Domini Enfielden, either before or after, have acted — as she did? To betray what happens would be all the baser, as Mr. Hitchens has

² *Traffics and Discoveries*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

³ *The Garden of Allah*. By ROBERT HICHENS. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 1904.

been entirely successful in baffling forecast. You do not see until he is willing that you should, and this probably comes about because, in addition to a very genuine gift of imagination, he has learned how to tell his story. Also, in telling he is never hampered with inappropriate timidity. Having chosen his road, he travels it, neither grossly nor indecorously, but deliberately taking any risk demanded by his choice. He even risks gratifying his invincible taste for the fantastic, a danger also faced in *The Grey World*,¹ by Evelyn Underhill. This lady embarks upon her story with a device which may easily bar lukewarm readers from an unusually interesting study of double consciousness. After an admirable sketch of a street Arab in a London hospital, the child dies, and you are asked not only to accompany his terrified spirit on a doleful trip through space, but to countenance its reincarnation as well. The pity is that by chapter three Miss Underhill has her method well in hand. The struggles of a half-conscious soul in comfortably bourgeois surroundings are treated with sympathy and undeniable imagination. Her style has crispness with an agreeably tart flavor, she is full of observation. My copy of *The Grey World* bears many marks at apt description of scene and character. The descriptions, moreover, are not merely external; even minor personages have been thoroughly realized. Although he appears only in business hours, I am quite sure that Evelyn Underhill knows how her old bookbinder spent his leisure, and that she could point out the restaurant where Mr. Hopkinson, senior, lunched in the city, and tell of what dishes that carefully chosen meal consisted. She also knows beyond doubt how either of them will feel towards the next change of ministry. Her book, then, is not only readable, but gives rise to that intelligent form of gratitude which has been defined as a lively sense of favors to come.

By some unaccountable mental freak,

¹ *The Grey World*. By EVELYN UNDERHILL. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

the title *Broke of Covenden*² filled me with forebodings of a tale laid in some grim period preceding the Restoration. I looked for a repellent mixture of physical discomfort and fanaticism. It opens, on the contrary, at a late nineteenth-century breakfast table in an English hunting shire. From the first moment Mr. Snaith makes your attention his willing slave. You read with that rare vacillation which urges you to hurry forward for the story, and to linger for the detail. No one has done fuller justice to that class so perennially amazing to outsiders, the ugly, shabby, stupid, yet indomitably thoroughbred English sisters of one beautiful English brother. Mr. Snaith's portrait of the six little Miss Brokes, "the chestnut fillies," is as oddly charming as some quaint family group by Ramsey. They may be a little hard and stiff, but there is the same sense of race, of training, and of dim potentialities restrained by cumulative weight of tradition. How deftly he uses the six as chorus, never boring you to learn them apart, yet incidentally making sufficient impression to enable you to identify each one as her rôle demands it. The story contains a text, points a moral, but only as all tales must which face life and mirror it. While reading, you think neither of method nor conception, of what Mr. Snaith has done nor how he may be doing it. You are aware of nothing but a disinclination to lay down the book. It is not in the least original, but, for that matter, has originality ever been an essential to good fiction? The essential trait which we often mistake for originality is spontaneousness, and with this Mr. Snaith is abundantly supplied. The whimsicalities of life, its pain and laughter, he sees personally and freshly, at times with an almost eighteenth-century freshness. These things may have been in the world a million eons or so, but never before have they struck the retina of this particular young Englishman.

After *Broke of Covenden* I chanced upon

² *Broke of Covenden*. By J. C. SNAITH. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1904.

one more story highly encouraging to optimism. Chanced, because any mortal reviewer must feel prickings of reluctance in facing six hundred closely printed pages, a strange name, a title not without pretense, poor type, poor paper, and an absent-minded proofreader. On the other hand, there can be no more grateful mortal than the reviewer who unexpectedly finds dogged plodding changed to interested approval, finally merging in unqualified satisfaction. *The Divine Fire*¹ has an acceptable style, in all ways suited to the matter it embodies, a style with flexibility and humor, employing a large vocabulary, cultivated and agreeable. The story is not remarkably original, merely telling of a cockney poet with syncopated aitches and inordinate capacity for response to developing influences. The point is that our author has the light touch, the seeing eye. She succeeds beyond belief with her poet. She means him to be charming, aitches and all. You are not only charmed, but ready to accept his poetic gift. You love him, you grieve for his errors. The affection with which he inspires the varied *milieu* is comprehensible. His perverse poetic sense of honor, his moments of folly, his impatience, are established beyond doubt or question. You see why the dreary boarding-house parlor (every boarder a clear vignette, no uncertain lines, no blurs) grew delightful with his presence, sordidly dull when he abandoned its inmates to their own dreariness. It is a really successful study of the temperament of genius, not the cheap would-be bohemianism of Mürger's imitators, but the true quality, with its underlying austerity, force, and the occasional ruthlessness without which there can be no accomplishment. You feel the throbbing of Rickman's nerves, you understand his equally untoward reticence and frankness. Although his figure dominates, all the characters are solid, you see the air behind them as they move in skillfully ar-

¹ *The Divine Fire*. By MAY SINCLAIR. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1904.

ranged perspective. The five contrasted women, the Junior Journalists, a world of shopmen, the scholar, old Rickman, the magazine men, all these crowd the canvas without confusing the composition. Such description as there is could hardly be better; it is always structural, never padding. Long after reading, scenes rise to your mind's eye, clear and lovely, as if you had lately walked on Hampstead Heath, fingered Elzivirs in the dim, rich library of Court House, or stumbled through mists along the path up Muttersmoor. Miss Sinclair has but one drawback. The word is harsh; how can that be a drawback which only gives too many good pages to linger over? As yet, she lacks that final touch of mastery by which a line condenses the whole result of ingenious mental processes. You accompany her through certain paths and byways, instead of leaving her the toil and meeting your guide where the path joins the road. Personally, I found the byways well worth while, since, though undeniably long, they were never dull, never led through ugly, common scenes; and these scenes are neither ugly nor common, simply because of the color of Miss Sinclair's mind. She does not keep you to heaths or old country houses. You follow her through dirt, smells, fumes of whiskey and tobacco, through sorrow, disappointment, poverty, pettiness, and vice, but she is kind, human, without rancor. Above all, Miss Sinclair is perfectly unafraid. Where Mr. Hope fumbles a risky situation, she firmly grasps it with entire delicacy. Only later, ruminating upon *The Divine Fire*, you realize that she has stated one of the universal problems of youth. You cannot even be sure that she has meant to state it, that her version of *L'Éducation Sentimentale* is conscious, that the turmoil of young blood in general at all concerns her. She may be solely moved by the case of one Savage Keith Rickman. That his physiological experiences should fit those of a whole class is, after all, only the key to prove her sum correct. Neither key nor

calculation has to do with your excitement over the fate of Mr. Rickman of Rickman's. Miss Sinclair probably paints even truer than she knows. That comes from an odd faculty called intuition, the faculty which distinguishes creative gift from clever observation.

To sum up, I can do no better than steal from Mr. Chesterton a quotation which in one respect exactly defines another quality that Miss Sinclair possesses, in addition to her keen and solacing sense of humor. Speaking of *Jane Eyre*, Mr. Chesterton says, "Its essential truth to life sometimes makes one catch one's breath. For it is not true to manners which are constantly false, or to facts which are almost always so; it is true to the only existing thing which is true, emotion, the irreducible medium, the indestructible germ." Not that Miss Sinclair, except in that one point, resembles Charlotte Brontë. Our young lady, so far from being morbid, has a very joyous tolerance of life. Intensity with her forms only a part. There is laughter, both kindly and malicious, and her observation of manners is that of a cultivated mondaine with eyes, not of a fanciful country woman evolving *naïfs viveurs* and fine ladies from the depths of a lonely parsonage.

Here then at last, in spite of rampant commercialism (one hears that money is also valued in England), the whole gamut of unfavorable conditions which might lead us to fear that the halcyon days of fiction have gone by, we suddenly come upon both promise and fulfillment. Here are pockets of that which in the past we did not hesitate to call genius, that curious and unexplained phenomenon which follows no rule. It neither increases nor decreases in ratio to population; it may thrive upon discouragement, or perish for lack of recognition. The critic can no more predict where it will flash out than a fisherman can tell in what quarter to look for ambergris. Your skiff may bump into it, almost in harbor, or you may vainly search the whole Pacific for an

ounce. At the present hour, we have seen that whatever the cause, this irresponsible will-o'-the-wisp tends rather to alight across the sea than here. This cannot be due to our newness. Surely we are older than those Boston magnates who first commissioned W. W. Story to model a life-size statue of his father and then sent him abroad to learn sculpture. We have had time to ripen since the days when Mrs. Bancroft sadly discovered the inadequacy of her best high black silk to the demands of court life in England. Yet that same unsophisticated society gave birth to the perfection of Hawthorne, also fostered the undisciplined genius of Mrs. Stoddard, forever kept from her rightful place by a deficient sense of form, but even so leaving three fragmentary books of priceless worth.

Whether it be that among us the most vigorous creative imagination now seeks outlet in commerce, and that such poetic gifts as Mr. Nikola Tesla's are absorbed by "the fairy tales of science," certain it is that in all our new fiction I have found nothing worthy to compare with *The Divine Fire*, nothing even remotely approaching the same class. We have, no one can dispute it, brains, education (of sorts), industry, observation, enterprise in opening up new territory to fiction. Can it be that, beside not happening to produce a genius, which is chance, we are also deficient in something like character? That our literature is simply suffering from a distaste to leisurely contemplating, to quiet exploration in those long-traveled and never-illuminated regions, the heart and soul of man? While our restless, optimistic fiction is racing over the globe, digging mines, projecting deals, promoting railroads, ferreting out quaint localities, shadowing the divorce court, does it not perhaps merely need chastening at the hands of inquisitors, savages, or pirates, to grasp the futility of these external, peripatetic methods, and after all, wiser for experience to discover, with *Candide*, that "Cela est bien, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin"?

THE RELIGION OF THE SPIRIT

BY GEORGE HODGES

WHEN Auguste Sabatier declared that he had work enough planned out ahead to occupy him for two hundred years, he spoke the mind of the modern scholar. The impression which one gets from the serious books of the day is that the writers feel that they have just arrived in the promised land. They have seen new sights already, of which they give us a description; but these are as nothing in comparison with the wonders which lie beyond the mountains. This is true not only of the student of science, but of the student of theology. The time is long past when one could fairly say of any divinity school, "One professor is milking the barren heifer, and the other is holding the sieve."

The contemporary student is in an attitude of expectation. His face is towards the future. The note of finality has no music for him. He feels that he stands not at the end, but at the beginning of the way of truth, and he goes on into it with the eagerness of an explorer. He perceives about him a new heavens and a new earth. If he is a scientist, he is making journeys of discovery in the new earth. If he is a theologian, he is watching the stars of the new heavens. The world is "mighty interesting," and he is mightily interested in it.

Of course, the newness is neither in the earth nor in the heavens. They have both been in plain sight for a long time. The newness is in the heart of the student. For the first time in history, he is free to study. He used to be punished for studying. If he studied so hard that he learned something which nobody had ever thought of before, he was punished very severely. The student was under such bonds as were laid upon the Spanish explorers of this country, who knew very well that no

exploration would be acceptable to the authorities at home unless, with their other discoveries, they discovered gold. That was their proper errand. They might find a new continent or a new planet, but unless the new continent had a gold lining and the new planet a gold equator, the discovery would result, not in the reward, but in the punishment of the discoverers. Likewise the student knew that he was expected to contribute to the store of current intellectual coin. Strange money, or strange metals which could not be conveniently stamped with the image and superscription of Cæsar, had no value. His business was to enrich the treasury of conventional opinion.

The student used to have his picture taken in the midst of folios, to show that all his ideas were decently derived from large old books. The disappearance of the folio is significant. Those great volumes, with their substantial covers, stood for permanent conclusions. They were made to last for centuries, outside and in. For many years now, not a writer of science or of theology has found a publisher willing to present his works in folio. Folio science and folio theology can be bought only in second-hand bookstores.

The difference between the old writing and the new is mainly a difference in the method of the writers. The argument from authority has been superseded by the argument from experience. The change amounts to an emancipation. The student of theology, who was for many centuries in bondage to the Church, and who escaped from that captivity only to be brought under bondage to the Bible, is now free both to think and to declare his thought, having no master but the truth.

The story of this emancipation is told in Sabatier's posthumous book, *Religions*

of Authority.¹ He shows how gradually the idea of authority entered into the Christian religion. Christ had set Himself in sharp opposition to the Church, and had been put to death in consequence by churchmen. The apostles in their first recorded conference at Jerusalem had debated whether or not they were bound to obey the Bible, and had solemnly decided that they were not bound to obey it in the details of the ritual law. These great examples, however, were in time overborne by an appeal to human nature. Men began to appreciate the administrative convenience of infallibility. The next step was the natural conviction that a provision so convenient must be divinely ordered. The question was not, What has God actually done for the determining of human conduct and belief? but What would God properly do? And it was agreed that properly God would somehow speak with an infallible voice. In the Middle Ages men thought that they heard that voice from the lips of the head of the Church, and that opinion has culminated in our own time in the dogma of papal infallibility. In the era of the reformation men thought that they heard the words of inerrant authority when they read the Bible.

Against these two historic endeavors to bring men's minds into captivity, M. Sabatier opposes the method of experience, the process of research, the question, not What could God do? but What has He actually done? the freedom of the reason, leading to the religion of the spirit. Let us trust man and the truth: that is what it means. Let us belong, with the apostles, to the Church of the Holy Ghost and Us, putting a self-respecting emphasis upon the pronoun. Let us believe that devout and honest men, earnestly and freely studying the revelation of God in the Church, in the Bible, and in the general life, will find what is essentially right. Let truth and error grapple.

¹ *Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit*. By AUGUSTE SABATIER. Translated by LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

Anyhow, whether we like it or not, the religion of the spirit is in all the new religious books. If the output of the publishers is a fair indication of the tendency of thought, then it is plain that thought is all that way. The men who are contributing to current theological literature do not speak for the religions of authority; or, if they do, they make no use of the argument which is characteristic of such religion. The universal appeal of the contemporary books is to the free mind. They express the religion of the spirit.

"The transformation of the Christian consciousness and its liberation from all exterior servitude began," says Sabatier, "on the day when piety and science first met. They will be completed and the religion of the spirit will reign, all systems of authority having been done away, on the day when piety and science shall have become so mutually interpenetrated as to be thoroughly united into a single entity; inward piety the conscience of science, and science the legitimate expression of piety." For the furtherance of this common understanding, the editor of *Ideals of Science and Faith*² has made a book of essays written at his request by men engaged in various intellectual pursuits, writing from very different points of view. He foresees a mitigation, if not an abolition, of the old feud between the priest and the physicist in the possession of a store of common ideals. He agrees with Sabatier that the most serious difference between men is not in doctrine, but in method. Men of various beliefs may preserve a profitable friendship in the face of continuing contradiction, but men of radically different method cannot come into cordial understanding. In the nature of things, they will not have that initial respect, one for the other, which is essential to any frank discussion. He who seeks truth by the way of authority cannot approve of his bold neighbor who seeks it by the way of his own reason. On the other

² *Ideals of Science and Faith*. Essays by various authors. Edited by Rev. J. E. HAND. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

hand, he who is not satisfied until he has worked a problem out has a poor opinion of his fellow student who is contented to copy the answer from the book. Francis Newman told Moncure Conway that he found it impossible to carry a conversation with his brother John Henry beyond the condition of the weather.

Mr. Hands has assembled in his book students of biology, of psychology, of sociology, of ethics, and of education, with a Presbyterian, an Anglican, and a Roman Catholic clergyman. The voices of this mixed company are naturally somewhat confused, but an admirable spokesman for them all appears in the writer of the initial chapter, Sir Oliver Lodge. He finds the reconciling element neither in religion itself nor in science itself, but in philosophy or poetry. The prosaic, literal mind, entangled among details, cannot climb high enough to get an extended view. But the philosopher and the poet, who know that facts are the body of which the heart is truth, are able to appreciate and understand the true identity of meaning which is contained in very different statements. "By aid of philosophy, or by aid of poetry, a great deal can be accomplished. Mind and matter may then be no longer two, but one! This material universe may then become the living garment of God: gross matter may be regarded as an idealistic cosmic reality in which we live and move and have our being; the whole of existence can become infused and suffused with immanent Deity." Sir Oliver goes so far, in a notable passage, as to question whether the Christian believer is wise in his present tendency to substitute the prayer of communion for the prayer of petition. He finds in modern scientific disclosures of the action of mind on mind, even at a distance, a sanction for the prayer which desires of the Eternal a definite and concrete avower.

Sir Oliver's idea is that plain common sense, even in the form of scientific accuracy, goes astray unless it walks in the company of the imagination. What is

seen with the eyes and touched with the hand is but the lesser part of life. He who dismisses philosophy and poetry, and accepts only that which comes within the range of experience, misses the truth. Nevertheless, the literal mind serves as a salutary check upon the exuberance of poets and the speculation of philosophers. The religion of the spirit needs that sober criticism of the religion of authority which is the expression of a conservative judgment. Wilfrid Ward, discussing the service which the Church of Rome renders in the reconciliation of science with theology, holds that the interests of truth are best guarded by an institution which acts as a drag on the over-free adoption of theories. Professor Genung, in the *Words of Koheleth*,² finds in the author of the book commonly called Ecclesiastes, a man of the literal, conservative type, rendering to his generation just this kind of service. One comes to Mr. Genung's new book, remembering his illumination of the epic of Job, with a sure expectation of interest and profit which is not disappointed. He combats the theory that Koheleth's other name was Arthur Schopenhauer. He maintains that the book of Ecclesiastes, while it does undoubtedly take a grim view of life, teaches a high ideal of duty. The people of Koheleth's time were being carried off their feet by the discovery of the world beyond the grave. Compared with this, the explorations of Copernicus and of Columbus were of hardly more importance than the adventures of a pedestrian along a country road. Suddenly, as it seems, into a Hebrew world which was bounded by the cemetery wall, out of which the soul went, as it says in the psalm, into the place where all things are forgotten, came the conception of the future as a time of great light, and comfort,

¹ *Words of Koheleth*, Son of David, King in Jerusalem. Translated anew, divided according to their logical cleavage, and accompanied with a study of their literary and spiritual values and a running commentary. By JOHN FRANKLIN GENUNG. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

and happiness, awaiting the faithful believer. The effect was to give men a new idea of the meaning of this present life. The world in which they lived appeared as no more than a way station on the road to heaven, to be lived, to be endured, but to be got through as soon as possible. It was a hard world, with oppressors and robbers busy in it, and death lurking always in the corners of the streets. Never mind, men were now saying, these evils will not last for long.

But the new doctrine did not convince Koheleth. He did not believe it. He maintained bluntly that nobody really knew anything about it. He was neither philosopher nor poet. He did not see how personal immortality could be proved, and he declined all consolation whose source was in the land of dreams rather than in the land of facts. He despised the books of apocalyptic visions which his neighbors wrote and read. No, he said, the only certainty is this daily life, and the only thing to do is to face the worst of it, and make the best of it. Professor Gennung has no sympathy with the opinion that some good orthodox folk took Koheleth's bad book and sprinkled over it the holy water of a subsequent piety. He believes that the author himself wrote it all, the positive with the negative. All is vanity; but the sum of the matter in the midst of vanity is, Fear God and keep his commandments. That, at least, is man's sure duty.

Koheleth represented the religion of the spirit only in his intellectual integrity, in his refusal to accept at the hands of authority a creed which he did not believe. The hero of Professor Bacon's book, *The Story of St. Paul*,¹ represented the religion of the spirit in its fullness and perfection. He was the apostle of religious liberty; following the Master whose teachings, we may say, he rescued out of the hands of the servants of authority. When he

withstood his brethren to their face, these two conceptions of religion, these two methods of approaching truth in religion, met in sturdy conflict. The beginning of St. Paul's watchword, as Dr. Bacon says, is not "Whatsoever things are scriptural," but "Whatsoever things are true." This watchword the present interpreter carries with him through his excellent book. He is not afraid to take even the position of Max Müller, who in reply to a quotation from one of the epistles said, "But I do not agree with Paul!" That is, he brings to his study of the apostle that disposition of perfectly free inquiry which is characteristic of the religion of the spirit.

This appears notably in Dr. Bacon's dealing with differences. He is engaged in comparing the Acts with the Epistles. The older commentators, undertaking such a task as this, devoted themselves to the minimizing of the differences. What they wished was "harmony," in order that authority might speak with a clear voice. One time, in the early centuries, they went so far as to write out the four gospels in a single consecutive narrative in which the variations disappeared from sight. To the newer commentators, however, the differences are of eminent interest. They assure us of the presence of various witnesses, and contribute to our knowledge of events and persons. Thus from the two extant sources, the Acts and the Epistles, Dr. Bacon retells the great story of the life of the missionary apostles, and of the teachings of the father of Christian theology. The letters are interpreted in part by the life of the writer, and in part by the general life of the time, of "that marvelous time when the national religions of the world had broken down, and out of the confusion that supreme type of personal religion which we call 'the Gospel' was drawing to itself the elements of truth from Jewish and Gentile sources, infusing and quickening them with the Spirit of Jesus."

The endeavors of the Gentile teachers to develop a true type of personality, and

¹ *The Story of St. Paul, a Comparison of Acts and Epistles.* By BENJAMIN WISNER BACON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

the inclusion and completion of them in Christianity are considered very simply and effectively in President Hyde's *From Epicurus to Christ*.¹ Here the Epicureans and the Stoics, who appear for a moment in the Athenian audience of St. Paul, come forward into clear light and speak our modern speech. With them are Plato and Aristotle. Each of these four philosophers produced a principle of personality: "The Epicurean pursuit of pleasure, genial but ungenerous; the Stoic law of self-control, strenuous but forbidding; the Platonic plan of subordination, sublime but ascetic; the Aristotelian sense of proportion, practical but uninspiring." Each of these great teachings is treated with respect and sympathy, on the positive side, with illustrations in contemporary life and thought, and with a constant bearing on present conduct. Dr. Hyde seems to have his college world in mind, and to be writing for young men who are preparing for the future, and shaping the ideals which are to lead them to success or failure. He knows what such young men have in their souls, and addresses them in the strong and scholarly way which wins an irresistible assent. The undergraduate who feels that the ordinary parson has been out of college too long to understand him finds here what the parson is doing his best to say, said in college language.

It is all summed up in the closing chapter in which the essential truth and good of the old philosophies are found in the Christian ideal of divine and human love. Here the heart of the book appears. He who would be a complete man is taught to find his perfect example in Jesus, the source and perfection of the best life. "The time is ripe," says Dr. Hyde, "for a Christianity which shall have room for all the innocent joys of sense and flesh, of mind and heart, which Epicurus taught us to prize aright; yet shall have the Stoic

¹ *From Epicurus to Christ*. A Study in the Principles of Personality. By WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

strength to make whatever sacrifice of them the universal good requires; which shall purge the heart of pride and pretense by questionings of motive as searching as those of Plato, and at the same time shall hold up to as strict accountability for practical usefulness and social progress as Aristotle's doctrines of the end and of the means require. It is by some such world-wide, historical approach, and the inclusion of whatever elements of truth and worth other systems have separately emphasized, that we shall reach a Christianity that is really catholic."

What are the preachers doing to bring this large religion of the spirit into the lives of the great congregation? An encouraging answer is found in four books of sermons, one by an archbishop, one by a college president, one by a college pastor, one by the minister of a city parish.² These sermons are all directly practical in the best sense, getting down to

"The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen which touch our peace."

The Archbishop of Canterbury impressed all who met him during his visit to this country with the simplicity of his manner and the helpful directness of his speech. The impression is confirmed by the sermons and addresses of his American journey, assembled in this book. Whatever the occasion and whatever the congregation, the archbishop maintains that the mission of the Church is not to exalt itself but to increase the happiness and goodness of human life. He preaches in Trin-

² *The Christian Opportunity*, being Sermons and Speeches delivered in America. By RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, Archbishop of Canterbury. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Religion and the Higher Life. Talks to Students. By WILLIAM RAINY HARPER, President of the University of Chicago. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1904.

The Christian Philosophy of Life. Sermons preached in the Dartmouth College Church. By SAMUEL PENNIMAN LEEDS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Where Does the Sky Begin? By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

ity Church, Boston, on the words, "Ye shall receive power," but the power of which he speaks is not that which strengthens authority, but which enriches and extends service.

President Harper, addressing a company of young persons engaged in study, has much to say of the difficulties which bar the way of faith. He finds one of these difficulties in that very transition from the argument of authority to the argument of reason which seems to Sabatier the beginning of the millennium. The student comes to college from an environment of authority, having been taught to believe what he is told. In the college he finds a totally different mind. The acceptance of truth on the basis of another person's authority is superseded by the scientific attitude of mind. The student is now instructed to question everything. "He is brought into contact with men who are investigating problems in every department of thought, — problems supposed by the rank and file of humanity to be settled, or else of the very existence of which the ordinary man is quite ignorant." The result in many cases is a temporary disturbance in the believing soul. Dr. Harper, in his place of convenient observation, finds that this is commonly no more than a transient phase, out of which the earnest and clear-minded student passes to a surer faith. The whole series of addresses is in this spirit of understanding, of sympathy, and of assurance.

The college pastorate of Dr. Leeds at Dartmouth covered forty years, during which time he addressed two generations of students. At the end of that long period, the spirit of his ministry was expressed by his congregation in these words: "In a church and community marked by very divergent opinions, strongly held and openly expressed, on religious, social, and political subjects, he maintained his independence without compromise and without offense; and bringing no reproach upon the cross of Christ, he exhibited to all an unselfish gentleness." The justice of this commendation is made evident

in the book. Beginning with 1860 and closing with 1900, including the political questionings raised by the civil war, the theological discussions started by the doctrine of evolution, and the social dangers accompanying a time of great material prosperity, these sermons go quietly on, dealing with the eternal matters which are the ultimate solution of all controversy. The spirit and the message of them all is in the words of the book of Job, which the preacher quotes with deep appreciation, "Acquaint now thyself with God and be at peace."

In the sermons of Dr. Gladden, the religion of the spirit finds free and high expression. The sky, he reminds us, begins at the surface of the earth. The old idea was that the sky began at the utmost summits of the highest hills, and that God had his residence beyond the sky, where He sat in celestial state upon a great white throne. But Dr. Gladden and his brother preachers teach that we are all in the sky with God, that the sky is the common air, and that God is in all life, in whom we live and move and have our being. "Just as sure as the sky is round about us, as eternity is our habitation, as heaven is a present reality more than a future hope, so sure is it that He whose days are from everlasting to everlasting, and whose love is the light and law of heaven, must be the one ever-present, inclusive, all-pervading fact of the life of every man." In this book the doctrine of the immanence of God is brought out of the difficult pages of theology into common life. Dr. Gladden is here continuing his characteristic and valuable service to contemporary thought and conduct, in taking the great new thoughts of the great books and giving them to the plain man.

Nine notable men are considered in Professor Brastow's *Representative Modern Preachers*:¹ five broad churchmen, Schleiermacher, Robertson, Beecher, Bushnell, and Brooks; two high church-

¹ *Representative Modern Preachers*. By LEWIS O. BRASTOW. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

men, Newman and Mozley; two low churchmen, Guthrie and Spurgeon. The book is the result of repeated studies of these men with classes of students in the Yale Divinity School. The estimates of these various masters are made with deep sympathy and substantial justice. Newman, in the nature of things, presented the greatest difficulty, his dogmatic method making no appeal to the distinctly modern mind of the critic; but Newman's true message, and the earnestness with which he gave it, and the sanctity of life with which he accompanied it, are all brought out abundantly. Indeed, the nine preachers were all selected as likely to afford suggestion and inspiration to the preacher of the present day. Professor Brastow has so dealt with them as to bring out their personal as well as their homiletical qualities, making a book which is of interest to those who care not only for sermons, but still more for men.

With the *Dynamic of Christianity*¹ we return again to the clear note which we have found with more or less distinctness in all of these recent dealings with religion. Mr. Chapman has written an exposition of the religion of the spirit. Passing

¹ *The Dynamic of Christianity. A Study of the Vital and Permanent Elements in the Christian Religion.* By EDWARD MORTIMER CHAPMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

rapidly over the regions of controversy, recalling the assertions of authority as illustrative of a fashion in theology now past, he emphasizes the argument from experience. In the midst of much confusion of popular thought, he finds a general agreement that Christianity rightly understood and applied would solve all problems and meet all needs. He looks, therefore, into the teachings of Christ for "some central principle vital enough to be the resident force in a permanent and ever-developing influence upon life." And this he finds in Christ's doctrine of the Spirit. The Dynamic of Christianity is the Spirit of God. It is the revelation of God as the resident or immanent force of the world. "The ultimate force of the philosopher, and the resident force of the physicist and biologist, and the immanent Spirit of the theologian, are but different names, representing different glimpses, of one God." He who has thus seen God is at home in the present, has no fear of the enmity of reason or criticism, and has entered into the freedom of faith. Such a believer appreciates the value of authority, finding it in the Church, which comprehends the Christian experience of nearly twenty centuries, and in the Bible, which opens the way of salvation. "No great doctrine which has moulded life is valueless or without vital meaning." But the heart of Christianity is the religion of the spirit.

A QUESTION OF LOCAL COLOR

BY BENJAMIN H. RIDGELY

It is not the purpose of this sketch to be critical, only truthful. Perhaps some of those superficial American observers and writers, who in bemoaning the dullness of the United States grow hysterically enthusiastic over the alleged *couleur locale* of Europe, particularly of Continental Europe, will find in my paper a disposition to shatter their favorite idols, but the fact is that I have no such design. I am as much disappointed as they can possibly be that the world is growing commonplace, but I see no necessity for concealing the fact any longer; nor shall any of them say truthfully that I am a dyspeptic, writing out of a disordered spleen, for I have the appetite of a roaring lion, the digestion of an Egyptian donkey boy, and I have just walked from Alicante to Almeria. Thus I am a healthy man with a well-ordered imagination and a horrible determination to tell the truth in spite of the poets.

Very recently the following paragraph in a brilliantly written article published in a fashionable American review claimed my attention:—

"It is a thousand pities that we have no types. The Irish girl still goes to Ballyshannon Fair in her jaunting car, the Irish lad swings his shillelagh, the English rough is a perpetual Bill Sykes, the *Spanish Landlord with his handkerchief tied round his head* is the same man who cooked the *olla podrida* for Sancho Panza."

Now I am wondering if the brilliant author in question means us to believe that there is still a Spanish Landlord who ties his handkerchief round his head, — just as his grandfather used to do, you know. Let us admit that *Bill Sykes* still lives in the slums of London, and that the merry Irish lad — be jabers —

swings his shillelagh as of yore; but as to the Spanish Landlord with his "handkerchief tied about his head" I can speak advisedly. There is no longer any such person. He exists neither as a type in the Spanish literature of to-day nor on the stage in any modern drama, and he is not even a feature of the humblest *posada*. I say that I speak advisedly, for I am in the country and have been looking for him. I have crossed the *montes de Malaga* on a mule, within a fortnight, from Malaga to Granada, you know, up by the *fuelle de la Reina*, around the top, over the very summit of Mt. Santo Pita, down through the defiles, around the curves and away across the stretches to Antequera, Archidona, Loja, San Francisco, Granada. I have looked for the picturesque "landlord with the handkerchief about his head" in every hotel, *fonda*, *meson*, and *posada* along all the lonely road, and I have not found him. He is not. He is a dissolving view, gone with the memories and the literature of the past generation, and he will come no more; for nowadays he wears an imitation Christy hat, and an imitation Piccadilly coat, and often patent leather shoes with the latest bulldog toes, a cheap four-in-hand tie, and an aggressive-looking Coney-Island-colored shirt. This is the Spanish Landlord of the *pueblos*. In any of the larger cities he is dressed in garments of the same character but they are better cut, better made, more expensive, — quite a twenty-dollar suit from the Bowery indeed; and he wears a modish hat, very decent linen, and presentable neckwear. In fact, he looks here just about as he looks everywhere else in the world to-day, for the railways, the steamships, and the illustrated newspapers have brought down the pall of sameness upon the universe. The pro-

prietor of the eminently third-class hotel with the aggressively first-class pretensions, in which I am just now housed in a certain famous Spanish city in northern Spain, wears a suit from Sackville Street — from Johnstone's, if you please — cut and made as well as any eight-pound suit in London, and the good man told me in something of a languid way that he has his shirts from Biarritz, and his patent leather shoes from Seville. This then is the Spanish Landlord as he actually appears, and not as those writers who see him from a distance, in their insistence upon the *couleur locale* of Spain, would fain have us believe him to be. My Landlord speaks English, French, and German, besides his native Castilian, discusses foreign politics quite learnedly, and is in short something of a man of the world, although he is none the less a very poor innkeeper, in spite of the fact that there are "clean baths in the hotel," and "Pomery-sec in the ice-box at five dollars a bottle." I repeat that sameness is upon the universe, and even the remotest corners of Italy and Spain are not escaping. Ten years ago the "chamber maids" in the Spanish hotels were male persons dressed in undershirts and bull-fight trousers: to-day they are females who wear shirt waists and leather belts and often sailor hats, and look for all the world like the same little female persons that perform a similar service in the country hotels of Indiana and Illinois.

Up to four or five years ago it was easy to distinguish the male American when one saw him on the streets of the continental towns, beating his red-hot tourist trail through Switzerland and Italy: his thin legs and carefully creased trousers, his little square bow-cravat and his wide high collar stamped him with the unmistakable stamp of Americanism. His dress was unique in Europe then, and so everybody knew him by his legs. It is not so nowadays, for creased trousers and American neckwear have become as common on the continent of Europe as in Buffalo, New York. Everybody wears them, —

even the barbers of Seville. In a certain large seaport of Andalusia, the city where a friendly (or unfriendly) political destiny has commissioned me to reside temporarily, — in far-away inaccessible remote provincial Andalusia, I say, the men, with the exception of the peasants and fishermen, dress out and out, from head to foot, just as they would in any city of the same size and importance in the United States; and if they had a little more height it would not be easy to distinguish them from gentlemen of the same class in Memphis or New Orleans or any other city of the South. The midsummer Andalusian dude of the Alameda, with his turned-up flannel trousers, his straw hat, his *négligé* shirt and tennis shoes, his butterfly bow and leather belt, is such a banal counterpart of the Indianapolis article that the sameness of the thing is simply appalling. In this connection let me interpolate an incident which I know to be of recent and actual occurrence: two ladies of Louisville, discreet ladies and good ones, but none the less not wholly indifferent to interesting persons of the other sex, sat the other day in the rotunda of the Hotel de Madrid at Seville; they noticed a dark, slender, black-bearded young Spaniard sitting not far away; they could tell at a glance by his small feet, his dainty hands, and soft dark eyes that he was a Spaniard, and they wondered if he was a nobleman of fair Seville; and so they sat admiring him and talking about him softly in their own language, — it is a mistake to believe that Americans speak any other, although some of them think they do, — and in spite of their foreign tongue the dark-eyed young nobleman was not long in discovering that he was the subject of their conversation, for presently he arose in a languid way, and daintily throwing his cigarette into a plant pot, sauntered gracefully up to them and murmured in those soft flute-like notes for which his province is famous: —

"Say: you ladies are from Gawd's Own Country, ain't you? I'm from Buffalo myself. May I sit down?" Then

he told them that he was a dentist and had come abroad for his health. I have mentioned the foregoing incident just to show how Christy hats, creased trousers, and Piccadilly coats have served to make all dark little men look alike.

One night last summer I sat on the Alameda at Malaga and saw ten thousand people strolling up and down the fine promenade under the plane trees: all the men, in so far as their dress was concerned, might have been Frenchmen, Italians, or Englishmen: half the women wore hats and many of them leather belts and shirt waists: the others wore cotton, organdy, or muslin dresses fashioned just as they might have been in any of the smaller cities of the United States, and the only distinguishing feature of dress or adornment was that many young women of the humbler class wore roses or pinks in their hair. In all the throng I failed to see a single mantilla, but there were any number of modish-looking gowns and picture hats,—quite the same as one sees on the Parisian boulevards.

But some things in Spain are still Spanish,—or at least more or less so. Yesterday, being a great feast day, all the beauty and chivalry of the town gathered at the arena to see the graceful Fuentes, and the intrepid Machaquito, lead their rival cuadrillas against the tortured bulls. Here the ladies—or at least many of them—wore their mantillas and decorated their *loges*, in and out, with those gay and gorgeous shawls from the Philippines which Spanish ladies love so well. The scene was a brilliant and animated one with plenty of color in it. But after all something was missing. It was the old-time picturesque dress of the men. Yesterday they wore the *bourgeois* habit that has come to them from beyond the Pyrenees and looked like a Boston baseball audience. Only the swarthy gypsies from the cork woods, still wearing sashes and the one-time familiar Spanish *sombreros*, were different from the others. One would like to think of the president of the *corrida* as a dashing Don in be-

spangled habiliments, with an epidemic of silver and gold embroidery and a flourishing red sash and many tassels. Hélas! Yesterday this eminent señor was attired in an irreproachable frock coat, perfect fitting dark-gray trousers carefully creased both fore and aft, an ascot tie, and a silk hat that might have been shaped on Dunlap's latest block. He looked, on the whole, quite like a prosperous New York stockholder dressed for a funeral.

So much for the Spanish type of to-day: so much for Spain's *couleur locale*. The fact is that all European countries—except England—are losing much of their individuality. Here in remote far-away inaccessible Malaga, for example, one can buy American sausage grinders, chewing gum, sewing machines, Chicago hams, and rye whiskey currently. The Calle de Marques de Larios, the latest modern street, looks exactly like a modern street in Barcelona: Barcelona's modern streets are like those of Paris, and who will say that the modern streets of Paris, the Avenue de l'Opera, the Boulevard de Capucines, the Avenue Montaigne—who will say honestly—that they differ greatly in appearance from the principal streets of Washington or Buffalo? The new Berlin is but a Teutonic edition of Chicago; Madrid looks enough like Marseilles or New Orleans; Turin is the one fine large modern Continental city of to-day that preserves its original character; its massive buildings and miles of arcades will always give it a distinctive appearance.

Even the railway trains of the Continent are losing their individuality, for on all the great express trains nowadays one sees corridor cars all built more or less on the American plan. This is particularly the case in Germany and in Switzerland.

In spite of the fact that France has been trying to introduce bull fights, Spain is still the sole conservator of this foul sport, and in that respect is the one original country of the Continent; but none the less, yesterday, after he had slain his three savage Veraguan *toros* at the great plaza

in the presence of ten thousand applauding spectators, did not the incomparable *espada*, the matchless Señor Don Antonio Fuentes, Guerita's successor as the first bull fighter of Spain, appear upon the Alameda, and was he not attired quite as you might have been, gentle reader? Did he not wear white duck trousers, a white vest, black alpaca coat, and soft white Alpine hat? He looked a little swarthy perhaps, and swaggered something like a popular oarsman, but one might well have mistaken him for a Louisiana member of Congress.

I do not pretend to say that I am grieved over the fading away of the *couleur locale*. Perhaps it is just as well to Anglicize the Continent and supply it with bath tubs, nor will this interfere largely with the charm of the changing view in Continental Europe, — the thing after all that serves most to make the Continent interesting and delightful. One leaves French Geneva at 10.30 A. M. and reaches Teutonic Berne for luncheon at 1.40. There is a new language and the architecture

is no longer French, but the people dress almost the same as at Geneva and Lausanne. At Lucerne the Tyrolean warbler continues to wear his knee-breeches and white stockings as he sings in the cafés and hotel rotundas; but when he goes back home to see the old folks he dresses quite like a Bowery barber or a New England milk dealer.

From Bale to Strassburg in two hours, from Milan to Lucerne in six, from Calais to Dover in sixty-five minutes, these are some of the quickly changing views that keep Continental Europe from growing monotonous when one travels, but none the less, all the great cities look alike, and only the peasants of Brittany continue to wear wooden shoes as a steady diet. I spent two weeks in Rome last year looking for a Roman nose and failed to see a single one, — who then would still expect to see a Spanish Landlord with a handkerchief tied around his head? Why the good man would be guayed to death by the butcher's boy if he were even to attempt such an absurdity!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

POACHING, A PROTEST

"AMELIA," I said, stepping into the sitting-room, "some one has gone and used my uncle."

For a moment she looked at me in blank amazement; then she took the complete-novel magazine out of my hands and fell to investigating for herself how much damage had been done.

My uncle's personality had been a lasting "hit" locally; he had attained quite a circulation, being widely quoted as a dialect person. The public seemed to find just what it needed in his most unstudied remarks. Even his prayers were famous; it was not so much his broad Scotch manner of speech as his mental standpoint in

conferring with the Lord upon important matters; not so much the humor of dialect as of dialectics. I remember how I used to bide the time with my eye on the high-posted bed while he closed the day's business with a candle and the big Bible before him; and how he ended it with a well-considered Presbyterian prayer during which, at intervals, he asked the Lord candidly if he "heard" him.

I now waited while Amelia turned the pages, and read the description of landmarks in that unmistakable town, — everything I had already talked over with her. And finally she ran her finger along the following passage, — "He came at last to a long, low house that had once been white and whose veranda was reached

by a short steep flight of steps. He remembered the place trim and well-kept; now the paint had fallen away in patches from the walls, and the crazy steps were broken and discolored. Here an old Scotchman had lived who was noted for his eccentricities of speech."

"Why," said Amelia, "they have gone and taken his well — and his prayer — and his house" —

"The scenery and everything," I said impatiently.

"But," said Amelia trying to pluck up hope, "you know so much more about him personally, — things that would make him live and move. And as for the scenery, you know character is the great thing, — human character."

"True enough," I replied. "But talk as you may, a character has got to live somewhere, and have things to do with. And as for the scenery, it is not so easy to imagine a topography and build a new town on it with all the details that give verity. And as for moving my uncle, that I could not do. He came and went there on that bridge, that plank walk, those hills, and echoing river shores. I admit that character is greater than setting; but still you have got to have the setting just the same. It has been taken, and my uncle has been spoiled. I mean despoiled."

Amelia began to realize the import of it.

"And as for character," I continued, "just read how that has been touched upon at a vital point:— 'High and quivering rose the voice, the R's rolled heavily, and the words rising shrill and insistent at the close: "O Lord, don't let the rumsellers sell any more rum. Do you hear me now? Do you hear me now?"' My uncle," I commented, "used always to accent that on the word *hear*, — it makes a great difference in the spirit of it."

"Just as you have told it to me," said Amelia. "But how did this writer come to know anything about him of so intimate a nature?"

"Have n't you read that place about what the hero did; the place where he 'crouched outside and listened to the shrill voice of the old man lifted in family prayers'? And how he smiled when he recollected it? There it is. That is how the author came to know about it."

"Eavesdroppers," exclaimed Amelia, with a curl of her lip.

"Yes," I replied. "Possibly on one of those very nights when I was on my innocent knees at Uncle W.'s house, some one was outside laying for literary material, skulking behind the fence to steal my rightful uncle away from me. And now you see what has come of it."

"It is a wonder," she said, "that a writer who has discovered a character should not have the consideration to inquire whether there are authors in the family. Some one may have a prior right. Some one may have already made plans that depend upon having him outside of literature when the time comes."

"Yes, some one," I mused. "It is certainly aggravating to have to plagiarize your uncle away from a strange writer. And maybe be accused of it. But," I continued, trying to cheer up lightly, "that was slightly misleading to say he was praying about the rum just because there was a temperance revival in town. It was because of the rum that he had the well set out there by the roadside — that was the continual reason for it. It was a temptation to the wayfarer — a snare to create a public taste for water. He always approved of any one using that well, as if the drinking of water were a moral act, and an index of character. But the well itself is well described. Read that to me; and what the heroine did."

She read: "A new pump stood in the yard, where he remembered there had been an old well with a windlass. With the recollection of the well came the memory of a day, when he was returning from school with Elizabeth, and they stopped to get a drink. As she reached over to dip the cup in the brimming bucket he had drawn up, a book she held

under her arm slipped and dropped splashing in the well."

"I do not mind losing the mere incident," I remarked. "My uncle never made complaint about the girl's dropping that book in his well. But it is quite a different matter," I said, "quite a different matter for her to come along, and take a book out of the well. It did not belong to her. The temperance well itself I should like to have had reserved."

As we sat brooding I thought heavily of that part of a publisher's contract that refers to libel suits and puts all the responsibility on yourself. That makes me rattle the change in my pocket. It is this that makes it so serious to be robbed of a relative, for they will not sue you for damages. I thought also of a letter I once received. I had written a book of bona fide adventures — of my own. It was highly praised — almost accepted — sent back. A publisher (since failed) told me honestly that the only trouble with it was that "the public is not willing to accept a successor to Mark Twain." I had been intruding on preëmpted waters; I had been poaching. I destroyed the evidence long ago.

To such a pass has this condition of affairs brought us that no sooner have our soldiers and sailors opened up a new literary field, than there is an Oklahoma rush of writers bearing down upon it to stake out their claims. I have in mind a map of the world — a literary map for the use of writers — showing the surface of the globe in tracts of local color, and bearing the names of writers whose baronies they are. One can scarce speak of his native town, literarily, without a feeling that he is trespassing.

"Never mind, dear," said Amelia, with a sudden air of consolation. "You know there is my side of the family. There is my grandfather."

True enough. What an invincible tar he was. He too — thank Heaven — was eccentric. Everybody ashore said that if he were put into a book — he, besides character and setting, would have plot

and dramatic action. There would be the night they came for him to get the schooner away from the mob — out of the port — out of the Lakes — out of America. Such was the feeling against her that she would not be safe in this country; if she got away they would never dare to bring her back. The job had to be done in the face of a whole ward of frenzied Irishmen, who were already coming to wreak vengeance for all the relatives whose blood was on that misguided prow. Who would oppose them? They ran for the man that would.

Besides his getting her away, there was the story of the trip across the ocean, — what a saucy adventurer they thought her when she appeared at an ocean port, and started out of the country with a height of mast that no ocean boat would ever dare to carry on so small a hull, and leaking from her collision; — how she braved the storm that damaged the *Great Eastern*; — how she was driven back for six weeks at a run; — how it struck her when she was almost to Europe, and she was only saved by turning tail and manœuvring with the waves until she was almost back to America again; — how he turned her about and "went at" it again; — and how he finally "got there."

"Well," I soliloquized, "we've got him left anyway." I could get details any time by stepping into the next room, because my wife's mother was along on that trip. I almost lost my wife's mother when she was a little girl. But the captain caught her just as she was sliding on a sea over the lee rail.

Just the other day my wife came into the middle room where I was meditating comfortably. She had an old volume of the *Atlantic* in her hand. I did not doubt that she had found some article that had escaped me on Transportation, — or maybe Literary Theory.

"Dear."

"Yes."

"I have something to tell you."

"Yes. What is it?"

"Somebody — has gone and used my grandfather."

We stared at it together.

Amelia read, "She was of two hundred and thirty tons burden, and was painted green with a white stripe" —

"Yes, but lots of boats" —

"But here it is about the bridge-tender that got the bridge open just in time, and" —

"But such an incident might happen to some other" —

"And here she got to Cork. But of course the name of the boat and everybody is changed."

I immediately got up and went into the next room. "Where did you put into Europe? And did you get new masts for that schooner?"

"The new masts were stepped at Cork," replied my wife's mother.

It was beginning to look dark for our book.

"And hear what the old bridge-tender said," continued my wife. "'More als drei hundert peepees was gone dead by dot schooner.'"

That settled it; I looked it all over. And there went my second book by the board.

"Yes, but that would n't keep you from writing it, — you know lots more than that," said Amelia. "And then the character" —

"Character, your grandfather! The story's gone. Don't you *see*," I said emphatically, "that the true story is now *fiction*? I can't write that again and call it fiction. And it is the worst of bad art to claim a thing to be really true in a story. The literary world resents it, because it is taking a mean advantage."

She does not exactly understand this, — but I do. She cannot realize that we have lost her grandfather entirely. She tells me details hopefully, not seeing that I would have to plagiarize whole sections of the story.

"Well, anyway," I said, crossing my legs independently, "I am glad to say that I have n't come this far through the

world without doing some navigating *myself*. Hereafter I shall write only about things that no one can possibly know but myself."

"Yes, but you forget," said Amelia. "Don't you know you were warned that the public were already satisfied with their writer on" —

"That's so. I forgot."

I picked up a current magazine and fell to considering, in all its bearings, a fact plainly put by a publisher in an interview with regard to last year's output. He said, "Of the successes, oftentimes the first book contains all there is in a writer. It is based upon the richest experiences of his own life, and they are all there. The second book determines whether he is a real writer or not."

Therefore, when the material for a man's first book is seized upon and made unusable, it is not only a book, but a whole career that has been snatched from under him. As for me, I am the author of two first books — that I never had a chance to write.

"CENTRAL" AND THE SEERS

THE poet is the seer. It is a poet who says of his fellows that they are "the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present." Long before the "practical man" gets through his processes of ratiocination and proves his fact; long before the genius has made his invention and the mechanic has tested it and pronounced it workable, the poet has reached his conclusion by a noble inspiration. The one conceives, the other acts.

Half a millenium before the telephone was invented, before Dr. Bell had patented his idea, — and it was the first time that an idea had been patented, — the poet Chaucer had written his "House of Fame," or House of Sounds, as it might be called. In one of the *Canterbury Tales* he presented the idea that sound is but a reverberation of air. This he amplified, turned over, and made poetic, in the "House of

Fame." In the familiar guise of a dreamer, he was carried by a great bird with silvery wings upwards, in the direction that sound naturally takes, for everything follows nature, he says, until he reached the place to which all earthly sounds tend. *How* do they go? Take a stone; throw it into the water; it will make a ripple, perchance no larger than a pot-lid; but it will cause another wheel to appear, and that a third, and the third a fourth, and the fourth another, multiplying evermore until every brink has been touched.

Thus is it with every word: spoken in secret or aloud, it moveth the air about it, and that moveth the body next, and that another and another, until at last the reverberation has reached the House of Fame, — "the place in which it naturally belongeth." This house is set equally distant from heaven and earth and sea, and all sounds of voice, or noise, or word tend thither.

Here, then, we see that Chaucer opened the first "Central Office." He got his sounds there satisfactorily, but he went no further. Little did he dream of the fortune that waited five centuries, until one arose wise enough to lay the return wire, and complete the circuit, so that the sound need no longer be a mere deposit in the Central Office, but be safely carried to the particular person for whom it was intended.

This Central Office was a vast basket of willow and reeds, and it had as many entrances "as there be leaves on trees,"

And eke be day, in every tide,
Been all the dores opened wide,
And be night echoon unshette,

with no gatekeeper to hinder any kind of tidings from passing in.

If we were to ask the "Hello Girl," of the twentieth century what messages she receives, she might well take up the words of the ancient poet, and tell us,

. . . tydynges,
Other loude or of whisprynges.
And over alle the houses angles
Ys ful of rounynges and of jangles,

Of werres, of pes, of mariages,
Of restes, of labour, of viages,
Of aboode, of deeth, of lyfe,
Of leve, of hate, accorde, of stryfe,
Of loos, of lore and of wynnynge
Of hele, of sekeness, of bilydnges,
Of faire wyndes, of tempestes,
Of qualme of folke and eke of bestes,
Of dyvers transmutaciouns
Of estates and eke of regiouns;
Of truste, of drede, of jealousye,
Of witte, of wynnynge, of folye;
Of plente and of grete famyne,
Of chepe, of derthe and of ruyne;
Of good or mys-gouvernement,
Of fire and of dyvers accident.

It would not be fair to Dr. Bell to say that the suggestion of the telephone came to him from Chaucer, nor would it be at all true; neither would it be fair to say that Chaucer lacked originality (even if we could define the word) because he had read Ovid's lines of a thousand and a half years before his time. "They say" may stand as a pretty good synonym of the Latin *Fama*, and it fits into Ovid's description of a place that he describes. "There is," says he, "a place in the middle of the earth, betwixt the land, the sky, the sea, within the limits of the triple world, whence is seen whatever is anywhere, even beyond the horizon, and every voice pierces to the hollow ears. 'They Say' rules this place and has selected a house for herself at the tiptop of it. She has added innumerable avenues of approach, has made a thousand perforations, and has shut up the entrances with no gates, — they are open day and night. It is made throughout of sounding brass and thrills with noise. It returns words and repeats what it hears. No quiet is found within; there is silence nowhere, and neither is there clamor, but murmurs of a low voice, such as one hears from a distance, or like the sound of remote thunder, when Jupiter hurtles black clouds together. A crowd throngs the hall, the light and fickle common herd pass and repass. A thousand rumors, false and true, fly about clothed in confused words. Some fill empty ears with talk, others tattle what they are told; and

fiction grows, for every gossip adds his quota to what is told him. There stands Credulity, there rash Error, there empty Joy and horrid Fear, hasty Sedition and Whispers from uncertain sources." "She," that is, "They Say," busies herself with all that goes on in heaven and earth and sea, and gossips about all the world.

When Chaucer read what Ovid had written about this house of gossip, he said to himself, "I can improve on all this! I, too, will have a vast building in the air, but I will make it of osiers, far better adapted for its purpose than an orb of resounding brass, though brass may ring, and twigs will not." So it turned out that Ovid made a house for the installment of a Central Office; that Chaucer opened the Office for receiving messages; and Dr. Bell laid the return wire. It was all accomplished in nineteen hundred years!

Thus the Seer antedated the practical man.

THE POOR BUCKRA SONGS

PECULIAR interest is attached to certain songs sung by the poorest whites in the Southern states. These people are commonly known as the "poor buckra." They constitute a class by themselves; among them are found English names pure and simple, such as John, not Jack or Johnnie; Elizabeth is a favorite; it may be called 'Liz'beth, but it is not deliberately degraded into Bessie, or Lizzy. These people seem to have small sense of humor, for you seldom see them have a hearty fit of laughter, yet a habitual reserve noticeable among them causes one to be chary in making such a declaration. Buckra is an African word introduced to America by the negroes. Its real meaning is, a demon, "a powerful and superior being." It was used by the black people instead of white man, as the Indians said paleface. To the Africans all white people were buckra, but "poor buckra" was the greatest term of opprobrium known to their vocabulary.

In the hill countries of the Southern

states are a set of white people, who, from generation to generation, have been idle, thriftless, ungrateful, illiterate, utterly without desire to improve their condition, apparently without aim or purpose. Such are the poor buckra proper of the African nomenclature. For a century philanthropists have tried to elevate them; industrial schools were founded for their good, individuals took them into their homes, but almost without exception, at manhood and womanhood the "poor buckra" went back to his and her kind. The poor buckra are not often found among the criminal class; they seem to be without the strong passions which hurry men to action regardless of results. At times they get drunk, notably at Christmas. They are not brutal to women or children, as a rule, but, as one of the women expressed it, "men ain't much to living;" they are not noticeably untrue in the marriage relation. Their sins are those incident to incorrigible idleness: petty pilfering, the outcome of poverty; continual asking of favors, squatting on landholders of large estates; these things have become so habitual to the poor buckra that they have become his characteristics.

These people use words and terms that twentieth-century folk would call old English and obsolete; their favorite songs are ballads closely related to those found in the collections of Percy and Child. Last summer, in a secluded section of North Carolina, a girl sang a song that she called

LORD LOVER.

Lord Lover, he stood at his carstel gate,
A combing his milk white horse;
Then up stepped Lady Nancy Bell
A wishing her lover good speed,
A wishing her lover good speed.

"O, where are you going, Lord Lover," she said,

"O where are you going," said she.

"I am going over the sea, Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lover," she said,

"O, when will you be back?" said she.

"In a year or two or three at the most

I'll return to my fair Nancy,

I'll return to my fair Nancy."

He had not been gone twelve months and a day,

Strange countries for to see,

When serious thoughts came o'er his mind,

That he must return to his fair Nancy,

That he must return to his fair Nancy.

He rode and he rode on his milk white horse,

'Till he came to London Town;

And there he heard St. Patrick's bell,

And the people all mourning round,

And the people all mourning round.

"What is the matter?" Lord Lover he said,

"Oh, what is the matter?" said he.

"The Lord's lady is dead," the people replied,

"Some called her the Lady Nancy,

Some called her the Lady Nancy."

He ordered her grave to be opened wide,

Her shroud to be taken down,

And there he kissed her cold clay lips,

'Till the tears came trickling down,

'Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy Bell died as it might be to-day,

Lord Lover, he died to-morrow,

Lady Nancy Bell was laid in St. Patrick's churchyard,

Lord Lover was laid in the choir,

Lord Lover was laid in the choir.

Out of her bosom there grew a red rose,

And out of his a briar,

They grew and grew, to the church steeple top,

They could not grow *no* higher,

And there they formed a true lovers' knot,

For all true lovers to admire,

For all true lovers to admire.

In Child's version this familiar ballad of Lord Lovell ends with,

Lady Nancy died for pure love,

Lord Lovell for deep sorrow.

"A Lover of Ballads," writing to the *Evening Post* last July, gives part of a ballad called Lady Hounciebelle, which shows a close relationship to Lord Lovell.

The fragment quoted by a "Lover of Ballads" ends,

Lady Nancy was buried in the churchyard,
Lord Lovell was buried by her,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar;
They grew and grew to the church steeple top,
They grew till they could grow no higher,
And there they twined a true lovers' knot
Which all true lovers do admire, ire, ire,
Which all true lovers do admire.

This, together with other versions noted by other correspondents of the *Post*, shows the popular nature of ballad poetry and its wide diffusion; but the version I have set down has, I think, a special interest and significance.

The first line of the poor buckra's song gives evidence of the English broad a, in the transformation of castle to "carstel;" instead of steed, the substitution of horse is a surprise, as it loses the rhyme which it would seem should naturally catch the ear. The true lovers' knot, tied when rose and briar could not "grow no higher," seems a solace for the early death of unhappy lovers, and has been grafted on to the original verses of Lord Lover by the romantically inclined poor buckra as well as by more educated ballad-mongers. Jestings aside, it all seems to go to prove that the English bond-servants who escaped from their masters on the coast were the progenitors of the poor whites of the hill regions of the South.

It is a question if anywhere else in the United States can be found less mixed strains, a purer Anglo-Saxon stock, than are these poor buckra, the grandchildren of the "Prisoners of Hope."

"THE DIRECT APPEAL"

ONE whose years of service to the cause of letters, both as author and as editor, entitles his words to great weight, has recently taken pains to maintain at some length that "the direct appeal" is the characteristic mark of the best literature of to-day, as distinguished from that of the past. If this be true, it would seem to mark a strong trend toward the acceptance of Herbert Spencer's attempt to re-

duce the secret of composition to the one principle of economy of the reader's attention. The thought, the whole thought if need be, but in any case *nothing but the thought*, is the logical goal of this tendency.

All must admit that at different times, and by some writers in all times, the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction to the point of serious danger. There are numerous writers to-day who will expand into a long paragraph a statement of fact which might well be expressed by a half dozen lines of type. Sometimes this growth is attained by way of ornament, and sometimes it is mere attenuation; sometimes its genesis is to be charged to inveterate habit, and sometimes, doubtless, to the rate expected per column in case it escapes the blue pencil. Periods of excessive indirectness on the part of writers in general are doubtless due to widely spread and deeply rooted perversions of taste. We may have our opinion of the people of such a period, but they were entitled to have what they liked, and not many of us are under any obligation to read the literature which they left behind them.

Is not "the direct appeal," however, about as capable of abuse as its opposite? Beyond a certain point, is it not part and parcel of the over-strenuousness, the strained insistence, of an age which might well inscribe the words "get there" upon its banners, as its all-comprehending motto, if only it were not too busy to put up any banners, or adopt any motto at all? There are many among us who would save thirty per cent on the expense of printing every book or periodical, as large a portion of each pupil's time, and perhaps a still larger part of the teacher's patience, simply by knocking out every useless letter in the English dictionary; may there not be a pretty close relationship between our spelling reformers and those who want us to knock every word out of our sentences that does not come freighted to the sinking point with some absolutely essential portion of the thought to be conveyed?

Much might be said (I have heard a competent scientist say much) in favor of such exclusion of non-essentials from our physical nutriment that the really essential remainder of a day's rations could be put up in capsular form, carried in the pocket, and swallowed at the proper moment with no appreciable loss of time; yet most of us will always prefer to linger over the dinner table and eat more or less which does not make "the direct appeal" to our organs of physical nutrition. The man who would reduce our entire complement of clothing to elastic union suits, of varying thicknesses to suit the changes of temperature, has not yet made his way prominently into our magazines and newspapers, but he cannot be far in the rear of the spelling reformer. We are rapidly getting rid of the useless vermiform appendix, and the hair which our hats have rendered unnecessary is going, whether we are willing to part with it or not. Where next must we curtail?

The little lake by which I spend my summer vacations has some sixteen square miles of surface, but some curious person has figured its shore line as well up toward one hundred miles in length. Doubtless here is a great waste, from the business point of view. If I were making an ice pond, I would not be so lavish of shore line as that; and yet I do not want the shore line of my summer lake reduced to its merely necessary dimensions. It is ten miles down an absolutely straight railroad track to the next town. The wagon road, curving around through the woods and along the winding stream, measures twelve miles between the same points. Notwithstanding the well-known geometrical maxim, if compelled to walk from the one town to the other for any reason except a hasty business errand, I should refuse to accept the monotonously direct railroad track as the shortest distance between those two points. In a literature of fact for fact's sake, such as a railroad guide or a grocery bill, let the appeal be as direct, as destitute of embellishment, as it can be made. The literature of sci-

ence, where science and not literature is the primary aim, need not blush to appear in scant linguistic raiment. But are we all in so great a hurry that the thoughts of literature in general must be fired into our minds direct and sharp as the arrow from the bow? We are perfectly willing to allow upon a fine binding an amount of loving labor far in excess of all that is necessary to protect the book; have we no longer any appreciation of loving labor upon a choice thought, over and above what is necessary to get the thought clearly and directly expressed? Shall we grant to our great singers such ample freedom in the musical rendering of a thought, and then hold the great writer down to so narrow limits in his expression of the same thought in written words?

Perhaps, after all, the reading public is not so tired of the metaphors, the allegories, and other conceits and indirections of the past, as of the lack of originality in these features. We do not want "the uplifted orb of day" over and over again, but it is not inconceivable that some really new expression might relieve a pardonable distaste for the monotonous repetition of the word *sun*. The Western poet who apostrophized it as "Hell wandering up the universe" did not hit the mark, but need all others despair? The man who cannot call a spade a spade may not be a whit more tiresome than the man who cannot on due occasion call it something else. Let the linguistic stem indulge in some luxury of foliage once in a while; let it even bud and bloom and turn here and there in graceful curves; do not straighten it out into a mere pedagogue's pointer.

TO THE GODS OF SHIPWRECK

A GREEN bound book, whose name it would be pedantry to mention, told me, in the days when I was fresh from college and could understand its obscure foreign talk, that the Latins who had escaped from the dangers of the sea hung a votive tablet in the temple of their favorite god and dedicated it to the gods of shipwreck.

Since this article, as may be inferred by its appearance in the columns of the Contributors' Club, has passed through the high waves of criticism and has been cast high on the beach out of the grasp of the greedy returning undertow, I, too, approach the temple, ready to give my offering, in gratitude to the godlike powers that rule the tempestuous Atlantic.

A recent contributor to the Club wrote of the pleasure of submitting manuscripts to magazines when there was a chance of an occasional one being rejected. He offered charitable sympathy to those who were blasé with uninterrupted acceptance. Doubtless he thought that in a dinner of sweets and delicacies there is always a place for a sour wine. A sour pickle, he thought, whets an appetite for a cheese sandwich. I am inclined to join him in praise of the pickle, provided always that one is given enough of the sandwich. But did he ever consider how awful the pickle would be if served alone? Did he to whom failure was only a sauce and a stimulant ever sit for hours inside a pickle barrel and suck pickles indefinitely?

My experiences with magazines have been largely a diet of pickles, and so it is that in the departing days of the month, when the Temple of the *Atlantic* has been flung open and the happy ones who have been saved from the greedy returning undertow have gone within to gaze at and to admire their offerings, I have sat without and have wished vainly that my name might be engraved in honor on the Temple's yellowish front. And I have squatted obscurely by the door and have watched the concourse who thronged the corridors eager to see where their pictures were hung and what manner of pictures were hung near.

To me sitting disconsolate, a drowsy worshiper nodding outside, under a scrubby Cypress, which is the tree of mourners, came one along the stony road of Letters, clutching to his breast a pictured votive tablet. When he saw me he came near and sat down.

"Look here," he said, and held up his picture.

"Yes," I said indifferently, observing its crude outlines and besmirched colors.

"Beautiful, beautiful," he murmured to himself, holding it first at arm's length, and then at nearer range. I scrutinized him closely to see if he were joking. There was no jest possible in his intense expression.

"Yours?" I asked carelessly.

He pointed proudly to his signature.

"Are you going to hang it inside?" I asked ironically, pointing toward the Temple. I knew that the Custos would not allow the daub in his building.

"I thought that I would, but" — a pained look came into his face — "something must have been the matter. They sent it back to me. Do you think the Custos himself could have seen it? It is so beautiful!"

And he fell again to admiring his picture.

This is lamentable, I thought. Does n't this fool know that his picture is a child's scrawl? I set about considering how I might tell him without hurting his feelings.

"Do you remember," I began, "the contest among the Greek goddesses as to which was the most beautiful?"

He assented abstractedly, his eyes still on his picture.

"But I dare say you never heard of Laideron, who was not a goddess, and was not at all beautiful. Well," I continued, "she lived in the woods, and went every day to a pool for water. This pool was in the thickest and most beautiful depth of the woods, and its waters reflected the green of the trees and the blue of the sky beyond, and all the colors of summer, and over it hung the cool of evening and the gladness of awakened day and the peace of country, and it was clad in the noises of

summer, the rustle of leaves, and peace, and squirrels, and contentment. There it had been for centuries, reflecting in its depths the blue of a heaven that was always June. It is no wonder that a pool in such surroundings forgot that anything could exist that was not beautiful. So when Laideron came, who was not beautiful, but old and ugly, the reflection of the pool forgot and gave her back the likeness of a young girl wondrously beautiful.

"Now Laideron had heard of this contest among the Greek goddesses as to which was the fairest, and, deceived by her lying reflection, she sat near when the prize was given, but Paris, sad to tell, when he awarded the golden apple, never looked her way. When it was over, Laideron wandered away alone to the woods, and, reclining at the water's edge, she admired herself till darkness drew a curtain over her mirror."

I stopped and looked at my companion.

"You see," I continued, feeling that my parable needed further explanation, "you are like Laideron, and you have seen that picture of yours in the mirror of your own eyes."

My companion was sulky, and got upon his feet and left me without a word. When he left I fell to reflecting how it was possible for one to be so big a fool as he. Then, as if in contrast to his miserable daub, I drew out my picture from its covering, my own beautiful picture that I had painted, my own, own beautiful picture, and looking into its depth of color and at its life and fire and strength I was overpowered by a deep emotion, and murmured, "Beautiful, beautiful." And looking toward the Temple aglow with lights I shook my fist at the Custos, I, squatted alone with my picture, outside of the Temple, under a scrubby Cypress, which is the tree of mourners.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 29 and 30.